

THE
METROPOLITAN.

ΕΠΕΑ ΚΑΙ ΠΡΑΞΕΙΣ,
OR,
SAYINGS AND DOINGS IN THE UNIVERSITY OF
OXFORD.

[The origin of these Letters is an academical secret—what their effect may be, remains to be seen.]

LETTER I.

Ceremony of matriculation—Dr. Philip Kingston—The junior tutor—Statutes—Articles—Oxford by moonlight.

TO RICHARD VIVIAN, ESQ., THE GRANGE, ATHERLY, NOTTS.

The Bury, Amersham, June — 18—.

DEAR DICKY,

Would you believe it, I am a man ; I your old school chum, aged seventeen years and thirteen days, by virtue of listening to a portly old gentleman in a black gown, white tie, long bands and trencher cap, whilst he recited a Latin sentence, the first half of which I did not hear, and the latter half failed to understand through the absence of my dear old Ainsworth ; inscribing my name in a huge folio, and paying three pounds fifteen shillings and sixpence to a red-faced, moreen-gowned official, have acquired the right, the indefeasible right, of being henceforth designated a man, a matriculated member of the college of X—X, in the University of Oxford.

My father and the reverend the president of our college, (always use the plural,) were chums at school, and boon companions at college. My respected parent, having the fair prospect of a good estate, did not devote too much of his leisure hours to the accurate study of the dead languages. Gifted with more than common abilities, and fairly crammed with Winchester scholarship in his early days, by looking now and then not only at, but also into, a few classical authors, learning Johnnie Watts by heart, and trusting a few (as M'Sweeny would say) to the light of nature, he dropped through

Sept. 1840.—VOL. XXIX.—NO. CXIII.

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his degree with ease and quiet to himself, his college, and the university at large, retired to take his station among the great unpaid of the county of Bucks, and became a family man. His cotemporary, Philip Kingston, having little to look at and less to look forward to, worked night and day, cleared prizes, scholarships, a double first, and two essays, rose gradually from scholar to fellow, from fellow to tutor, and from tutor to the headship of his college; took to wife his old flame, the only child of William Doublefee, the hereditary lawyer of his native village, and at the mature age of fifty-six set up as a Don and a married man. Few men could live together so long, and fail to discover each other's peculiarities; long epistles, provocative of bile or sleep, were carefully eschewed, and the communication between the doctor at Oxford and the squire in Bucks assumed the solid form of venison and brawn, birds and Oxford sausages. One fine morn, the squire conceived the idea of sending his heir to the university, and forthwith despatched an epistle to the learned doctor, who, in the gratitude of his stomach and the plenitude of his power, promised instant admission into his monastery for the heir of his old friend—a high privilege at our college, where the majority of the men have to wait three or four years before they can obtain rooms. On Monday last I rode over to Wycombe, mounted the Blenheim, and arrived in Oxford about four P.M. Having ordered a good dinner, towards college I posted, knocked at the high carved portal of the president's lodgings, sent up my card, and was forthwith ushered into the library of the reverend doctor. On the rug, in the true English position, stood his reverence, tall and genteelly cold, with a cravat so stiff, that a regimental stock would have been limp in comparison.

During the performance of my initiatory bow, I placed my right foot in position on the polished oak floor, made a demi-semi volte, and fell extended half on and half off the Turkey carpet that covered the centre of the floor of the library. The abruptness of my introduction abridged the ceremony, and saved me much formality. A whole hand was extended to raise the fallen—a great favour, as I am given to understand, three fingers being the largest allowance. A few formal inquiries were made as to my health and the well-being of those at the Hall, the nature of my studies and future intentions. I was then requested to call on the junior tutor, Mr. Hetherington, at eight o'clock that evening, made my bow, and returned to my dinner at the Angel.

As the clock chimed eight, my first tap was given on the tutor's oak—no answer; repeated—still no answer; looked through the key-hole—all dark. Could I have mistaken the porter's directions, No. 5, first pair to the left? No, there was the name over the door. Then unpleasant thoughts arose, as to its being a civil hint that I was not wanted; these, however, were shortly dispelled by the arrival of the horrible vision itself, full tilt from the common room; not walking with solemn step and air of gravity, but running and skipping across the quadrangle, audibly chanting Mozart's beautiful "Sanctus," in a clear musical voice. My unpleasant feelings flew away; he was all apologies and kindness—very youthful in appearance, with keen searching eyes, and a most talented brow, of a short but eminently

graceful figure, and most polished and pleasing address. We were sworn friends in two minutes, chatted over common affairs for a short time, and then turned to business. First, about a dozen lines of the Rambler were converted into my very best Latin—turned over by the tutor, and quietly laid aside; then down came a couple of Sophocles, and a short chorus having been blundered through, and my school inquired after, he informed me that if I called on him at a quarter to ten the next morning I should be matriculated. Thinking that the affair was completed, I was about to take my leave, when he stopped me, and taking up a pale calf covered duodecimo, said,

“To-morrow you'll have to swear to all these statutes, not one of which you have ever seen or heard of, and the majority of which are very ridiculous and almost obsolete. The sum total of them is, that you will behave like a gentleman and a Christian, obey your official superiors, and abide the fit punishment if you transgress the statutes; you will also be called upon to subscribe your name to the Thirty-nine Articles. Now understand them, probably, you cannot at present, and therefore do not think that you assert so much by your subscription; all you do assert is, that you take them on the word of our church to be supported by Scripture, under the sure hope that their truth will be proved to you by the ministers of that church during the course of your instruction here, unless you wilfully refuse to hear her teachers. Let me request you to regard these articles not as mere negations of errors, or as all equally necessary to salvation, ‘but as heads of important chapters in revealed truth,’ and texts for future discourses, as truths which you will find you must assent to, on account of the clearness of the proof.”

Here the college clock chimed the tenth hour, and I was obliged to leave my new friend, with whom I could have wished to have lingered on until midnight.

The lateness of the hour tempted me to wander through the streets, in order that I might test those tales which you and I, Dick, have so often read of Oxford rows, town and gown factions, hell fire and devil-me-care meetings, and try to realise some few of the scenes of Reginald Dalton and the Oxonians. The long streets were almost peopleless; it seemed a city of Carthusians; the stillness was unbroken, save by the chimes of the many steeples, and the passing rattle of the night coaches. The only university-men that I encountered were a couple running from a neighbouring college to their own rooms, with their commoners' gowns tied boa-wise round their necks. It was a calm warm summer's evening; most of the windows of the long, barrack-looking, new buildings of Balliol were open, and though the dark curtains precluded any clear view of the occupants, their voices were clearly audible through the quiet. From an upper floor, whence the sound of the piano was clearly heard, rolled forth the mellow chorus of the “Chough and Crow,” from the united voices of an amateur glee club.

“A. B. squared plus C. D. squared : equals, E. F. squared——. I don't see why—I wish to goodness old Euclid had had me for his mother's midwife,” growled out the occupant of a first floor.

"*φανερον μιν ἐστι*, that's a lie, and Aristotle knows it," chimed in the immediate neighbour of the anti-Euclidist.

"Really, Mr. President," said a newly fledged orator, the newest member of the last new Balliol debating club, from a ground-floor window; "really, Mr. President, I maintain—"

"That he is a jolly good fellow," cut in the full chorus of the Balliol boat club, over their supper, to the accompaniment of knives, forks, spoons, and wine-glasses, and with such good effect, that I lost the worthy orator's speech, and walked off to the Angel, duly impressed with the varied nature of the evening's amusements and employments of the undergraduates of the University of Oxford.

On the morrow the deed of matriculation was done, and ere full noon the coach bore me back again to the old Hall, full three inches taller than when I had left it on the Monday.

No more at present from your sincere friend,

EDGAR HAMILTON.

LETTER II.

Temporary lodgings—The coffin—College staff—Silent neighbours.

TO MISS EMILY HAMILTON, THE BURY, AMERSHAM, BUCKS.

X—X Coll., Oxford, Oct.—, 18—.

MY DEAR SISTER,

On Saturday last the well-stuffed carpet-bag, huge portmanteau, well-nailed and corded box, and finally the three-dozen hamper of Mrs. Margery's good things, together with your brother, were deposited in perfect safety in front of the Star Hotel, much to the relief of all parties concerned, especially the coachman, Will. Holmes, and his well-ordered though rather over-weighted team. An Oxford coach is never comfortably filled; it is either over-luggaged, over-passengered, and under-horsed, or with no insides and three or four outs, a few packages, and a flourishing team flies along the road, at the imminent risk of the driver's and his companions' necks. For a few days previous to the opening of term, the passengers are one and all Oxford men, each owning one pea-jacket, weighing about sixteen pounds, and a long portmanteau, a carpet-bag, and an unbaked leathern hat-box, and here and there a box of long vacation books. The appearance of the coach, as it whirls through a village, engages the attention of every visible inhabitant. On the outside sit twelve pea-jackets, each with a cigar in his mouth; inside, four pea-jackets without the cigars. Above, below, around, and hanging on to every excrescence, is luggage, luggage, duly fringed with a row of dust-be-grimed hat-boxes, strung like onions on a rope. Few, if any, are friends—here and there, one or two are sufficiently acquainted to say—"How do you do?" "Cold weather." "May I trouble you for a light?" And the rest being strangers, and duly infected with Oxford manners, smoke their cigars in solemn silence, from one stage to the other. On few coaches would you fall in with more intelligent, clever, and highly educated men, and on no road will you find so little conversation.

And now, dear Emily, where do you think I am lodged? if you ask the porter, he will tell you, first Quad., No. 4, two pair to the right; or, in common terms, garrets in the right-hand corner of the out-quadrangle, between the old roof and the junior tutor's rooms. The apartments are in number two, each boasting two legitimate windows, and about a dozen illegitimate air and wind holes; my outer door is rather the worse for my predecessor's pistol practice, and that of my bed-room impervious to everything save wind, sound, rats, and mice. The length and narrowness of these rooms, and the double sloping roof with its flattened top, have saddled them with the title of the Coffin. The moveables are suited to the rest of the comforts of the room—a sofa, with three whole legs and full three-fourths of another; half-a-dozen chairs, slightly affected with the rickets; a table with four whole legs of various shapes, natures, and kinds; an empty bookcase, with under cupboard without lock or bolt; the greater part of a Venetian carpet, and the whole of a rug, save the head of the tiger who reclines thereon, which has suffered from cauterizing; a stump bedstead; very, very small painted chest of drawers, and washing-stand, together with two chairs, complete the furniture of these my delightful temporary apartments, the worst in college, I am happy to say. Indeed, the generality of the rooms in our college are lofty, light, and airy, and by no means such apartments as the coffin garrets. The set to which I shall soon remove are on the first floor on the left side of the inner Quad. The walls of the sitting-room are panelled with small oak, being one of a suite of rooms fitted up for the reception of an exiled monarch; but now, alas! divided and subdivided, and barbarously whitened over, churchwarden fashion. The usual length of a college bed-room is eight feet, the width five, or, at the utmost, six; so that what with the stump bedstead, washing-stand, and chest of drawers, the locomotive powers of the student are considerably confined. Once in your nest, and there is little fear of an ejection, as between the bed and the door there is hardly room but for the thinnest of men to roll. The two quadrangles of our college contain three kinds of buildings. The gate-tower is the last relic of the old monastery on whose site our present edifice was reared, and of which only one relic has been preserved for the benefit of us moderns—the wine-cellars: the hall-chapel and president's lodgings are of the date of the foundation, some three centuries ago; whilst the inner, or commoners' Quad., boasts the art of Inigo Jones, and stands a specimen of his mixed Gothic and Italian style. Along two sides of this quadrangle stretches our huge library, a mine of scholastic treasure, for which we pay, but from the use of which we are liberally restrained until after our master's degree, when the majority of us are far, far away. No play no pay, is as fair as no pay no play, except in the eyes of our Oxford Bursar. Eastward of the college lie our beautiful gardens, whose verdant lawns, lofty chestnuts, the last remaining inhabitants of the old forest, are the delight of all the graceless little babes and chattering nursery-maids of Oxford. During the summer term, the random shot from the bow of some aspiring archer permits us to

enjoy our groves in peace and quietness, and the lucky pinning of a nurse's bonnet to the stem of a laburnum, kept us free! —O so free—for a whole year. As I am no hand at descriptions, ocular demonstration must enable you to form an opinion of our moonlit walks, where sober students roam in calm tranquillity of mind. Such is the shell of our nest-egg; within are contained a cold, formal president,—a V. P. of the old college-loving school, whose college is his world, rubicund and hearty, a good shot, a fast reader, the occupant for more than forty years of the same rooms, the same chair in the common room, the same seat in the chapel, one who has passed every living, bad and good, and seen his junior promoted to be his ruler and master in things collegiate. The next dignitaries on the staff are two tutors, the very antipodes of each other; the senior fat, pursy, good-tempered, ignorant, and pompous; the other slight, intelligent, and affable. Next come our deans, whose only duty is to ask men to breakfast before the ceremony of taking the B. A. degree; and during that interesting ceremony, (I mean the breakfast,) to assist in galloping through the articles at railroad pace, and to set impositions of various kinds, natures, and languages, to naughty boys who cut chapel; and yet you would be sorely puzzled to find two men more pompous, more inordinately proud, than these self-same imposition setters. Lastly, we reckon our cook the best in Oxford, our butler the worst; add to these, a fat porter and his thin assistant, and some half-dozen bedmakers, each with his attendant scout, who, having eight sets of rooms to attend to as their respective share, are always out of the way when most wanted, and under your nose when least desired.

Such is our collegiate staff, the wheel within a wheel of our domestic machinery. My tale must now come to an end, and wind up with love to all at the Bury, including Neptune.

From your affectionate brother,

EDGAR HAMILTON.

P.S.—Envy not my new location: to my right lives a patron of the cornopæon, an exceedingly pleasant instrument on Salisbury Plain; to my left, a very odd fish, who is just now, at nine P.M., getting up and preparing to read, if I may judge from the stirring of his fire, and who will wake me at five in the morning, when he rakes the ashes out preparatory to his second turn in. My sub-neighbour is the fastest, noisiest man in the whole college, sleeps all the morning, sings the rest of the day, and drinks and shouts during the evening; whilst above me lives a most locomotive character, who prefers taking his airings in his own room with the windows open, to constitutionalizing on the roads, or in the fields, and who is just now taking his evening's exercise over his sofa and two chairs. Am I not nicely situated for calm reflection and silent sober meditation?

“How happy could I be with either,
Were t'other dear charmer away!”

LETTER III.

Hetherington's breakfast—Keeping chapel—Making a speedy—The Bishop of New Inn Hall—New edition of Logic.

TO RICHARD VIVIAN, ESQ., THE GRANGE, ATHERLY, NOTTS.

X—X. Coll., Oxford, Oct.—, 18—

DEAR DICKY,

It is an old proverb, that nothing can be done in merry England without eating and drinking. Corporations, charities, missions, scientific societies, clubs—all dine together. We Oxonians are not more degenerate than our ancestors, as the routine of feeding in this city exemplifies. Dining as we do in common hall, and restrained as we are, perhaps wisely, from giving dinners in our rooms until our B.A. has sobered us, our hospitality is confined to breakfast, wine, and supper-parties. Yesterday I breakfasted with Hetherington, a younger brother of my friend the tutor; he is a pleasant companion, talks well and sharp, and is famous for his parties because of the great admixture of out-college men—a novelty in this self-contained college. Suppose yourself in our outer quadrangle chapel just over, the clock chiming nine, and a few surplices, half white, half dirty black, disappearing under the entrance archways. From under the low-browed gateway of the college enter a troop of scouts, in their several patchwork dresses, bearing in their right hands one or more Britannia metal coffee-pots, and adroitly balancing on their left arms two or three china plates, with round tin covers, the storehouses of soddened muffin, hot cakes, and anchovy toast. One rushes to No. 5, another to the attic at No. 6, until one and all have discharged their many duties, and discharged themselves of their cargoes. Then enter from under the gateway which leads to the kitchen and buttery-hatch another procession of bedmakers, bearing on trays dishes of ham, tongue, cold beef, cold fowls, veal pies, and pickles; follow that short round bedmaker to the central archway in the commoners' quadrangle, turn to your left, and enter Hetherington's room. A narrow white wainscoted passage, neatly oil-clothed, leads to a large but rather low-ceilinged room, of an oblong shape, with panelled walls, and two deep windows with dull red curtains, looking into a narrow slip of ground, called the Fellows' Garden. At one end a large map of Greece, duly supported by the Duke of Wellington and Lady Blessington, hangs over a mineral cabinet, adorned with stalactites, ammonites, and teeth of every kind, save human. On his narrow mantelshelf stand a pair of worsted-worked screens, and several tormentations of paper, the gifts of his sisters; against the wall opposite the fireplace stands a large oak open bookcase, reaching from floor to ceiling, and stored with classics, history, reviews, and lexicons, the heavy portion of his library; vis-à-vis to the mineral cabinet, a small oak chiffonnier carries his polite books—his Scott, his Byron, Milton, and his Shakspeare; whilst his working tools are displayed on the huge reading-desk which fills up the lightest of his two windows; an easy chair, neat carpeting, and a few imitation rosewood

chairs complete the furniture of the rooms of this representative of the Oxonian, who tries to combine society with hard work and relaxation with business. Over the long table on which the preparations for feeding are displayed, kettle in hand, peering into his teapot, stands my entertainer; in his person, rather below the common height, with good eyes, and a forehead which a phrenologist would pat, praise, and measure for hours.

All the breakfasts in our college partake of the same nature, and are of the same family—of those eternal cold fowls, cold ham, cold beef, and colder pickles, those piles of soddened anchovy toast, those long-vacation eggs, warranted tender from long keeping, that college cream alias milk, and college milk alias milk and water, that cockroach coloured compound called coffee, or in the vulgar tongue, beans—*O dura Oxoniensium ilia*; if it were not for those dishes of tea, for the most part from London, there would be few heads without an ache, or few stomachs without a twist, five days out of six.

The party begin to arrive, caps and gowns are pitched into corners, introductions take place, and a majority having arrived, seats are taken, and provisions begin to circulate round the table; those who are not of the Pythagorean school taste the beans, the rest stick to the herb of China; conversation becomes general, *de omnibus rebus et quibusdam aliis*, anecdotes abound, and here and there a stray pun.

"Not in chapel again, Morris," said Hetherington to a short, hard-featured, hard-headed man, who sat on his immediate right, and whose countenance would have been decidedly handsome, had his regular features been set straight on his face.

"Lost by a few seconds," replied Morris. "When I awoke, it seems, the bell was done, and I, in my happy ignorance, persuaded myself that for once I was uncommon early, and that the horrid ting-tang had not as yet begun its clatter; under this delusion I lounged out of bed, and walked to the window, whence I saw Barton, always the latest of the late, flying across Quad. I knew I had not kept my number; so giving my face a lick and a promise, huddling on my clothes I don't know how, pulling a pair of cold boots on my naked feet, and gloves over my unwashed hands, cap on, and gown in hand, I rushed across Quad., and heard the click-clank of that odious chapel-door as I passed under the gateway; as I rushed from thence the president walked out from his door, he too was late—we met, capped, grinned, and separated; he to shirk in by his private entrance, and I to perform my promise to my face."

"Well, really," said Hetherington, "you ought to have had a minute to spare; consider Phillpots once dressed and appeared in his place in chapel in three minutes."

"He must have been a most agile person," I innocently observed.

"Agile—why, he weighs a good thirteen stone at the least, and three parts of that are fat," replied Morris.

"Yes," said Hetherington, evidently settling himself for a tale. "Yes; he is rather large and fat, careless in everything, ill-dressed, unshaved, shoes down at heel, and no gloves, are his characteristics; logically speaking, his middle is distributed, and, to borrow a metaphor from

the doctors, he has a lucid interval between his waistcoat and his nether garments. One of his many crimes was cutting morning chapel; he never would get up; the patience of the dons was at last exhausted, and impositions having proved of no avail, he was had up before a Golgotha, and threatened with expulsion if he missed morning chapel for the next seven days. Back came the culprit, summoned his scout, the redoubtable Cicero cook of Oxford nightcaps notoriety, and thus addressed him.

“ ‘Cicero, call me for chapel to-morrow.’

“ ‘Lawks, Mr. P., why I have done that ever since you came to college.’

“ ‘Well, Cicero, I must get up to-morrow, or cut the college—so mind.’

“ ‘Won’t I?’ replied Cicero, with a quiet smile, as he left his master’s second-floor to retail the severities of the dons to the admiring circle of the porter’s lodge.

“ ‘The next morn, about a quarter of an hour before chapel time, Cicero entered Phillpot’s room, and commenced a cannonade against his bed-room door; groans, grunts, and snores, were all the answer these repeated attacks elicited; so Cicero, after about five minutes’ delay, oped the chamber door, and marched boldly in. Phillpots had not stirred.

“ ‘Well!’ ruminated Cicero, ‘here’s a go. Bell going down, and that lazy fellow fast asleep. I shall lose him—I know I shall. Mr. Phillpots!’

“ ‘Well,’ grunted the sleeper, awakened.

“ ‘Bell going down, sir.’

“ ‘Let it go, and be d—d.’

“ ‘Will you get up, sir, or not?’ screamed the scout, as the bell actually gave its last clank, and but five minutes’ law remained.

“ ‘I’ll see you d—d first,’ replied Phillpots.

“ ‘If you don’t, I’ll pull you out!’ burst out from Cicero’s lips in despair, at the prospect of losing so good a master.

“ ‘Then I’ll thrash you.’

“Cicero weighed the respective benefits of a good master and a thrashing against a bad one and no thrashing, and seizing Phillpots by the shoulders, dragged him on to the floor, fled from the rooms, and from the window of a neighbouring set saw his dear master fly across the Quad. in his surplice and slippers, and what else no one knew, and burst into chapel before the door was closed. After chapel Phillpots called up his scout and gave him his promised thrashing, a guinea, and a written license to pull him out of bed, if necessary, until further notice. At least such were the facts as I was told them,” said Hetherington.

“As you made them,” chorussed the company.

“Plucked again,” said a man at the bottom of the table, in answer to some question of his neighbour.

“Who’s that happy man?” said Morris.

“Oh, only the Right Reverend the Lord Bishop of New Inn Hall,” was the reply. “His logic floored him. Hawkins asked him what was the sub-contrary of squirrels run up trees, when he answered,

with great self-confidence, "Oh, they run down again." He bore the tidings very well, hoped for better luck next time, was sorry for his family's sake, because they knew he was no fool, and retired to his diocese to ruminate on his seventh repulse."

"Forty-seven per cent. plucked in five days—nice prospects for incipient little goers," said Bagshaw.

"Well, then, you must retire to Stinkomallee, and become a member of the Open-to-all-and-influenced-by-none University—they'd be right glad to get a few refugees from us or Cambridge," said Morris.

"Come, come, Morris, you should not be so savage against them, see how they hold out the right hand of fellowship."

"Ay, they may have the right hand of fellowship if they like, but whip me if they ever get the palm of scholarship," replied the objector.

Approaching lectures now dispersed the company; some to walk off their feed in the groves, some to sleep through a slow lecture, and others to endeavour to read—a difficult task after feeding-time. Hetherington and myself strolled down the High Street, and, after looking in at his bookseller's, on our return encountered the bishop, a middle-sized, mealy-faced man, with long counsellor-like bands, a white tie, and a very large home-made gentleman commoner's gown; his countenance stamps him for a genius, and enables me to believe that he once construed "*Galbaneoque agitare graves nidore chelydros*" in the following scholarlike manner:—*Agitare*, they shake—*chelydros*, the willows—*graves* oppressed—*galbaneo nidore*, with their chalky whiteness. This despatch is so large, that I fear your governor's frank will hardly cover the lucubrations of

Your affectionate friend,

EDGAR HAMILTON.

LETTER IV.

TO MILTON COLERIDGE STUBBS, ESQ., PARADISE VILLA, NEAR THE
DEVIL'S PUNCH-BOWL.

State of poetry in Oxford—Newdigates—Moscow—Latin verse—Daniel in the lions' den—Political hits.

X—x. Coll., Oxford, Nov.—, 18—

MY DEAR POETASTER,

Considering your occasional flirtations with the Pierian Virgins, and stolen draughts at the fount of Hippocrene, I cannot communicate my present thoughts in a more suitable and appropriate quarter. Poetry undoubtedly does not flourish in this monastic state, and although not excluded after the rule of the Platonists, it is gradually depreciating, and unless a new Heber, Milman, or Keble, arise among our youngsters, must shortly die of inanition. Year after year the English prize poems become more stately, senseless, and moulded; line follows line in due order and proportion, but all is marrowless—sound, sound, and nothing else; the same images make their annual

tour in the two hundred ten-foot lines called poems, and are patiently heard, and even applauded, by the audience, and published at the expense of these sucking Miltons, and their admiring relations and friends. Allusions to political events form the chief points in what is called a good poem; the appropriateness of the allusion is not considered so as it be on the right side, and sufficiently broad and expressive. The Catholic Emancipation Act would not be thought out of place in the fall of Grenada, or the Reform Bill in the Burning of Moscow, and I really should not be astonished if the Registration Act were made to round a period in the Gipsies. A few days since I had the pleasure (for so I believe it is called) of perusing the manuscript of a poem, intended, but, alas! not sent in, for a former prize; the subject is the "Fall of Moscow," and opens thus:—

"'Twas night, along the sombre face of Heaven,
Pile upon pile the fleecy clouds were driven."

This is no unusual beginning; it is always "'Twas night," or "'Twas morn," or "eve," in the proems to these compositions. Then, after the approved recipe, the moon and all her attendant stars approach to take a parting look at the fated city; to them succeeds the river so swollen with tears as to overflow her steep banks; and after the river god has wept his fill, the French army walks in at one gate whilst the Russians run out at the other. Tents are pitched, though slightly, superfluous watch-fires lighted, arms piled, maps produced, and Napoleon sits down to an attentive perusal of the draft bulletin for the "Moniteur." The poet then proceeds in the minute method.

"Close o'er the flame the conqueror stooped to scan
The last few relics in his silvern pan,
Pressed the few grains within its smallest nook,
Took the last pinch, and turned him to his book."

The fact of the emperor being out of Irish blackguard having been thus immortalized, smoke, the avant courier of the conflagration, is allowed to cloud the sky serene under the similitude of a heavy thunderstorm.

"As when on high some airy child of flight,
Bursts from the storehouse of the murky night,
Wraps tower and minaret spire and swelling dome,
In one unbounded soul-appalling gloom,
Bears on its whirlwind wings the shadowy car
Of Nature's wreck and elemental war."

After a little more smoke, on the principle of "*non fumum ex fulgore, sed ex fumo dare lucem*," the flames begin to crackle over the roofs and spires of the Kremlin.

"From roof to roof the living flames aspire;
Good God! the Holy City is on fire;
Around, above, the burning billows swell,
Like fiery ocean round a sable hell."

The fire having played its part to the evident delight of the poet,

a post-mortem inquisition is held on the ruins, as to the probable causes of the conflagration. Cellars are searched, and therein are found "coals piled on wood," rolls of sulphureous match," packets of sulphur, pitch, tar, hand-grenades." Our author's acquaintance with the best mode of getting up a blaze is truly refreshing; vague generalities have too long been the staple commodity of the poet, and should now give way to microscopic detail.

The Guy Fawkes like materials developed, some invisible agent, X, Y, or Z, puts this leading question—

"Who fired thy turrets, wrapped thy walls in flames?
Hark to that answer with one voice of glee,
Comes from thy children's bosoms—We! we! we!"

The inquest concluded, and the jury having returned citycide, the baffled emperor, with his roof burnt over his head, and hardly a great coat to wear, soliloquizes on his prospects.

"Was it for this that widowed Austria fell?
Was it for this I sold myself to hell?
Leapt like a cataract down the Pyrenees?
And boldly trampled on St. Peter's keys?"

This historical and biographical sketch brings his fortune down to the date of the expedition, and then sees afar off his future career usque ad finem. After many pathetic allusions to Leipsic, Waterloo, Wellington, and Elba, the hero dies, or, as the poet sings—

"He died, was buried, and his funeral pall,
Was but his general's cloak, and that was all."

Exit Napoleon in a Mackintosh. Latin poetry drags on its accustomed monotonous existence; beginnings of lines from one book of Virgil joined on to endings from another *Æneid*—detached phrases from the *Gradus ad Parnassum*—several curruits? with notes of admiration—here and there an "æthera scandit," supported by a "puerosque puellas," and some few more choice endings, always have done, and always will do, the Latin verse-writer's work. Take, for instance, such a subject as Ricardus Tertius; of course he is "Sanguinis altro prodigus humani," "Cecernerunt horrida bellum classica," "Acerba funera densantur," "Mediis in millibus ardet," come to the assistance of the writer, are marshalled into their places, and called a Latin prize poem. O for poor dear Perkins to astonish them with his Latin verses; his the unrivalled relics of ancient minstrelsy. Do you not remember with what thunders of applause the concluding lines of his "Daniel in the Lions' Den" were received, when we gathered round Dame Morton's fire? I think I can see him now standing on the table, reading ore rotundo—

"Cras Rex Solque simul surgunt, Rex advenit antrum,
Et voce exclamat lacrymosâ, Si potes exi;
Respondit vates, 'Rex vive in sæcula cuncta.'"

Up to the present time the Latin poems have been free from politics,

but I do not despair of a bold cry of "Down with the Whigs" in "Marcus Crassus," or "Church and State" in "Alexander ad Indum." Should such an event take place, such news shall be forthwith despatched to my poetic friend from his old schoolfellow,

EDGAR HAMILTON.

EARLY WOO'D AND WON.

BY MRS. ABDY.

"Early woo'd and early won,
Was never repented under the sun!"

GERMAN PROVERB.

O! sigh not for the fair young bride,
Gone in her opening bloom,
Far from her kindred, loved and tried,
To glad another home;
Already are the gay brief days
Of girlish triumph done,
And tranquil happiness repays
The early woo'd and won.

Fear shall invade her peace no more,
Nor sorrow wound the breast,
Her passing rivalries are o'er,
Her passing doubts at rest;
The glittering haunts of worldly state
Love whispers her to shun,
Since scenes of purer bliss await
The early woo'd and won.

Hers is a young and guileless heart,
Confiding, foud, and warm,
Unsullied by the world's vain mart,
Unscathed by passion's storm;
In "hope deferred" she hath not pined,
Till Hope's sweet course was run:
No chains of sad remembrance bind
The early woo'd and won.

Her smiles and songs have ceased to grace
The halls of festal mirth,
But woman's safest dwelling-place
Is by a true one's hearth;
Her hours of duty, joy, and love,
In brightness have begun;
Peace be her portion from Above,
The early woo'd and won.

ITALY.

BY AN EXILE.

SECOND PERIOD. ITALIAN REPUBLICS.

§ III. Boccaccio.

His early life—His amours—Joan of Naples—Affairs of Florence—Ugucione della Faggiuola, Castruccio Castracani—The Duke of Athens—Boccaccio's public life—His conversion—His last years—His classical studies—The Decameron.

ON the north-western end of the city of Naples, voluptuously encircling that sleepy bay, there spreads a long verdant ridge, which the early Greek colonists called *Pausilipo*, the end of sorrow ; because heaven and earth seem to conspire in securing the inhabitants of that privileged spot against all evils attendant on the rest of their race.

Throughout the bowels of the mountain there opens in the rock a wide gallery, a Roman work, three-quarters of a mile in length, which, under the name of "Grotta del Monte Posilipo," remained unmatched among the most glorious efforts of man until its wonders were superseded by the bolder undertakings of the galleries of Mount Simplan, and by the never-ending work of the Thames Tunnel.

Above the entrance of that tenebrous passage, in a fragrant grove of orange and myrtle, in sight of Naples and her gulf, of Vesuvius and its wide-spreading sides, exhibited to the worship of five hundred thousand souls, there lies an ancient monument, from time immemorial designated by fame as the tomb of Virgil. The tradition, among the less cultivated classes in the country, is, that this Virgil was an old wizard, whose tomb stands, as it were, as the guard of the grotto, that was dugged in one night, at his bidding, by a legion of demons enlisted in his service.

Over that haunted sepulchre there grew a laurel, which some of our grandfathers remember still to have seen, and which might perchance be there still, braving the inclemencies of the north winds, and the lightnings of heaven, had it not been plucked to the very roots by the religious enthusiasm of classical tourists.

Under the shade of that hallowed tree, kneeling on the marble steps of that holy tombstone, there was, five hundred and seven years ago, (1333,) a handsome youth, of about twenty years of age, with long dark locks falling upon his shoulders, with a bright smiling countenance, a noble forehead, and features after the best antique Florentine cast, with the hues of health and good humour on his cheeks, and the habitual smile of a man whose life-path had hitherto lain amidst purple and roses.

That youth was Giovanni Boccaccio.

Born under unfavourable circumstances, and obliged to atone by a

¹ Continued from vol. xxvii. p. 245.

brilliant life for the stain inflicted upon his nativity by the imprudence and levity of his parents, he was long secretly preyed upon by a vague ambition, which in vain he endeavoured to lay asleep among the dissipations of a disorderly youth. There, on the urn of the Latin poet, to which he often resorted, in his disgust of everything around him, "he," according to his own account, "felt himself suddenly seized by a sacred inspiration, and entered into a daring vow with himself that his name should not perish with him." So much for the religion of ruins and monuments.

Giovanni Boccaccio was born at Paris in 1313, of a French lady and a Florentine merchant, named Boccaccio di Chellino, united somewhat after a fashion that was almost legally sanctioned in that town five centuries later, when people were wont to be married "*à la face du soleil, dans un beaujour de printemps, au champ de Mars, devant l'autel de la Patrie.*" His father was a native of Certaldo, of distinguished descent. He gave the young Giovanni all the advantages of a liberal education at home and abroad, and, as a fond, indulgent parent, with little reluctance suffered him to follow his own juvenile inclination, and trusted him to his good genius.

A few years after that secret compact with glory was entered into, to which we have alluded above, Naples was roused into unusual excitement by the arrival of that great conqueror, who, having waged a successful war against Vandalism, hastened now, on his way to the Capitol to receive the triumphal crown adjudged to him by the gratitude of his age—Petrarch.

It was in the favourite haunts of his evening walks at Virgil's tomb that Boccaccio first met his illustrious friend; and though it is not said that that first interview led the two poets to any close intimacy, it did not certainly fail at least to work a deep impression on the susceptible mind of Boccaccio, and the laurel, and the Capitol, and the shouts of applauding multitudes, started the youth from his slumbers, and rekindled all the ardour of the young votary of fame.

From the moment he devoted his whole self to the muses, Boccaccio felt the necessity of having his Laura. Indeed, being a warm, and, unfortunately, a welcome admirer of the fair sex, he had perhaps as many Lauras as there were beauties in Naples; and giving to women all the leisure he had left from his studies, he followed, for a long while, a brilliant career of wanton success.

At length, however, he gives us to understand, at the age of twenty-eight, on the eve of Easter-day, one fair morning of April, 1341, in the church of St. Laurent in Naples, for the first time and the last, he felt all the power of real love, in sight of that fair creature whose charms he consigned to immortality under the name of Fiammetta. There is such a striking coincidence, such a combination of circumstances of time and place, in the opening of the amours of Petrarch and Boccaccio, that we feel almost tempted to set down the whole love romance of the last as a fiction, contrived with a view to resemble as closely as he could the man he had proposed to himself as a model.

It is always spring-time, Easter, and a church. Whether because the Catholic service, by exclusively addressing the senses, allows the mind to go astray, or because the mystical twilight of those old

cathedrals, or the soft strains of their angelic music, or the magic solemnity of those pious ceremonies, may contribute to soften the heart, and offer it unarmed to tender impressions, we cannot safely venture to affirm, but this is well known—that in the days of Boccaccio, and, we much fear, even in more recent times, in spite of the ease and liberty afforded by theatres, by public balls, and by that arch tempter, the mask; yet the church, (may Heaven forgive such profanation,) the church is the most convenient place in Italy for love intrigues.

However the love of Boccaccio might resemble in its origin the pure flame of his illustrious friend, it soon proved to be of a much more earthly and matter-of-fact nature, and was therefore likely to meet with easier success. The lovely face that seemed to him so irresistible under the dark veil of her passion-week costume belonged to no other than the Lady Mary, a natural daughter of King Robert of Anjou, then married several years to a Neapolitan lord of high rank.

Soon the *navicella del suo ingegno* set all sails, and the Filocopo and Fiammetta were composed in the course of a few months, under the impulse of passion, every verse being written in honour of his new flame, and under some disguise or other, speaking of none but her.

But those blissful days of love and poetry were soon interrupted. Widowed and bereft of all children, Boccaccio di Chellino pined away at Florence in grief and loneliness. His dutiful son, complying with his father's wishes, bade Naples a long adieu, (1342,) and spent two dull and obscure years under his paternal roof. Hence, his father having sought refuge against his chagrin for the loss of his wife in the arms of another, Boccaccio left him to the comforts and sweets of his second honeymoon, and hastened back to Fiammetta, (1344.) The good King Robert of Anjou had died in the mean while, (Jan. 1343,) and his grand-daughter Joan had inherited his throne. Young, handsome, vain, and inexperienced, the youthful queen suffered herself to be ruled by her gay flatterers, and allowed in her court, and gave herself the first example, of a brilliant as well as unbounded gallantry. At such a court Boccaccio could not fail to be warmly welcome. The Lady Mary (Fiammetta) enjoyed no light favour with her royal sister, and was not unfrequently invited to preside as Queen of Beauty over the tournaments and courts of love, of which Naples was then the theatre. She appeared at court with the handsome young Florentine by her side, and (the hypocritical denominations of *cicisbeo* and *cavalier servente* being in that rude age happily unknown,) she introduced him to the company merely as her lover.

The grateful poet, so freely admitted to the society of a class of persons that, in the appellation of social convention, were called his betters, soon felt that for a man of his rank nothing remained at court but to act the part of a troubadour; and willing to repay the queen's kindness, he read over to her stories of love and gallantry, to revive the languishing spirits of her brilliant retinue during the monotonous hours of her protracted levées. Such, according to the version given by most of Boccaccio's biographers, was the first origin of the Decameron.

But storms soon arose against Queen Joan of Naples, and dispersed, in a fright, her merry playfellows. King Robert, her grandfather, had for the sake of peace, married her to Andrew, a prince of the Provençal House of Anjou, son of his own eldest brother, and who had, in consequence, better claims to his throne than either himself or his daughter. The rights of the two houses were thus happily blended by this union, the two cousins and consorts were crowned together, and hopes were reasonably entertained that all subjects of future collision were for ever removed. Events, however, proved contrary to the wisdom of the provident father. The old popular prejudices against intermarriage between near relations, and a hundred obscure oracles, (it was then the golden age of demonocracy,) hung ominously on the ill-sorted couple. The two young people had received from nature irreconcilable tempers. Andrew was intemperate and brutal; Joan was elegant and refined, but dangerously addicted to all the arts of feminine coquetry. The coarse manners of the prince, and the arrogance of his Provençal courtiers, soon indisposed the Neapolitan nobility, who thought to confer a great kindness on their queen by ridding her of her husband. One bright starry night, (Sept. 1345,) among the joys of a brilliant soirée, the young prince was strangled in his own apartment, and thrown from the battlements of the palace. Two years later the queen married Louis of Tarento, the well-known instigator of the murder. It is, on a different stage, the whole drama of Darnley and Bothwell. Louis of Anjou, brother of the murdered Andrew, had meanwhile been called to the throne of Hungary. At the head of a powerful army he hastened across the Alps to avenge the death of his brother. The states of Northern Italy, respecting the justice of his cause, favoured his passage. Joan and her cowardly paramour, not daring to await his arrival, fled to Avignon, imploring the protection of Pope Clement VI., whom the queen won over to her cause by abandoning to him all the rights that the house of Anjou still had on the sovereignty of the Comtat of Avignon. The mighty host of Louis of Hungary was, however, soon swept away by the ruthless pestilence of that ever-memorable year, (1348.) Louis returned to his states, signing a peace with Joan, who, duly absolved by the pope from all participation in her husband's murder, was restored to her throne in 1351.

Thirty years later, Joan, who had in that interval married three successive husbands, and lived a tranquil, if not a happy life, having in an evil hour interfered in a schism which divided the church on the occurrence of the double election of Clement VII. and Urban VI., was excommunicated and deposed by the latter. Louis of Hungary, who was still cherishing his desire of revenge, charged Charles of Durazzo, his cousin, with the execution of the Pope's sentence. The queen surrendered to the Hungarian armies, and was by order of Durazzo smothered under her pillows after a few months' captivity.

Boccaccio was, however, destined to witness neither Joan's triumphant return, nor her unhappy end. Early in 1350 the tidings of his father's death having reached him, weary of his courtly life, and the tragic scenes that had been perpetrated under his eyes, he quitted

Naples, and hastened to enjoy the quiet of a scholar's life in Florence. Since that time no mention is made of the Lady Mary, his beloved, except in one of Boccaccio's sonnets, which gives ground to conjecture that even that chief attraction that chained him to Naples had ceased to exist.

Various and strange had meanwhile been the fortunes of Florence since that city had been delivered from her fears on the part of Henry VII. of Luxembourg by the timely death of that emperor in 1313. The Ghibeline party, against which the Florentine republic was constantly struggling in Tuscany, had found the most valiant champions in the two heroes of Pisa and Lucca, Uguccione dalla Faggiuola and Castruccio Castracani.

The first, a daring chieftain, whose success for long time equalled his ambition, master of Pisa and Lucca, defeated the Florentines at Monte-Catino in 1314, and would inevitably have led his victorious bands to the conquest of their city, had he not been arrested in his career by simultaneous revolts at Pisa and Lucca, which ended by snatching the sceptre of those two towns from his hands, and paved the road for the usurpations of Castruccio, (1316.)

Castruccio, who, at the epoch of that insurrection, was held by Uguccione as a prisoner in his castle at Lucca, was by popular enthusiasm placed at the head of that republic. He soon showed himself possessed with more brilliant talents, more daring valour, and proved a more dangerous adversary, than his predecessor had ever been, to Florence. He obtained a signal victory over the armies of that republic, and took possession of Pistoia in 1325. About this time happened the descent of Louis of Bavaria into Italy. Castruccio, whose policy equalled his military valour, joined the emperor on his march to Rome, a skilful adviser no less than a powerful auxiliary, escorted him throughout his march, subjected the emperor's weak mind to his unswerving will, crowned him on the Vatican in 1328, received from him the titles of Roman senator and palatine count, and returned to Tuscany, with the most sanguine anticipations of uniting all that fair province to his dominions. On his arrival he occupied Volterra and Pisa, besieged and took Pistoia, which had been lost to him during his absence, and turned his arms against Florence. Never had that republic been in more imminent danger, but, as in former extremities, unlooked-for circumstances came to her rescue, and she was released from her terrors by the sudden illness and death of Castruccio, Sept. 1328.

A few years later (1330-1338) Florence was plunged into equal anxieties by the designing ambition of John of Bohemia, who had rallied under his standards the most powerful states of Northern Italy. The absence of the popes, the weakness and long decrepitude of Robert of Anjou, had deprived the Guelphs of their natural chiefs and supporters. Genoa, Bologna, and Parma had been reduced under the rule of their despots, and Florence was soon left nearly alone in her contest. Pisa, her inveterate rival, profited by her distress, defeated her armies in more than one serious encounter, and took possession of Lucca, (1341.) It was in this emergency that the Flo-

rentines, who had hitherto tried and adopted more and more democratic forms of government, now hoped to provide for their safety by putting themselves under the protection of a tyrant.

Chance had brought to Florence one Gaultier de Brienne, a French nobleman, the heir of one of those fortunate adventurers who had shared, in 1204, the spoils of the Eastern empire, a lack-land sort of a prince, who was now driven out of his states, but who still preserved his title of Duke of Athens. A sudden fit of popular excitement raised him to an almost absolute sovereignty in Florence, where he was entrusted with the safety of the republic, (1342.) Without having sufficient ability to shield the republic from external danger, the duke had cunning enough to turn the power with which he was invested, into the most absolute and arbitrary tyranny. After a whole year of successful usurpation, (it was precisely at the epoch of Boccaccio's first visit to his widowed father,) numerous conspiracies were entered into by every class of citizens, the people arose against him in one mass, and he could only escape from popular exasperation by stealing ignominiously out of Florence, where he was never to return, (1343.)

Thus was Florence still free, and jealous of her freedom, when Boccaccio re-established himself in his father's house, in 1350, in his thirty-seventh year, when he was already conspicuous by the fame of his learning.

The year 1350 was (it will be remembered) the epoch of Petrarch's visit to his father's native place, while on his way to the jubilee at Rome. The meeting of the two poets took place nearly before Boccaccio was well settled at home, and the demonstrations of esteem and affection that the laureate bestowed on his friend, tended to increase Boccaccio's popularity among his fellow citizens. It was an idea universally cherished in that age, that it beseeemed a republic to turn all individual eminence of genius to public advantage, and magistrates and ambassadors, not unfrequently even leaders of armies, were chosen from among poets and scholars. The encyclopedic turn which all branches of science seemed then naturally to take, and the veneration and awe with which the illiterate crowd looked up to the votaries of learning, scarcely allowed them any doubt as to their fitness for any the most arduous undertaking, and their deep knowledge of jurisprudence actually gave them the greatest advantage in all political and diplomatic transactions.

Accordingly, no sooner was Boccaccio restored to Florence than he found himself charged with the most important missions of the Florentine republic. He was sent to Rimini and Ravenna, to sue for the alliance of those princes against the threatening power of the Visconti; he crossed the Alps again and again, on his way to the court of Louis of Bavaria, in 1353; to Avignon in the following year 1354, and once more in 1355; he was at Rome two years later, to congratulate Pope Urban V. on his re-installment in the metropolis of Christendom.

There were, however, other missions of a humbler, and yet to him dearer nature, which he fulfilled with a more lively satisfaction, and for which he would gladly have given up his more illustrious employments.

There lived still in Ravenna, when Boccaccio was an ambassador at that court, within the shades of a cloister in the convent of Santo, Stephano dell' Ulivo, Beatrice, a daughter of Dante, and, if we must judge from her name, his dearest, who had withdrawn herself from the world and its cares, happy to close her eyes in silence by the side of the humble tomb of her father. The Florentines, always anxious to appease the manes of their much injured bard, sent his helpless and destitute daughter a present of ten florins, and charged with their mission Boccaccio, by whom, without doubt, the idea of that scanty and tardy retribution was originally suggested. It was likewise at his suggestion that the Florentines revoked the decree of banishment and confiscation pronounced against his friend Petrarch's family, and that he was sent to Milan to reconcile him to his country.

How he failed in his mission has already been said, and we have alluded to the differences that arose between those two illustrious contemporaries on the subject of Petrarch's attachment to the most artful and unprincipled enemies of their common country, the Visconti. But we cannot deny ourselves the pleasure of quoting Boccaccio's own words in a letter to his friend (1554,) showing at once the warmth of his patriotism, and the candour and uprightness with which he did not hesitate to upbraid a friend, for whom he entertained more veneration and deference than even love and gratitude.

"I would be silent," he says, "but I cannot. Reverence restrains, but indignation compels me to speak. How could Petrarch so far forget his own dignity, the conversations we held together concerning the state of Italy, his hatred for the archbishop, (John Visconti,) his love for solitude and independence, so far as to imprison himself at the court of Milan? Why did not Petrarch *obey the dictates of his conscience*? Why did he, who called Visconti a Polyphemus, and a monster of pride, place himself under his yoke? How could Visconti win that which no pontiff, which neither Robert of Naples, nor the emperor himself, could ever obtain?"

To these reproaches there was no answer, and Petrarch was silent. But his kindness and generosity, his vast supremacy of fame, bound Boccaccio to him, and their consonance in literary pursuits easily made up for their discordance in politics.

The Decameron had made its appearance in 1353, and Boccaccio's fame spread far and wide; but this did not go far to improve his fortunes, which, on the contrary, sank lower and lower, partly by the wonted parsimony of republican salaries, partly by inconsiderate expenses occasioned by his literary pursuits, and partly, finally, also, by some indulgence in his dissipated tastes, which his long dealing in philosophy, and the influence of age, had not yet thoroughly amended.

His day of reform and conversion was, however, at hand; and the circumstances leading to that event are so singular, that the whole transaction has the look of one of the hundred tales of the Decameron.

The Decameron had no sooner appeared, than a general uproar of scandal and indignation arose from all the churches and convents of

Christendom. Boccaccio's name was uttered together with every term of invective and ignominy, so as scarcely to fall short of identifying him with the antichrist. At length a Carthusian monk from Siena, by name Giovaccino Ciani, moved by more kindly and brotherly feelings, never despairing of the omnipotence of grace, unwilling to abandon any human soul to her doom as long as any breath of hope yet remained, set out on his way to Florence to rescue his prey from the hands of the evil one.

He introduced himself to the poet, a most unusual and unexpected visiter, and asked for a private interview. There, after having exhausted all the topics of monkish eloquence, he informed him how, two nights before, the blessed Pietro Petroni, a monk of his order, for a long course of unblemished life the oracle of the convent, and just dead in odour of sanctity, had, on his deathbed, in his final confession under the seal of sacred secrecy, revealed to him the sentence that awaited Giovanni Boccaccio, if he continued impenitent; how the holy man in his visions of agony had read that doom in the face of our Redeemer, on whose august forehead all was written, the past, the present, and the future. The monk added, he was charged with similar missions for all the libertines of the age, (rather, we should think, a laborious task,) and that his last visit was reserved for Petrarch. At length, bending on the ear of his astonished listener, and lowering his voice to a whisper, the charitable monitor revealed to him some of the most important events of his life, of which Boccaccio believed himself the only depositary.

Left to his own reflections, the author of the Decameron, who had, in so many passages of his work, described the tricks and cheats of such cowed prophets and miracle-mongers, and admirably caricatured the very language employed by his ghostly adviser, now, by that air of unction and candour, was completely thrown off his guard, and gave himself up for undone. Then, in a fit of terror, preparing for his imminent fate, and resolved to repair to the same convent whence the awful warning had come, he burnt as many of his licentious works as were still under his control, and wrote his adieu to Petrarch, informing him of his new vocation. The calm admonitions of his friend partly revoked that hasty resolution. He persisted, however, in putting on the church robes, and his life was, to its end, sage and exemplary.

The state of the poet's private finances was most amply calculated to aid his plans of penitence and reform. During the last period of his wandering life, Boccaccio was more or less afflicted with poverty. He flattered himself to have found a liberal patron in the seneschal Acciaiuoli, a Florentine prince, residing in Naples, but was soon to be undeceived. This nobleman, who had been a friend and counsellor of Louis of Tarento, Joan's second husband, and who had followed the two fugitive princes with constancy and fidelity in the hour of adversity, was, at their restoration, rewarded with unlimited favour and confidence. He was one of Petrarch's thousand and one friends and correspondents, and, like many other noblemen of that age, gave himself all the airs of a liberal patron of learning. Extreme want, and a vague desire, perhaps, of revisiting a place endeared to him

by so many juvenile associations, in an evil hour induced Boccaccio to accept the seneschal's magnificent invitations, and to repair to his palace in Naples, charged with the functions of biographer and historiographer of the great man, (1360.) He was sent up to a squalid room in the garrets, and directed to take his place at table with footmen and stable-boys. Republican as he was, Boccaccio had no such notions of equality. He ran off from the proud mansion, and took refuge in the house of Mainardo Cavalcanti, one of his Florentine friends residing in Naples. Hence he crossed over to Venice to throw himself in the arms of Petrarch; hence again he returned to Florence, and soon after repaired to his father's native village, Certaldo, his age and his literary pursuits having unfitted him for the tumults of the popular factions with which Florence was then agitated. A few political missions and friendly excursions hardly ever diverted his attention, for a long time, from his dearest literary employments, and it never was without regret he left, never without transport he revisited, the solitude of his paternal dwelling. He felt as if he had found his final resting-place, and as if nothing remained for him but to smooth his pillow, and lay him down and sleep. The tidings of Petrarch's death, which he received late in 1374, seemed to warn him that his own hour had struck. He withdrew from Florence, where he had been called to read and expound the Divine Comedy, and died at home, in Certaldo, in December, 1375, aged sixty-three.

Such was the end of Giovanni Boccaccio; in his youth an epicure, a courtier, a libertine; in his age a scholar, a citizen, a devotee; but all over his life an upright, noble character, warm, loyal, modest, inaccessible to jealousy or simulation, though easily driven after by first impulses of a passionate nature, nor always insensible to the seductions, the follies, the superstitions of that unsettled state of society, of which he was to leave in his works such a faithful representation.

As a restorer of classical literature, Boccaccio has hardly less claims to the gratitude of modern ages than his friend Petrarch, notwithstanding the more extensive influence and greater means this last could employ in his researches. What Petrarch had done for the restoration of Latin, Boccaccio performed for the restitution of Greek.

The labour and expense these two noble champions, and likewise their allies, followers, and successors, had to undergo in transcribing and purchasing, the obstacles they had to overcome in collecting and ordering the ancient manuscripts for which we are wholly indebted to them, can only be conceived by such as have of a distinct idea of the prevailing ignorance of that age.

We have heard of a modern traveller, who ran back in horror and disgust from an inland town in the western states of North America, because he found it impossible to find any *Macassar oil* in the place, thereby being made aware that he had outstepped the limits of the civilized world. But we can hardly imagine what must have been the feelings of Petrarch, when we read in his letters, that travelling in his youth through Flanders, and happening to discover in Liege an old copy of Cicero de Officiis, in the total impossibility of finding

any man in that then populous and thriving town capable of transcribing a Latin manuscript, he set about it himself, and it was with the greatest difficulty that he could obtain *any liquid* in some manner answering the purpose of *ink*.

What more? In Italy itself, and in one of the most advanced and polished of all Italian towns, in Venice, the library which had cost Petrarch so many years of studies and cares, and which he had offered as a present to the republic, with a fond hope to secure it against all chances of war with which every town on the continent was incessantly menaced, in Venice itself, through no other accident than stupid neglect, not one volume of that collection has been preserved, not even the slightest document recording how that invaluable treasure was lost to posterity.

The fame that the monastery of Monte Cassino had long time enjoyed, as the sanctuary of literature, induced Boccaccio to visit its library during a short excursion he made through those provinces. He was shown to a large granary, without skylight or windows, to which he could only have access by the aid of a ladder; there, piled up in a shapeless mass, lay, plunged in a spell-bound silence, those sages of antiquity who had so long a tale to unfold to the past. Neither the monks nor their visitors ever frequented that lurid hall, nor did they ever resort to those books, but when through want of papyrus they were compelled to erase the dialogues of Plato for the dissertations of one of their doctors, or the Metamorphoses of Ovid for the legends of one of their saints.

Manuscripts came thus into the hands of the amateur without beginning or end, without title-page or index, with an obsolete or absurd orthography, and with a hundred different conventional abbreviations. This accounts for the numberless and apparently aimless journeys those earliest discoverers were constantly engaged in, in their advanced age—regardless of the inclemency of the seasons and the insecurity of the roads. This also accounts for their pecuniary embarrassments, their extensive correspondence, and the many agents they employed, absorbing the more money in proportion as intelligence was, in that age of brute force, comparatively scarce. Thus we read of Petrarch, that he kept four secretaries constantly at work; of Boccaccio, that he copied with his own hand Livy, Tacitus, Terence, Boethius, a great part of Cicero and Varro. Homer and Dante he transcribed more than twice, and these not so much for his own use as with an object to present his friends with them; or, in moments of distress, with the purpose to offer them for sale. No less perseverance and disinterestedness were required to rescue the ancient world from the deep layers of barbarism under which it was buried; the cells of the convents, the cellars and prisons, the darkest corners of the earth, were digged and searched, and ancient literature arose, as it were, like Pompeii and Herculaneum, from the bowels of the earth.

For all that the moderns know of ancient Greek, they are indebted to Boccaccio. Dante, in his own age one of the most widely informed scholars, never, perhaps, had regularly studied that language. Petrarch says of himself, in his letter of thanks to Boccaccio for the Iliad with which he had presented him, that he delighted in the sound

of Homer's verses, though he was unable to understand them. The first school of Greek in modern Europe was opened under the auspices of Boccaccio.

Petrarch had met in Padua, and been somewhat familiar with Leontius Pilatus, one of the many Greek grammarians who sought refuge in Italy from the tumults that were hastening the final subversion of the eastern empire. Leontius was a Calabrian by birth, but by choice a Greek; he was full of that false patriotic egotism, so natural in all countries that have reached a high degree of culture and prosperity, and which consisted in a sovereign contempt for all that was not Greek. He was cross, vain, and arrogant, a bear in a scholar's garb. Petrarch, the refined and courtier-like Petrarch, could never manage, nor, even for the sake of his Greek, endure him. But Boccaccio's greater knowledge of human nature, and his amenity and versatility of genius, forced a smile even on the lips of the grizzly grammarian, who was induced to follow him to Florence. There Boccaccio entertained him hospitably in his own house for three years, obtained from the senate a decree for the erection of a Greek school, made himself his first pupil, and succeeded in perfectly mastering the difficulties of that noblest of languages. He undertook, with his aid, a translation of Homer into Latin, and by his example and activity spread over all Italy a novel taste for the Greek classics. From his first attempts must be dated that important diversion that Greek scholars, during that and the following century, operated in Italian literature, especially under the patronage of Cosmo, and of his grandson, Lorenzo de Medici. Of his Latin works, of which the style is by the critics considered far inferior to that of Petrarch, we deem it beyond our office to discourse; and as we only take into consideration the works that still keep an eminent rank in Italian literature, we shall pass under silence the *Teseide*, *Filocopo* and *Fiammetta*, the *Life* and *Commentaries on Dante*, studying Boccaccio merely as the author of the *Decameron*.

The *Decameron*, or the *Ten Days*, is a collection of one hundred of those novels and tales which Boccaccio is believed to have read at the court of Queen Joan of Naples, and which, later in life, were by him assorted together by a most simple and ingenious contrivance. The merit of the original invention of Boccaccio's plan has been often made a subject of contest, but we think with little foundation. The subject, too, of several of his tales has been traced to some far-fetched origin, but very little to the detriment of his glory. The *Decameron* has remained for many centuries the best model for the story-tellers of all countries, whilst the legends and ballads, from which he might be presumed to have drawn, are more than half buried in oblivion. The scaffoldings by which the great fabric was propped up during its erection, have been removed, and it now stands alone and secure, as if it were the work of enchantment.

It is a well-known fact, that Boccaccio did not witness the dread mortality of 1348 in Florence; and the appalling description he made of it in the introduction to his tales, must have been drawn from a bold association of ideas, by referring to his reminiscences of his native place, the miserable spectacle he beheld with his own eyes

again and again in Naples, in Padua, in every town and province of Italy. From Thucydides to Botta, Manzoni, and Bulwer, there has been no lack of descriptions of pestilence. Both romancers and historiographers seemed always well aware of the great results that could be derived to their narrative, from the exhibition of a whole race struck by that most direful of scourges. Yet Boccaccio's stands unrivalled for truth and evidence; and the happy idea of choosing (by way of contrast) so gloomy an *overture* to effusions of so gay a nature, has been too often, we think, and too lightly set down as an extravagant aberration from the rules of taste. The sufferings so keenly described in the proem are intended to throw light upon the more brilliant pictures of the enchanting country in the neighbourhood of Florence. The ten gay recluses who, desirous of withdrawing themselves from the public calamity, have repaired to the genial shades of their country-seats, there endeavouring to abstract themselves from their terrors, in the enjoyment of every luxury, and in the pleasurable entertainments of a sympathetic society, seem constantly to be haunted by the phantoms of the scourge they have left behind; and among their flowery walks, their songs, their carols and feasts, the warbling of the birds, the murmur of the springs, those gallant story-tellers, and not less the fancy of their readers, seem constantly distracted by the groans of the dying, and the funeral knell of the desolate city.

It must be equally said to the praise of Boccaccio, that he succeeded in bestowing something like order and unity upon so vast a conception. Boccaccio gave us in one volume the virtues and vices of the human family, the whole world in a stage. There we have dupes and rogues, misers and libertines, ladies, knights, Jews and pagans; pilgrims, saints, angels, pirates and robbers; kings, popes, cardinals and monks—monks above all, white and gray, and blue monks—monks without an end.

No writer in Italy, and few out of Italy, ever more deeply understood or more forcibly depicted the human heart than Boccaccio; none was more possessed with that *vis comica* which has power to compel mankind to laugh at their own foibles, and to make them wiser at their own expense. The best parts of Boccaccio's tales have an eminently moral aim, and must, in his own times, have had a salutary effect, in so far as they boldly unmasked all kind of hypocrisy, and stripped vice of its alluring disguises. True virtue and magnanimity never fail to find a warm advocate and panegyrist in Boccaccio, and some of his heroic tales sufficiently show how deeply rooted were yet in Italy the loftiest chivalrous feelings.

Only, in his eagerness to be true to his model, he represented society in its most shocking nudity, and in his fondness for jesting he never refrained from the coarsest jokes, or from the most obscene allusions, which are happily, in our day, too disgusting to be any longer very dangerous. The hearty laugh of Queen Joan, and the provoking blush of his princess, the universal applause of a gross and idiotic age, encouraged Boccaccio to continue in a style which he had occasion to regret, as we have seen, during the rest of his life.

While, however, we praise the conduct of

“La mère qui en defend la lecture à la fille,”

we cannot help pitying the efforts of those who hope to purify the Decameron of all improprieties, by mutilating or paraphrasing its tales, or endeavouring to explain its double-entendres by silly allegories. In order to make an honest book of Boccaccio, you must do like that learned Florentine dyer, who, having been challenged to *blot out* all faults of a poem he had been heard to censure, answered by plunging the book into a caldron of black. But the merits that Boccaccio's writings have always had in the eyes of his countrymen, chiefly consisted in the purity and elegance, the richness and roundness, the fluency of language. The Decameron completed the work of the poem of Dante and Petrarch's *canzoniere*; and yet his classical studies, his veneration, we would say, his idolatry for Latin, have contributed to give the Italian language, a specious, artificial turn, a vague, unnatural construction, a verbosity, an intricacy, that render it, in prose at least, for a modern language exceedingly affected and unwieldy. The wonderful precision and energy of Dante was diluted and vitiated in the round periods of Boccaccio; so that notwithstanding the better models of Macchiavello and Alfieri, Italian prose has scarcely yet, after five centuries, been set upon any regular standard. The devotion of a great many Italians for their first master of prose has, however, considerably subsided, and it is not difficult to find, out of Florence, persons willing to admit, that "if Boccaccio's *language* is peradventure the best, his *style* is altogether the worst."

But if his credit among the philologues is perhaps on its wane, his value as an inventor, as an adept in the magic of the human heart, as a fertile, various, lively narrator, has in Italy and elsewhere reached its zenith, and, in the ever-floating balance of the opinions of men, his name, as a genius endowed with powerful faculties, stands far above that of his more fortunate and illustrious contemporary Petrarch, as his character for firmness and frankness, for unassuming modesty, and unswerving integrity, is above every shadow of blemish.

Death is a slow but sure and impartial dispenser of justice to generous spirits: the pomps of a court, and the applause of a bedazzled multitude, fade and die off within the silence of the grave. Truth alone remains, like one of the funeral lamps, preserving a spark of life in the darkness of ages, when time has swept off even the dust of the tomb.

The world has now come to a conclusion, which would have been resented by Boccaccio as an insult during life,—which seems as if it would grieve him, even in his place of eternal rest,—that he was endowed with a greater mind and a nobler heart than his friend.

IDLE WORDS.

BY MAJOR CALDER CAMPBELL.

THE strongest love hath yet, at times,
 A weakness in its power ;
 And latent sickness often sends
 The madness of an hour !
 To her I loved, in bitterness
 I said a cruel thing :—
 Ah me ! how much of misery
 From idle words may spring !

I loved her then—I love her still,—
 But there was in my blood
 A growing fever, that did give
 Its frenzy to my mood ;
 I sneer'd, because *another's* sneers
 Had power my heart to wring ;—
 Ah, me ! how much of misery
 From idle words may spring.

And when, with tears of wonder, she
 Looked up into my face,
 I coldly turned away mine eyes,
 Avoiding her embrace ;
 Idly I spake of idle doubts,
 And many an idler thing :—
 Ah me ! how much of misery
 From idle words may spring !

'Twas over soon the *cause*,—not soon
 The sad *effects* passed by :—
 They rule me 'neath the summer's sun,
 And 'neath the winter's sky !
 I sought forgiveness. . . . She forgave,
 But kept the lurking sting !
 Alas ! how much of misery
 From idle words may spring !

Month after month—year after year,
 I strove to win again
 The heart an idle word had lost,
 But strove, alas ! in vain.
 Oh ! ye who love, beware lest thorns
 Across Love's path ye fling ;
 Ye little know what misery
 From IDLE WORDS may spring !

HISTORY OF THE JEWS,¹

FROM THE DECLINE OF THE MACCABEES TO THE PRESENT DAY.

BY M. CAPEFIGUE.

ANTONINUS Felix, on whom Claudius had but just conferred the Roman cap, a symbol of respiring liberty, obtained the political administration of Judæa. He was married to Drusilla, the issue of Antony and Cleopatra; and with all his royal power, says Tacitus, he had retained the vile passion of a slave.* His first care, on arriving at Jerusalem, ought to have been to allay the general alarm which had been spread by the mad attempts of Caligula. In the temple and in the city the people were in a state of the greatest excitement, and attended with anxious expectation the accession of a better prince, who should wipe away the tears of Israel. A decree of the senate had devoted the memory of Caius to the infernal gods; and it was so far certain that the statues, which had been overthrown in the forum of Rome, would not be forced into the temple of Jerusalem.

In place of encouraging these expectations, so well adapted to pacify men's minds, Felix, as if he took pleasure in unsettling the people, circulated sinister rumours as to the intentions of Claudius. According to Josephus, his design was to conceal his plunder and peculation under cover of the public disturbances. During his violent administration, he contrived to arm the Samaritans and Jews against each other, and then pretending that these domestic quarrels on the frontier of the empire were insulting to the majesty of Rome, he condemned the hostile nations to pay a heavy fine to the republic. The Zealots and the Sicarii were also much encouraged; and the temple, says a Talmudist, became the scene of desolation and woe.†

Albinus, who succeeded him,‡ was less adroit in his extortion. He was not satisfied with allowing himself to be seduced by bribes, says the Jewish historian, or with seizing on the patrimony of individuals, or burdening the productive soil of Judæa with heavy tributes: when our domestic tribunals, those only remains of our institutions, or rather our elders, had caused certain disturbers of the peace to be taken up, Albinus released them on payment of a sum of money which he privately received. The poor were continually rebelling

¹ Continued from vol. xxviii. p. 583.

* Compare, on the character and the actions of Felix, Tacitus, *Hist. lib. v. ch. ix*; Josephus, *lib. xx. chap. ix.* *Ant. Jud.*, and *lib. ii. de Bello Jud.* The learned of the thirteenth century have chiefly blamed him for his conduct towards Paul, Acts of the Apostles, *xxiv. xxv. xxvi.* Suetonius speaks rather highly of Felix in *Claud. chap. xxviii.* Josephus says that Drusilla was a Jewess. Cusaubon, *Comment. Suetonius in Claud. chap. xxviii.*

† Josephus *de Bello Jud. lib. ii. chap. xiii.* Tacitus also speaks of Albinus.

‡ Festus came between Felix and Albinus.—*Tr.*

against the rich, and the great and wise men of Israel dared not prefer a complaint. "However, the patience of the Jews endured until the government of Gessius Florus, a worthy pupil of Nero, and favourite of Poppæa; under him that revolt broke out which ruined the nation of the Hebrews."*

It was not one grievance only, but a multiplicity, a continued series of arbitrary acts and gratuitous cruelties, which determined the Jews to take up arms to resist the brutal violence of Florus. This magistrate had caused the treasury of the Temple and the markets of Jerusalem, under various pretexts, to be pillaged. During the public festivals, the relentless soldiers would often rush on the panic-struck crowd, and massacre the old men and women. The Jews had often remonstrated, and the entreaties of their elders alone had restrained them from taking revenge with their own hands, and breaking out into open rebellion. They awaited better times, those days when the victorious Messiah would deliver his people, and lay prostrate the thrones of the earth. But that which completely exhausted the patience of the inhabitants of Jerusalem was an act of violence, which could not even be justified by any of those state reasons which the provincial governors were so apt to put forward in vindication of their most arbitrary acts. With a view to increase the Roman forces at Jerusalem, Florus ordered two cohorts to advance upon the city. According to custom, he announced their approaching arrival to the elders of Israel; and in order to destroy, he said, the prejudices the soldiers and their chiefs might entertain against the Jews, he recommended them to go out and meet those troops, and to testify to the tribunes and centurions their submission to Rome, and their devotion to the emperor.

The elders accordingly promised to convoke the people, and to follow this advice. On the appointed day, the priests and Levites, preceded by players on the harp, and carrying the sacred vessels in their hands, formed themselves into a procession, and moved forward, followed by young men and virgins, the flower of Israel. Hardly had they caught sight of the leathern casques and standards of the legions, when they burst out into long acclamations, blending the names of Cæsar, of the soldiers, and of Rome. The two cohorts received this boisterous and spontaneous salutation in silence, though some expressions of contempt against the Jews and the worship of Jehovah escaped from the veterans stationed over the military altar. The old men, and a few priests whom prudence restrained, patiently submitted to these outrages from the legions, but the Pharisees and the young men murmured openly at the profane boldness which could thus insult the favoured people of the Lord. These murmurs were overheard, and on a given signal the troops of Gessius Florus rushed upon the unarmed multitude. Numbers of the Jews were trampled under the feet of the horses, or fell by the sword.

The procurator of Judæa was anxious to profit by the tumult and confusion, and march into Jerusalem to seize the treasure concealed

* This is no doubt what makes Tacitus say, "*Duravit tamen patientia Judæis, usque ad Gessium Florum procuratorem. Sub eo bellum ortum.*"—*Tacit. Hist. lib. v. ch. 10.*

in the temple: but the Zealots, wearied with the frequent recurrence of outrages, closed the gates of the city, and refused to admit the Roman cohorts. Upon this Florus withdrew to Cæsarea, and sent word to Cestius, governor of Syria, that Jerusalem had thrown off the dominion of the Cæsars. On their parts, the Israelites sent a deputation to Cestius to lay before him the real causes of this popular movement, which threatened to extend itself throughout Judæa, and to warn him that the tyrannical administration of Florus had originated that violent resistance which it would have been so easy to pacify. "The Holy City," they said, "has not shown any desire to shake off the powerful authority of the Romans, but only to free itself from the excesses of a brutal tyranny. Cæsar had evinced so much benevolence towards it, that they had reason to hope he would disavow the imprudent proceedings of an avaricious magistrate." They demanded the removal of Florus, and on that condition they would answer for the public tranquillity and the obedience of Judæa.*

Although Cestius disapproved, perhaps, of the rash conduct of the procurator of Judæa, yet he thought it inconsistent with the dignity and the policy of Rome to yield to agitators who petitioned by menaces, and with arms in their hands. After having slightly reproached the deputies with the lukewarm loyalty of the Israelites towards Cæsar, he declared "that on his supreme majesty alone depended the punishment of magistrates holding so distinguished a post as Florus, and that it would become them calmly to await his august decision; he was going, however, to send a tribune to Jerusalem to make himself acquainted with the real state of the case, and to punish the guilty; his reports impartially collated should be sent to Rome to enlighten the judgment of the emperor; but, during the interval, an absolute and immediate submission would go far to prove the good feeling and devotion of the Jews. He, therefore, offered his good offices on condition that the gates of Jerusalem should be immediately opened to the cohorts of Florus, and that they should unconditionally submit to the procurator of Judæa.†

The Pharisees and enthusiasts would not hear of these conditions. Florus was too hateful to them, and the very thought of being again obliged to submit to his orders and caprices rekindled the public indignation. The Jews of Jerusalem instantly flew to arms; the treasures of the temple were employed in the common defence; the grandees, whom they accused of supineness in the sacred cause, were despoiled; the enthusiasts seized on the gates, and occupied the walls, and the city was filled with warriors, as in those days when Israel rose against the kings of Babylon and Egypt.

Every day Israel was alarmed by mournful rumours respecting the preservation of its rights and privileges in Palestine; it was said that

* The critics who have treated on the Jewish war are not agreed as to the precise year in which the rebellion began. All admit that it broke out in the twelfth year of Nero, but as they make his reign commence at different periods, they do not arrive at the same result. The most correct date to my view is A.D. 70, towards the end of May; at least that is the opinion of Fathers Pagi and Baronius.

† For all these details there is only Josephus who is truly complete, de Bell. Jud. Tacitus, Hist. lib. v. 9. hints at all these events, rather than relates them.

most of the Jewish families had been forced to quit the town of Cæsarea, though it had been built by a king of the Jews, and that in this city, founded by Herod, the Roman governor had decided that the temples of the gods and the rights of the Syrians were more respectable than the pious oratories and the privileges of the Israelites.

In other cities, Jews, bearing from their services and their high stations the title of Roman citizens, had been publicly whipped, and even nailed to the cross, before the procurator's tribunal, notwithstanding their appeal to the justice of Cæsar and to the Roman senate. Popular tumults were also said to have taken place at Scythopolis and Alexandria, in which the lives of the Jews had been endangered. All these reports, exaggerated by the passions of the populace, aroused their hatred, and utterly precluded judicious men from exercising their salutary influence to appease the troubled waters.*

King Agrippa was in Trachonitis, whose tributary crown had been conferred upon him, when he heard of the revolution in Jerusalem; he was deeply affected by it, and, anxious to avert from his deluded people the inevitable miseries of a war engaged with the forces of Rome, he hurried to the city of his ancestors, in the hopes of making them amenable to the voice of reason. In a full assembly of pontiffs, doctors of the law, and pharisees, he pointed out the deplorable condition of Judæa, and the power of that empire with which the Jews seemed willing to try the chance of war.

"He would not have come to Jerusalem," he said, "in the vain hope of being listened to, if he had thought that the desire for war was unanimous; but if there was a division of opinion upon the subject, he might venture to give his weight to the more prudent side. Of what did the Jews complain? Of the tyranny of the Roman governor: but would not the best way of mitigating that be in obedience? Rebellion was ridiculous, without a prospect of success; besides, if it failed, they would undergo a much harder fate. Well, then, examine your power and resources; will it be possible for you to hold out any length of time? Think of the great nations whom the Roman armies have reduced to slavery—Carthage destroyed, the powerful kings of Assyria overcome, Egypt conquered; and, in the West, the Gauls and Britons subdued. These are the deeds of Rome; imagine what it can do again. What have you to oppose to it? your walls? but are they more difficult to pass than the unknown sea which protected savage Britain? Your soldiers? but what nation can compare its armies to those invincible legions which have filled the world with their victories? O! my brethren, reflect well on your resolve; the safety of this empire, which is so dear to me, depends upon it. I counsel you, therefore, as your king, and as your brother in Israel, to obey the laws of Rome, and thus to appease the vengeance which is ready to burst over your heads."†

* Josephus de Bello Jud.

† This speech is given at great length in Josephus: it is one of those pieces in which the historian of the Jewish war has chiefly endeavoured to display the brilliancy of his imagination and the extent of his learning. We all know that the prominent defect in Josephus is that of bringing himself forward too often, and one

These words made some impression on the assembly; but when Agrippa declared that the inflexible determination of Cestius was, that Jerusalem should first be brought to submit to the orders of Florus, until Cæsar had decided upon their complaints, the enthusiasts and pharisees cried out, "We prefer death to such cruel bondage!" In vain did Agrippa endeavour to bring these excited spirits to a sense of reason; his entreaties were only met with threats, and he was treated as an apostate by the scribes and doctors of the law. From this moment war was inevitable. The priests and Levites ran through the towns and neighbouring country, and orders written in sacred characters were sent into the principal cities, to prepare them for war against "*the cruel kingdom of Edom.*" On the other hand, the most discreet amongst the Israelites, those especially who knew the immense forces of the Roman empire, left Jerusalem, and fled with Agrippa into the province of Syria.

Whilst the Jews raised the standard of independence, Cestius Gallus, instructed by letters from the procurator Florus, made preparations to suppress this dangerous revolt. He had by this time concentrated at Damascus the twelfth legion lately arrived from Britain, two thousand picked men from the other legions of Syria, and some auxiliary cohorts under the command of the kings Antiochus and Agrippa. This army marching across Lebanon, and the territory which separates Jerusalem from Damascus, took Joppa, Cæsarea, and Lydda, without resistance; and while the main body of the Jews retreated in confusion under the walls of their city, the victorious legions planted their tents on the Mount of Olives, and along the banks of the brook Cedron.* But the insurrection of the entire country of Judæa, which every instant swelled the number of the combatants, made Cestius apprehensive lest the Jews, recovering from their first alarm, should surround him on every side, and that thus the legions, without means of relief, might be left to the mercy of an implacable enemy. He therefore prepared for a retreat, and secret orders were issued to secure the flank that rested on Bithen and Beth-horon. The centurions and the tribunes struck their tents and military altars. The Roman soldiers, protected by several cohorts of cavalry, retired through mountains covered with palms and sycamores. During their irregular march they were continually harassed by the inhabitants of Jerusalem and the neighbouring districts. The veterans had nothing but their patience and endurance to oppose against the assaults of an enemy who quickly

perceives, in these sad details, that he is more occupied with showing his oratorical power, than afflicted at the misfortunes of his country.—See *De Bello Jud.* lib. xi.

* As we shall frequently have occasion to mention the Roman legion, it will be as well to explain its military organization. The legion was divided into ten cohorts under the orders of a tribune, and into fifty centuries commanded by centurions; the guard of the eagle was taken from the first cohort. The infantry of each legion amounted to six thousand men; a wing of cavalry was attached to it, consisting of six hundred and twenty men, divided into ten *turmæ*: auxiliary troops were distributed amongst each of the legions, but never exceeding them in number. Compare Vegetius, *Instituta Rei Militaris*, and Justus Lipsius *de Militiâ Romanâ*; the four Memoirs of Le Beau on the Roman legion, in the Memoirs of the Academy of Inscriptions: and "*Le Commentaire sur Polybe,*" by the Chevalier Folard.

disappeared amidst the most inaccessible defiles. The Roman army, at length, worn out by fatigue and disease, arrived at the city of Gibeon, celebrated in the history of Joshua. There were only a few days' rations remaining. The enemy was gathering his strength every day.

In the Roman camp the usual courage of the soldier gave place to despair; and it was recollected that not far from Syria three legions had lately perished under the orders of Crassus, and that the eagles of the Capitol, to the disgrace of Rome and the consuls, had, for a long time, remained as trophies of victory in the hands of the Parthians. The veterans cried with rage as they moved on towards Beth-horon, which they reached the third day. More than three hundred thousand Jews surrounded this city, incapable of holding out against such overwhelming forces. Intelligence was brought that the cohort which occupied the fortress of Antona at Jerusalem had been massacred by an infuriated band, and experience taught that no dependence could be placed on the faith of a fanatical enemy. In this juncture recourse was had to one of those stratagems which recalls the devotion of ancient times. On the loftiest towers and most eminent spots, Cestius placed four hundred soldiers of the twelfth legion, with orders to light up great fires, and to make a continual noise and hum, as though the whole army were present. Under cover of this military ruse, the legions commenced a retreat by forced marches on the road to Syria. By break of day they had gained twelve stades on the Jews, who, finding it impossible to overtake them, vented their fury by slaying the four hundred veterans, who were thus sacrificed for the safety of the army, and to preserve the honour of the Roman name.*

The news of the retreat of Cestius, and of the revolt of Judæa, soon reached Rome. It was the twelfth year of the reign of Nero; and the tyrant of the world, immersed in his vices, was aroused from his lethargy on hearing of this important event. It was impossible not to perceive that this revolt might be attended with the most fatal consequences to the Roman power in Asia. Jerusalem was not very far from Damascus and Alexandria; and the cry of independence might quickly extend from the banks of the Tigris and the Euphrates to the shores of the Nile.

While the senators and the consuls invoked the gods of the Capitol for the welfare of the empire, Nero called to mind that the astrologers had predicted to him, that if the sceptre of the world escaped his feeble hands, he would obtain for his consolation the sovereignty of the East and of Jerusalem. He trembled lest the revolt might deprive him of this last resource, and lest the wine of Jaffa and the sweet fruits of Syria† might fail his enervated senses, if he should lose the delicacies of Greece and Rome. Harassed by these fears, he pondered for a while whether or not he ought in person to undertake the direction of so important a war; but, according to an ex-

* The retreat of Cestius and the twelfth legion is related in great detail by Josephus de Bello Jud. Tacitus says, "Comprimere captantem Cestium Gallum, Syriæ legatum, varia prætia, ac sæpius adversa, excepere. Hist. lib. v. chap. x.

† Suetonius in Neronem, chap. xl.

pression of Perseus, "the charioteer of the circus, and the skilful player on the flute, could not tear himself away from the applauses of the theatre; he preferred the sound of the flying car, led into the arena by a shameless freedman, to the glorious echo of the trumpets of the sons of Romulus."*

At all events, the choice of an able captain to command the legions in this distant theatre of operations was a matter of some difficulty to the jealous tyranny of Nero. The empire certainly was not deficient in consuls and tribunes capable of leading them to victory, but it was most important to avoid placing at the head of the army an ambitious chief who might turn against the Cæsar those forces with which he might entrust him. At length, after having hesitated for a long time between Otho and Vitellius, he selected Vespasian, at that time living in banishment in a small town of Italy.

Vespasian, the son of a simple publican, had commenced his career in the employment of the ædileship and pretorship. Through the interest of Narcissus, he obtained, in the reign of Claudius, the command of a legion, which he led into Britain and Germany; and his exploits obtained for him the honours of a triumph, of the double priesthood, and the consulate. This sudden rise of fortune, and the patronage of Narcissus, excited against him the jealous resentment of Agrippina, and so long as she held any influence over her son, Vespasian lived unnoticed in Africa, of which he had been appointed proconsul. Tacitus says, that this province had often complained of his severity, and in a tumult at Adrumetum the exasperated populace threw missiles at his head.† After the death of Agrippina, he returned to Rome, where his foolish extravagances soon achieved his ruin. Drowned in debt, he stooped to practices unworthy of him; and it is in reference to this that Tacitus remarks, that he was the only one amongst all the emperors whom grandeur and the purple changed for the better.‡ He accompanied Nero in his journeys through Greece, but even his desire to please and flatter the son of Agrippina could not make him endure the harsh voice and the awkward demeanour of the crowned actor; he often fell asleep during the scenic representations, or perhaps staid away from them altoge-

* I have frequently consulted, on all these events, the fourth volume of the "*Histoire des Empereurs*," by Crevier, which contains the reign of Nero. As long as Crevier had great authorities before him, he followed them with exactness. I would even say that he is worthy of them. But it is unfortunate, that for the last volumes, at the conclusion of the twelve Cæsars, he has not consulted more carefully the Augustan history, where so many important facts are collected.

† Tacitus and Suetonius speak very differently of the proconsulate of Vespasian in Africa. According to Suetonius, he governed with perfect uprightness. Tacitus declares, on the contrary, that he acquired there a very bad reputation. Suetonius, however, admits the fact we have mentioned in the text, as to the sedition at Adrumetum. Tac. Hist. ii. 77. Suet. in Vespasian. i. to iv.

‡ Ambigua de Vespasiano fama, solusque omnium ante se principum in melius mutatus est. Tac. Hist. i. 50. The historian acknowledges his great military qualities: Vespasianus acer militiae, anteire agmen, locum castris capere, noctu dieque consilio, ac, si res posceret, manu hostibus obniti, cibo fortuito, veste habituque vix a gregario milite discrepans; prorsus, si avaritia abesset, antiquis ducibus par. — Tac. Hist. ii. 5.

ther. Cæsar, furious at this indifference, banished him to a small town in Italy. He was living there in expectation of receiving sentence of death, when a tribune arrived with orders about the war in Judæa, and conferring upon him the supreme command of the legions which were to march upon Jerusalem.

It was important to hasten the military movements, and to prevent, by a rapid march, the possibility of an organized resistance. Vespasian was anxious to surprise the Jews at an early stage of the revolt, when the rebels, without any fixed plan, could only offer an irregular and ineffectual opposition to the regular attacks of his legions. He wrote immediately to Titus, his son, and to Trajan, both tribunes, and who commanded the fifth and the tenth legions, then stationed at Alexandria, to advance by forced marches into Judæa, while the Roman troops in Syria moved by another route, to concentrate under the walls of Jerusalem. Vespasian himself hastened to cross the Hellespont, and gain the frontiers of Palestine, where he expected to find the two legions of Titus and Trajan. At the same time there were numbers of allied cohorts in the Roman camp; Agrippa, at the head of a large body of Jews, gained over by imperial favours to abandon the cause of Jerusalem; the kings Antiochus and Sohemus, at the head of the Syrians, and hordes of Arabs, drawn together against the inhabitants of the city of David, partly from feelings of enmity, and partly from a thirst for plunder.*

Jerusalem and the principal towns of Judæa now presented the appearance of a vast camp. At the voice of the Priests and Levites the Israelites ran everywhere to arms; the Pharisees reminded them of the old prophecies in the days of deliverance. "The golden crown and the splendour of Solomon was about to re-appear," they said, "more glorious than ever." And in their delirium the people already divided the spoils of the new Amalekites who dared to defy the city of Jehovah. Nevertheless, superstition would occasionally associate their hopes with fears. Dreadful omens had been seen in the temple; the porch had shook, the gate through which the people ordinarily went to sacrifice had burst open, as if pushed by a supernatural force; groans and cries of distress had been heard, and in the streets of Jerusalem the multitude had stoned a Levite of the temple, who, with his head covered with ashes, and a hair-cloth round his waist, had uttered the direful exclamation, "Woe to Jerusalem!"†

Men of foresight and judgment in Israel had no occasion for unlucky omens to convince them that days of misfortune were at hand. The power of Rome, the vengeance of the Cæsars, so much the more to be dreaded as they had been so often provoked, were ever

* Tacit. Hist. v. 10. Josephus de Bello Jud. iii. 1.

† Basnage, with his usual scepticism, discusses these predictions and prophecies; he admits some and rejects others, although, to say the truth, all are entitled to the same consideration. But Basnage is glad of an opportunity to criticise the predictions of Christianity; and he wearies the patience of his readers with a long discussion on a passage of Lactantius relative to the prediction of St. Peter, who foretold the taking of Jerusalem.

present to their imagination, and it was easy to foresee that the ruin of Judæa, and of her most flourishing cities, would be the consequence of a perverse resistance. Besides, the Jews were divided into a thousand different parties, and in their mutual disputes they were apt to forget the common danger of their country. And thus, to avoid the dreadful calamities which impended, a great many Israelites sought refuge under the Roman tents. The Christians, still called Nazarenes, warned by the predictions of the Messiah as to the approaching destruction of the holy city, fled from its precincts, and established themselves at Pella.* They had already prepared in that place their love-feasts, and their catacombs, when the first corps d'armée of Vespasian began to advance on the frontiers of Judæa.

His army was then forming under the walls of Ptolemais. The fifth and tenth legions arrived in that city. Twenty-three cohorts, and a numerous cavalry, raised in Egypt and Syria, were gathered under the Roman eagle. Nine thousand warriors lightly armed, and six thousand skilful Arab archers, followed the kings Agrippa, Antiochus, and Sohemus, all full of ardour and impatience. Its chiefs were men of tried experience. Titus had deserved the honours of a triumph before he acquired the purple of the Cæsars, and the tribunes quoted Trajan as the model of firmness and courage.†

The country which the Roman armies had to cross before they reached Jerusalem was covered with fortified towns, such as Lydda, Emmaus, Jericho, and Joppa. Jerusalem itself was powerful in its means of defence; the traditions of the Capitol, and the military annals of the empire, related the long and arduous works of the legions before that city during the consulate of Pompey; and it could not be concealed that even the most approved discipline, and the best troops, would with difficulty overcome the furious fanaticism of the Jews. Vespasian assembled round him the tribunes and centurions of the Syrian legions, to deliberate on the important expedition which Cæsar had committed to their valour and discretion. In this council the tetrarch Agrippa, and the king of the Arabs, proposed in the first place to attack Galilee, then considered to be one of the gates of Jerusalem. Vespasian approved of this suggestion, and the legions marched towards Sephoris.

Galilee was then divided into two provinces, both encompassed by Phœnicia and Syria; their capital was Gamala, called also the "City of Horsemen," because the Asmonean kings, and after them Herod, were in the habit of sending thither their discharged horsemen. Lower Galilee extends in length from Tiberias to Zabulon and Ptolemais; its breadth is from the village called Xaloth, as far as Bersabe, from which beginning also is taken the breadth of the Upper Galilee, as far as the village Baca, which divides it from Syria.‡ These two

* Euseb. lib. iii. chap. v. St. Epiphanius assures us that it was an angel who warned the first Christians to fly from Jerusalem, on which the divine wrath was about to descend.—*Epiph. de Ponderibus*, n. 14, p. 171 of vol. ii. of his works.

† Joseph. de Bello Jud. lib. iii.

‡ It is still from Josephus that we copy these details on the situation of the two Galilees.

provinces, the most fertile in Palestine, were crowded with wealthy cities, and Scripture more than once speaks of their productive plains and loaded harvests. Throughout its whole domain, Galilee grew every kind of fruit in abundance; the vine, the olive, and the palm, all flourished in profusion, and near Tiberias. A Talmudist says, that "Jehovah protected the pear which refreshes the thirsty doctor on the forms of his school, and the peach which shuns the desert." A land so plentiful had attracted a numerous population: at every step one met with towns and villages; and if we may credit the account of an historian, the smallest of these villages contained at least 15,000 souls. This population was turbulent and warlike, and it was long remembered in Israel that, amidst all civil wars and foreign invasions, Galilee had ever preserved a kind of political independence.

The two Galilees had been placed under the command of Josephus, son of Matthias, the warlike historian who has recorded the last misfortunes of the Hebrews.* From the very commencement of the rebellion, the high priest and the people had selected him to organize the resistance of the two provinces, which would in all probability be the first to be attacked by the legions; Josephus had gone to Gamala, and summoning the people to their synagogues, he there showed them the necessity of union and concord in order to repel the common enemy. By his orders, a sanhedrim of seventy elders was invested with the administration of Upper and Lower Galilee. In each town a council of seven judges, chosen from the eldest of the people, was to decide on lesser affairs, according to the rites and customs of Israel. The principal cities of Lower Galilee, Jotapa, Bersabe, Jaffa, Tarichæa, and Tiberias, were fortified, as well Mount Ituberinus, and the deep caverns near the Lake of Genesareth. In Upper Galilee Josephus rebuilt the walls of Jepta, Jamnia, and Mero. A hundred thousand young men of the age prescribed by Jehovah took up arms, while the officers strove to introduce into their ranks the military discipline of the Romans.† However, in spite of all these anxious endeavours for the public welfare, individual ambition sometimes created confusion. The historian of this war has related with great minutiae all the obstacles he had to overcome. A commanding officer would challenge his authority; a faction would throw a whole town into disorder, and perhaps be the cause of bloodshed; for instance, to

* Josephus has written the history of his own life in a special work, (*De Vita Sua*.) Scaliger has sarcastically observed that Josephus is one of those men whose name and services will never be forgotten by posterity. He has taken good care of that; even in his more general works he considers himself much more than his subject; indeed, one would almost be tempted to say that he only chooses that subject in which he himself can figure to the best advantage. This, however, is no longer a defect in the history he has composed of his own life. An account of Josephus and his works will be found in that part of this history which treats of the literary history of the Jews.

† The disciplining of the Jewish troops and their regular organization was at all times a difficult operation. Josephus has himself described its difficulties, lib. iii. *de Bello Jud. i.* Compare with this the exact discipline which Vespasian established amongst his legions and auxiliary troops.—Sueton. in Vespasian. iv.

show the state of men's minds amidst all the calamities with which they were threatened, John of Giscala excited an armed mob against Josephus, while Simon, the son of Goras, pillaged several villages, and destroyed by fire the patrimony of the Priests and Levites.*

On hearing of these deplorable dissensions, the veteran legions of Vespasian left Ptolemais, and advanced towards the frontiers of Galilee. The majestic appearance of this line of march inspired both respect and awe. Josephus thus describes his own impressions when he first beheld the legions displayed in front of Ptolemais. "The auxiliary troops marched in front; being lightly armed, it was their duty to search the woods with axe and lance, so as to prevent ambuscades; next to these followed ten out of every hundred, carrying along with them their arms, and what was necessary to measure out a camp withal. After these came Vespasian with cohorts of the cavalry of two legions; then followed the engines for sieges, guarded by pioneers, and the centurions and tribunes accompanied by picked soldiers; then came the eagle, (surrounded by its ensign, which is at the head of every legion,) the king and the strongest of all birds, which is to them a signal of dominion, and an omen that they shall conquer all against whom they march; and then the main army in their squadrons and battalions, marching six in front; lastly, the baggage, protected by a cohort of cavalry."†

The very sight of these formidable legions carried dismay amongst the Jewish soldiers whom Josephus brought up against them; numbers of them dispersed themselves through the country, throwing ashes on their heads, and shouting to the Israelites that all the forces of the cruel kingdom of Edom were coming upon them; that their brethren might prepare for death, whilst their daughters would be led captive to the new Babylon. Some portions of his army took shelter in the fortified places. During this time the legions arrived before Gadara, and although that town offered no resistance, yet its inhabitants were slain or sold as slaves.‡ In the letter which Vespasian wrote to Nero to announce his first successes, "he represented their military severities as a just retaliation and a welcome sacrifice to the manes of those veterans whom the Jews had massacred in the fortress of Antona, in contempt of a solemn capitulation."

From Gadara the legions advanced towards Jotapata, the most im-

* These ambitious feuds fill a great space in the relation of Josephus, and especially in the history of his life. With his character, it is natural that the insubordination of some, and the contemptuous behaviour of others, should occupy his attention, and appear as circumstances of great importance worthy to be transmitted to posterity as examples of the ingratitude of the people. Compare Josephus de Vita Sua, and de Bello Jud. lib. iii. 2.

† All the moderns agree that the most curious details on the organization of the legion, and on the art of sieges, after the reign of Nero, are to be found in Josephus. Indeed I hardly know whether Polybius and Vegetius, for other epochs, are more, or even as exact. Le Beau, Gibbon, the Chevalier Folard in his "Commentaires sur Polybe," and Guischard, in his "Mémoires Militaires," have often borrowed interesting observations from Josephus.

‡ Crevier says that Gadara was taken by assault, lib. vi. of his *Histoire des Empereurs*.

portant village of Galilee. Jotapata, situated a short distance from Tiberias, is built on a precipice surrounded by deep valleys.* The north side, which is its only accessible point, had been defended from surprise by numerous fortifications. Josephus, whom the elders had chosen as their captain, together with some troops of Israelites, had collected there to defend, as it was called, the *bulwark of Judæa*. The Roman army appeared under its walls on the northern side about the 20th of May, and almost immediately afterwards the signal for attack was sounded. The legions put themselves in motion, and Titus and Trajan rushed towards the walls assured of victory. But the Jews presented a firm resistance; from the tops of their towers they showered down darts and melted lead on the impervious roof formed by the bucklers of the veterans. On each side the chiefs encouraged their soldiers, and while Vespasian, in his warlike harangues, recalled the recent victories of the Roman armies, the historian Josephus related the miracles of Jehovah in the times of Moses and Joshua. After unprecedented efforts, Vespasian ordered a retreat, and the legions returned to their camp. The small success which attended this too sudden attack showed the necessity of prudence and caution. It was resolved to lay a regular siege.† Ere long immense mounds were raised, those prodigies of the patience of the Romans, and the fatal battering-ram, which a Talmudist compares to the sword of the exterminating angel.‡ Jotapata, thus encompassed with camps, appeared like a city surrounded by cities. Provisions were in abundance, but the wells and cisterns were nearly exhausted. For a few days the courage and enterprise of some of the inhabitants supplied the general want. Not far from the city there was a spring of pure water concealed amongst palms and sycamores, which had escaped the vigilance of the Romans. At nightfall some of the Israelites, enveloped in the skins of animals lately killed, and crossing the heaths and defiles on all fours, like wild dogs, went and filled their pitchers, and brought them back to the town. Some of the Arab horsemen at last found out the stratagem, and this last resource was taken from the Israelites. Upon this all was woe and desolation. "Who can withstand the horrors of thirst?" exclaims on this occasion a pious rabbin. "O Jehovah! why are thy rocks sterile this day? What good is the savour of lamb, and of the bitter herbs of the passover, to him whose parched lips long for the cruise of water, and the peach of Damascus?" Reduced to despair, the Jews repeatedly made vigorous sorties upon the Roman camp, and were as often repulsed. In the mean time a deserter came and told Vespasian

* Josephus has devoted nearly thirty pages to the description of the siege of Jotapata, lib. iii. I have endeavoured to curtail his prolix account without omitting anything essential.

† Crevier says that Vespasian "was in hopes of softening the obstinacy of the besieged by want of water."

‡ Each legion carried with it ten warlike engines of a great height, and fifty-five of a smaller dimension. They projected stones and darts, as opportunity and position required. See the interesting treatise of the Chevalier Folard on the war-engines of the Romans, in his *Commentaire sur Polybe*, tom. ii. p. 233—290. Folard, who is an enthusiast for the military system of the Romans, prefers these machines to the cannons and mortars of modern times.

that about the second hour the Israelites, worn out with fatigue, would retire for a short repose "under the roofs of the houses, and in their marriage couches." Orders were instantly issued. On a signal given by the tribunes, the legions assembled in silence. The night was dark; a thick fog covered the town and the camp; they advanced to the foot of the walls without disturbing the sentinels; some ladders were placed, the soldiers mounted up with the greatest rapidity, and the Jews were awoke by the triumphant cries of Cæsar, Rome, and victory! All the Israelites capable of bearing arms were put to death, while their wives and daughters were sent as captives to the slave-markets of Italy.*

In this dire catastrophe Josephus had sought shelter, with several of his comrades, in the cisterns and canals which extend under the city. The entrance to these vast subterranean passages was only known to some priests and a few Israelites devoted to the national cause; but Vespasian, having offered a high reward to any one who would discover their retreat, information was given, and in a short time the place was found out which had concealed them from the search of the conquerors. During the long continuance of the siege, and the dangers of a glorious assault, the Roman soldiers could not withhold their admiration from a chief who, with such slight resources, had so ably held out against the forces of the republic. Though naturally inclined to severity, Vespasian had a generous soul, and Titus and Trajan were in his councils models of clemency and humanity.† He desired that the life of Josephus should be spared, intending to reserve him for his triumph, and to place him on the Appian Way amongst the chiefs of conquered nations. A tribune was commissioned to offer him his life, on condition that he would surrender himself in the camp of Vespasian. Josephus accepted the conqueror's offer; but as he was preparing to follow the tribune, his companions cried out, "It is written that it were better to fall by the sword of an idolater than to receive his favours. Let us perish in this sad extremity, rather than owe our lives to the cruel children of the kingdom of Edom." In vain did Josephus invoke the sublimest precepts of philosophy against the man who should be guilty of ending his own existence; his companions demanded death with such enthusiasm, that he was obliged to submit to the common resolution. It was agreed that lots should be drawn to decide who should be killed first, and that thus each of the Israelites should fall successively by the hands of his comrades till the last, who should kill himself. Twenty-nine perished in this manner. Josephus was the fortunate survivor: for some time he reflected whether he should give himself the fatal wound; but, in his own words, a few pious thoughts, and the philosophical maxims of Plato, triumphed over his patriotic oaths: he preferred life, and placed himself under the protection of Vespasian.

While they deliberated in the camp whether they should send Josephus immediately to Rome, or whether he should accompany the

* The siege of Jotapata lasted seven weeks. Vespasian was wounded, and thirty thousand Jews fell there.—Josephus de Bello Jud. iii. chap. 8.

† See all that Josephus says on the esteem with which he had inspired the Roman chiefs and soldiers.—Lib. iii. chap. 8.

legions to point out the best route, and aid their plans, he himself made his entry into the tent of Vespasian, wearing the pontifical tiara and ornaments, and lifting up his voice he solemnly exclaimed,* "Cæsar! wherefore send me to Rome? wherefore desirest thou that I should adore a majesty which is not thine own? Vespasian, I salute thee Augustus! Already I behold thee invested with the purple, and thy brows bound with the laurels of empire. The Capitol is thine, and the Roman world will maintain itself under thy glorious auspices." These injudicious expressions, uttered in presence of the tribunes and centurions, filled Vespasian with secret alarm. Nero yet reigned; and the tyrant of Rome, who in his gloomy suspicions struck both senators and equestrians accused of consulting the entrails of victims, or of seeking the oracles for their destinies, would not have failed to deliver over to the lictor an individual whom the public superstition and the sacred voice of the eastern priesthood held up as his successor in the empire. Wherefore Vespasian menaced the priest of Jehovah with a severe punishment for his seditious adulation, and ordered him, in the presence of the assembled legions, to respect henceforth the legitimate majesty of Nero, the last descendant of the divine Augustus. However, as he was not exempt from credulity and ambition, the words of Josephus, which recent oracles tended to confirm, left a deep impression on his mind. A long time after Vespasian had assumed the purple, this prediction was related in Rome; and Tacitus, in describing the omens which announced the elevation of the new Augustus to the empire, fails not to cite the *Oracle of Carmel*,† and the words of a pontiff who lived not far from Jerusalem.

The taking of Jotapata making the Roman army mistress of Galilee, Vespasian once more visited Ptolemais, where he collected all the forces lately arrived from Egypt. He left two legions at Cæsarea; two others were stationed at Scythopolis, while a cohort of cavalry advanced rapidly towards Joppa to surprise it. Its inhabitants were famous for their piracies; their daring vessels navigated every sea, and more than once they had harassed the ships which every year carried corn from Egypt to the banks of the Tiber. When its inhabitants saw the Roman cohort approaching, they took to their ships and put to sea; but scarcely had they reached that isthmus which the misfortunes of Andromeda have rendered so famous, when they were assailed by a violent tempest. These vessels, which actually conveyed the whole city, were dashed to pieces against the rocks; and the unhappy wretches who escaped the fury of the waves were

* The prediction of Josephus to Vespasian, which may be logically explained by the simple combinations of common foresight and the situation of the Roman empire at the moment it was made, has been the subject of many critical dissertations. I have remarked that which bears this title; Georg. Olear. de Vaticinio Josephi, 1736. Schudt, in the work which I have already quoted, discusses this point with all the faith of a Catholic. Basnage refuses Josephus altogether the quality of a prophet, liv. i. chap. 19.

† Compare, on the oracle of Carmel, and in general on the prediction of Josephus, Sueton. in Vespas. v. Tacitus Hist. lib. ii. 78, and the dissertation of Schudt in his Hist. of the Jews, chap. v.

mercilessly massacred by the Arabs of the desert, part of Vespasian's auxiliary troops.

A fortified tower was quickly built on the ruins of Joppa. Two centuries of veterans were placed there to protect the roadstead, and to prevent the pirates from obtaining shelter in their usual inaccessible retreats.

Vespasian took up winter-quarters for his army in the tetrarchy of Agrippa; and this prince, unworthy descendant of the sacrificators, who had never left the tents of the Romans during all their expeditions against his ancient country, hastened to welcome the protectors of his rising power with Grecian games and the pomps of the circus. In the spring the legions again moved towards Judæa; a cohort of cavalry took possession of Mount Itaburius, fortified by strong walls; two legions destroyed Giscala in Galilee, while Vespasian, Titus, and Trajan, marched upon Gamala. Gamala was situated on the Lake of Genesareth, opposite to Taricheæ; it was also called *Damel*, or *Camel*, on account of its situation; for, according to the observation of a Talmudist, it formed a kind of a hump upon a mountain, and for this reason the Arabs and shepherds had often compared it to the camel of the desert. Protected by its position, and by the heroic fanaticism of its inhabitants, Gamala held out for several months against the Roman forces. Vespasian and Titus were wounded during the siege; at length the city fell; the citadel which defended it, escalated by favour of a vast cloud of sand which was raised by the wind at mid-day, experienced the same fate. And now no further obstacles existed to impede the march of the legions upon Jerusalem; all the most important cities had been taken, and many others made their submission; and Vespasian could only now meet with resistance beneath the walls of the holy city. But just as the tribunes and centurions were issuing their orders to raise the camp, and to strike the military altars, intelligence from Rome arrived to suspend the intended movement.*

Nero, to avoid the public indignation, had put an end to his life with his own hands. In him was extinguished the family of Augustus, adored both by the people and the army. Galba, a venerable veteran, had been saluted by the troops of Spain, and had arrived victorious at Rome, where his integrity had conquered the senate, while his rigour towards the marine legionaries had confounded rather than subdued the pretorians, a weak and turbulent body. Vespasian had served under Galba in Spain, and entertained for his person that long established respect which the Roman discipline left in the breast of the soldier. Most of the armies hastened to acknowledge the authority of the aged emperor, and the legions of Judæa likewise appeared disposed to proclaim him according to military customs. Vespasian resolved then to send Titus to Rome to offer his own submission to Galba, as well as the obedience of the army of Syria and Palestine. He at the same time solicited some mark of distinction for his son; some, indeed, suspected him of wishing to secure for the young Titus, whose military virtues already elevated him above the crowd of sena-

* Tacitus Hist. lib. xi.

tors and equestrians, the favour of an adoption which the aged Galba could not long delay.* Titus was then at Ptolemais. In the recreation of the public festivals, he had contracted a tender intimacy with Queen Berenice, sister of the tetrarch Agrippa, and, like him, of the family of the Asmoneans. Brought up in Jerusalem, Berenice had been betrothed from her childhood to Herod her uncle, king of Chalcis. Josephus, who lived near her person for a long time, describes her as a pious princess, blindly submissive to the laws of Jehovah.† When Jerusalem revolted against Cestius, and threw off the dominion of Cæsar, Berenice was in the holy city celebrating the passover; and the rabbins praise her abstinence from forbidden meats, and her care in fulfilling all the requisite ablutions. At Rome, however, criminal intercourse was said to have existed between her and the tetrarch Agrippa, her brother. And Juvenal alludes to her in one of his darkest satires.‡ Berenice possessed a cultivated mind, and Vespasian himself, at times, had not disdained her suggestions upon the movement of his armies in Palestine. Softer sentiments united her to Titus; she loved the young tribune; and when Vespasian gave him the commission to go and salute the newly appointed power of Galba, he separated from her, not without a struggle. He was in Achaia, when fresh revolutions once more changed the condition of the empire.

* Titus Vespasianus è Judæa, incolumi adhuc Galbâ, missus a patre, causam profectionis, officium erga principem et maturam petendis honoribus juvenum ferebat: sed vulgus figenni avidum, disperserat accitum in adoptionem: materia sermonibus, senium et orbitas principis et intemperantia civitatis, donec unus eligatur multos destinandi. Tac. lib. ii.

† See Bell. Jud. iii. This is how Basnage expresses himself about Berenice, lib. i. chap. ix. "Berenice failed not in being most devout. They say that women who have the tenderest hearts for men, turn more readily towards God. Berenice, all whose passions were very strong, had herself shaved," &c.

‡ Deinde adamas notissimus et Berenices
In digito factus pretiosior: nunc dedit olim
Barbarus, incertæ dedit nunc Agrippa sorori,
Observant ubi ferta mero pede sabbata reges,
Et vetus indulget senibus clementia porcis.

Juvenal. Satyr. ver. 156.

THE DISAPPOINTED.

BY MRS. EDWARD THOMAS.

THERE is a thought, now struggling to depart
 From the deep silence of my conscious heart ;
 The thought, I've treasur'd all unguess'd, long years :
 Alone to prompt for thee my pray'rs and tears !
 My joy in sorrow, hope in blank despair,
 Sunshine in gloom, sure antidote to care ;
 The one bright thing, that fill'd my soul by day :
 And oh ! each night, chased other stars away—
 'Till all around with doting fancy fraught,
 Assum'd a semblance of that idol thought !
 I lived—I breath'd—existed but for thee,
 O what a life of ceaseless ecstasy !
 Now gone for ever !—yet, most strange, my heart
 Forgot to burst, in grief's convulsive start—
 And rallied still, to count the cruel cost
 Of all its garner'd hopes betray'd and lost.
 Those wild fond hopes, that never met from thee
 The faintest shadow of reality !
 Yet, yet for thee, in warmest accents now,
 I breathe *that* thought to crown thy nuptial vow.
 Hence ev'ry jealous feeling : be thou blest
 Beyond a bliss by mortal e'er possess !
 Thy fair young bride—ah, fairer far than I,
 But can she love with such intensity ?
 She must, she must—for who could conscious be
 Thy love, nor give for it idolatry ?
 No envy tempts my breaking heart to hate
 The lovelier thing that seal'd my luckless fate.
 No, no ; her beauty gives *thine own* delight,
 Joy to thy day, and gladness to thy night ;
 Makes ev'ry moment of existence dear :
 Then is it hard to hide my rebel tear ?
 There is one thing that e'en she cannot steal,
 From this lone heart, the consciousness to feel.
 Time ! which remorseless bids each beauty fly,
 Fades the fair cheek, and dims the sparkling eye ;
 And blights each dazzling charm that first awoke
 The soul to joy, by love's electric stroke—
 Will prove to me the gentlest, tend'rest friend,
 And shed a balm to life's extremest end.
 For, as by it the limner's magic skill
 Becomes more fair, more lovely, dearer still ;
 So will its soft'ning touch, on my 'rapt soul,
 Mellow that love that yet must hold control—
 Blunting the pang of fest'ring sorrow's smart,
 And luring all but *thee* from this true heart !

CANNING IN RETIREMENT.

"To exhort to sacrifices—to stimulate to exertion—to shame despondency—to divert from untimely concession—are stern but needful duties to be discharged in gloomy times."—*Burke*.

"He knew nothing of that timid and wavering cast of mind which dares not abide by its own decision."—*Lord Brougham*.

"It is a severe but salutary lesson for human vanity to observe the venom which party spirit can scatter over the aims and intentions of eminent men. The actions of the best and most highly-gifted of our race, when viewed in the mirror of party-feeling, become instantly distorted. Conciliation is called cowardice; courtesy is termed hypocrisy; high and unbending principle is pronounced pride; and religious feeling branded as cant. No epithet is deemed too bitter—no insinuation too base. By his own party the minister of the day is viewed as a demigod; by his opponents as a demon."

"I WAS present," writes Mr. Hastings to a friend, "and heard Sheridan's analysis of my character, inquisition of my motives, and condemnation of my government. For the moment I thought myself unworthy of the name of man, and that monster ought to be my future designation. The delusion lasted not long. The impression produced by this splendid instance of the perversion of oratory gave way before the response of conscience; and

'Conscia mens recti temnit mendacia linguæ.' "

Some few years elapsed, and the whole House of Commons rose as a tribute of involuntary respect to this very man upon his entering it to give evidence upon some disputed question!

Of Lord North, Junius writes, "I will now leave you, my lord, to that mature insensibility which is only to be acquired by steady perseverance in infamy. Every principle of conscience you have long ago been hardy enough to discard."

Of the same statesman another and very competent authority* affirms, "Lord North, was a man of public ability, the delight of every private society which he honoured with his presence, second to none in conducting the debate, possessed of an inexhaustible fund of pleasantry, and of a temper the last to be ruffled, and the first to be appeased."

The malevolence of party Canning did not escape. The author of the celebrated suppressed letter thus opened his attack upon him.

"I shall address you without ceremony, for you are deserving of none. There is nothing in your station, in your abilities, or in your character, which entitles you to respect. The first is too often the reward of political, and frequently of private crimes. The decency of your character consists in its entire conformity to the original conception formed of you in early life. It has borrowed nothing from station, nothing from experience. It becomes *you*, and would disgrace *any other man*."

* Professor Smythe.

These are harsh and ungrateful assertions. They are worse than this—they are unjust. In private life Mr. Canning was as exemplary as in social intercourse he was delightful. As a son, his care for his widowed parent—the provision which he made for her out of the small pension first settled on him for his public services—his affectionate attention to her wishes during the busiest and most successful portion of his intoxicating career—the long weekly letter which he wrote her, according to an early promise—a promise never broken even in the most anxious and stormy period of his life—prove his to have been a heart alive to the noblest impulses of our nature. But more than this: To the sentiment of filial affection, which he preserved unimpaired throughout the whole course of his advancement, he delighted to do homage in others. Two days before his departure for Chiswick, whence he never returned, he sent for a young man whom he had heard favourably spoken of, and who, he learnt upon inquiry, had for years supported a paralytic mother and idiot sister.

"I have requested to see you, Mr. —," was his opening address, when the young man, in utter ignorance of his intentions, presented himself at the premier's residence, "in the hope you may be able to tell me how I can serve you."

A vague and not very intelligible reply was confusedly given.

"Then perhaps you will allow me to make a suggestion? Would such a situation," naming one, "be at all compatible with your views?"

It was cordially and thankfully accepted.

"The appointment will be made out to-morrow. I give it you entirely from respect. I respect your abilities much, but I honour your devotion to your family still more."

This feeling, so identified with his character, many of his political antagonists were unable to understand. Some of them were even base enough as to make it an object of attack, and sought to wound him through his filial affection. His sensitiveness on this point was peculiar. Any unfeeling allusion to Mrs. Hun galled him to the quick. No attack did he resent so fiercely. For one *who did not on occasion spare others*, his temperament was singularly irritable. The point of indifference was never reached by him. He was never able to conceal that sensitiveness to political attacks which their frequent occurrence wears out in most English politicians.

The period which he spent at Hinckley, during the interval which elapsed between his retirement from office after the duel with Lord Castlereagh, and his entrance upon the Lisbon embassy, was a remarkable epoch in his life. It was with him undoubtedly a season of comparative seclusion, but it was one also of great and successful preparation. He lived at Burbach, a little village distant about a mile from the town, which he had sought mainly for the benefit of his eldest son, whose health was in a most precarious condition, and whom he had placed under the care of the well-known Mr. Cheshyre.

This son—he died at the age of nineteen, and Mr. Canning's tribute to his memory is the most touching of all his writings—was a youth of remarkable promise, and indescribably dear to his father.

He was indisputably his favourite child. In all his plans for the future, in all his visions of ambition, this son occupied a foremost place. He was an embryo statesman. His genius, discernment, quickness, and judgment, were topics on which Canning delighted to dwell. The opinion and expectations which his father had formed of him may be gathered from this single fact, that whenever he had spoken at any length in parliament, the best and fullest report of the speech was sent down forthwith to George, who was required to write his father an elaborate and lengthened criticism upon it, pointing out where it was forcible and where it was defective, where the language was happy, and where it was common-place—and distinguishing between what was mere declamation and what solid argument.

"Can I think too highly of that child?" was the remark addressed by Canning on one occasion to his son's tutor, Mr. Hay.

"You not only can, but do," was the honest and unhesitating reply. "Your second son is but little inferior to him in point of capacity: and after all it may be that this infant"—pointing to Charles, who was born at Burbach—"may be the child destined to carry down to the succeeding generation your name and honours."

"*I am persuaded he will not,*" was Canning's quick rejoinder. He was wrong. The random remark has proved prophetic. Captain Canning's career closed early; and upon Charles, the infant adverted to and scarcely noticed, have devolved the honour of his name and the associations it recalls.

With the exception of his struggles in early life, Canning's residence at Hinckley extended over one of the most gloomy periods of his life. Retirement from office, under circumstances of painful notoriety, had been the result of his duel with Lord Castlereagh. Early in May, 1812, Mr. Percival was shot by Bellingham. The Prince Regent then laid his commands on Lord Wellesley and Mr. Canning to form an administration. The project failed. The task was then entrusted to Lord Liverpool, who strongly urged Canning to join him; and such was the anxiety of the existing administration to secure his services, that the Foreign Office was offered him—Lord Castlereagh being a consenting party to an arrangement which would leave it open to Mr. Canning's acceptance. This tempting proposal was firmly negatived, solely upon conscientious grounds. It was understood that the administration was pledged, *as such*, to oppose Catholic Emancipation. To this compact Canning declined being a party—and thus, while he preserved his consistency, and showed, by the costly sacrifice which it entailed, the sincerity of his desire to carry the Catholic question, he lost the opportunity of presiding over the foreign relations of the country, at a period when "events crowded into a few years the changes and revolutions of an age."

But this interval, though spent in retirement, was fraught with preparation. There is a walk as beautiful as it is secluded, stretching from Burbach towards the village of Stoke Golding, known as Canning's walk. Along this he was seen, morning after morning, wending his way, always alone, absorbed in thought, and not unfrequently thinking aloud. He invariably declined having a companion for his walk, disliked amazingly being interrupted in the pro-

gress of it, and to any chance salutation by the way, his invariable reply was a silent bow.

It was his hour of study. He was then forging weapons for the coming fight, inspecting his stores, and polishing his armoury. No weather deterred him. Through shower and sunshine he paced rapidly on. What subjects might not these long silent walks embrace! In them how many a topic, argument, simile, invective, rebuke, was deliberately sought out and carefully laid up. Of the exquisite and elaborate finish bestowed on many of his lengthened speeches, who shall say how much may be traced to the severe scrutiny and repeated revision of his solitary rambles! The music of his periods, the easy flowing language with which he rounded the most unmanageable details, the remark of caustic irony, and the flash of cutting sarcasm, the epigrammatic point of a crushing reply, when a word more or less would have marred its force,—these are excellences which could not have been attained, in the perfection which he possessed them, without long and severe study. *Was this his workshop?*

About a mile and a half from Burbach stands an old hall to which some interest attaches as being the residence which peculiarly attracted Canning's attention, and which he was most desirous to purchase as "an asylum for *his old age*." Alas!

The offers which he made to induce the infatuated possessor to part with it were far beyond its value, and can be justified only by the extraordinary predilection which Mr. Canning had conceived for it. The more you examine Wykin Hall, the greater difficulty you experience in discovering its attractions for the statesman. It is a quaint old building in the Elizabethan style, with huge and somewhat unshapely wings, much dilapidated by time, and when I saw it, rapidly sinking to decay from continued and undeserved neglect. It stands close upon the horse-road leading to Stoke Golding, in an exposed and rather bleak situation. On each side of the principal entrance are two yew trees of prodigious growth and great age, which throw a sombre air over the building, and materially darken the lower rooms. A plantation rises on one side, and some unsightly farm-buildings on the other. In the background is the straggling, filthy, poaching village of Stoke Golding, perched on the summit of a high hill, topped with its handsome church and splendid spire. In the foreground is a home view of rich pasture land, skirted to the left by Burbach Wood, and embracing to the right the town of Hinckley, its parish church and tapering spire.

Wykin Hall is now a farmhouse; the little lawn before the principal entrance is converted into a fold-yard. Poultry ravage the pleasure garden—weeds flourish *ad libitum* in the plantation—the litter of a large farm is scattered thickly around the premises; and not one feature does it present, within or without, to corroborate the fact that it was once the coveted residence of one of the most accomplished of British statesmen.

The passion for farming cherished by Lady Canning at that period, might, in some degree, account for his wish to purchase Wykin. Some valuable grazing land was attached to it; and a dairy, not in theory but in practice, was then her ladyship's hobby. Some very pleasant

and good-natured stories are current of her devotion to her calling, while the fit lasted—of her anxiety respecting the produce of her dairy—her quickness in calculating her gains, and her shrewdness in baffling the cunning of those who, on more than one occasion, sought to make her their dupe.

“She had a brave tongue and a clear head had that Lady Canning,” said an old yeoman to me.—“The ways of providence are inscrutable : but I’ve aye thought to mysel while I’ve been listening to her, that the bonniest farmer’s wife in all Leicestershire had been spoiled by making a lady on her !”

Canning’s readiness as a parliamentary debater is now matter of history. In reply, he stood confessedly without a rival. His quickness in detecting and instantly fastening upon a broken link in his opponent’s argument—his skill in unveiling a specious sophistry, or exposing a plausible fallacy, have once and again drawn forth the involuntary cheers, even of those who eschewed his political creed. One peculiarity he possessed, which is but partially known—*his thorough remembrance of a voice*, and his ability of connecting it, at any interval of time, with the party to whom it belonged. More than one instance of this faculty is remembered at Hinckley.

He was dining with a large party at Mr. Cheshyre’s, the medical gentleman before referred to, when a note was brought in and handed to the host, with an intimation that the bearer begged to see him for five minutes. Mr. C. left his party with reluctance, and was absent some time. When he returned, he prefaced his lengthy apologies by observing, he “had been detained by one of the most remarkable men of the day ;” that the gentleman “was by accident passing through Hinckley, and could not pause on his route ;” that he “purposed placing one of his family under his (Mr. Cheshyre’s) care ;” and that “he (Mr. C.) was obliged to listen to all his arrangements.”

“I will name him,” said Canning gaily, and “then drink his health.”

“The latter point may be very easily managed ; but the former will, I believe, baffle even your acuteness, Mr. Canning.”

This was said with some degree of tartness ; for among other affectations which the wealthy quack indulged in, was that of profound mystery with respect to the most trivial occurrences.

“Your visitor, Sir, was Wilberforce,” said Canning stoutly.

“How could you possibly discover that ?” cried his annoyed host. “We conversed with closed doors—he sent in no card—as we parted, he spoke but five words.”

“Of which I heard but two.”

“What were they ?”

“Conventional arrangement,” said Canning, imitating Wilberforce’s distinct enunciation, and dwelling on each separate syllable.—“I needed nothing more to tell me that the man with the magic voice was hovering near us.”

Within a few months after this conversation, Sir Evan Nepean passed through Hinckley ; he was proceeding to Holyhead, on some government business connected with the Transport Board, which admitted of no delay : and so rapid were his movements, and so anxious

was he to arrive at his destination, that though a part of his family was at Hinckley under Mr. Cheshyre's care, he hurried through the town without even apprising them of his presence.

While changing horses at the inn, he inquired the distance to the next stage. These were the only words he uttered. Canning was returning from his ride at the moment—heard the inquiry, and said to Sir Evan's family the next morning—"I am happy to tell you Nepean is well—he passed through Hinckley last evening—his features in the twilight I was unable to recognise—his voice I did distinctly."

Their astonishment may be conceived. It bordered on incredulity. But, on inquiry, they found Mr. Canning's assertion borne out by the fact, that on that day and hour their relative had hurried through Hinckley on his route to Ireland.

This faculty seems to have remained unimpaired to the close of life. On the evening preceding his last appearance in the House of Commons, a foreigner met him in the lobby, and bowing, expressed his "pleasure at seeing him look so well."

'Twas an idle compliment. Fatigue, anxiety, and party feeling, were killing him hourly.

He acknowledged the intended civility with his usual courtesy, and adding, he "hoped his lady and son were better," moved away.

The foreigner ran after him and said, "Curiosity induces me to ask whether you know me?"

"Your voice I recognise, not your person. You are Mr. ——. We last met in Lisbon in the year 1815. I saw you under circumstances of great distress."

"Once! and for a few minutes only!"

"Your wife and son were pronounced to be dying—I am truly happy to learn they are still preserved to you. Good night, sir."

"What a most extraordinary man!" said the gratified foreigner as, turning away from him with another and still more profound obeisance, he rejoined his companion, a fellow-countryman—"What a wonderful memory to remember such an obscure individual as myself after so long an interval—and not only myself, but the very circumstances under the pressure of which his kindly sympathy cheered and consoled me."

These are trifles, I admit; but trifles often index the character of the man. And his has not yet received that measure of justice which it merits from those to whom he adhered in either fortune, and with whom he won the triumph—the triumph of reason over rashness,—of sound principles over doctrines dangerous and pernicious,—of our ancient laws and glorious constitution over revolutionary madness and jacobin innovation. In a word, were I to describe his character briefly, I should say with the ancient historian, that he was "*Vitâ innocentissimus; ingenio florentissimus; proposito sanctissimus.*"

MARY SCOTT.¹

A STORY OF THE SIXTEENTH CENTURY.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "TALES OF THE SOUTHERN COUNTIES."

FOR ten or twelve years after the marriage of our two friends, the affairs of the Singe d'Or proceeded very prosperously and quietly ; the blunt good humour of Albrecht, and the curious adventures of his pretty wife, made their inn much resorted to by strangers. There seems not to be anything particular to relate of that period, except that Albrecht, who, in the character of mine host, thought it necessary to do justice to his own ale and Rhenish wines, became more dull of apprehension than ever ; and also increased so much and so fast in bulk and rosiness of face, that at the end of that time a sudden fit of apoplexy carried off the poor fellow, to the utter consternation and regret of our heroine, who now found herself, at the age of thirty, the mistress of a flourishing establishment, but without any family or relative to have a claim upon her.

Suitors of course were not wanting to the rich widow, principally Spanish soldiers, or other unscrupulous adventurers, who had come to the Low Countries to profit by the chances which fortune might throw in their path. Mary, however, now knew the world rather better than when we first brought her under the reader's notice, and could see through and ridicule the character and pretensions of these braggadocios, who were many of them such originals from which Shakspeare and other dramatists took their ideas of Ancient Pistol, Captain Bobadil, and many such personages. A change, indeed, had been gradually wrought in her mind since she had enlisted with the thoughtless high spirits of youth, and the more she saw and knew of the Spanish character, the less she found to admire in it. It may seem inconsistent in her, perhaps ; but the fact is, that her feelings revolted from the tales she had heard of the cruelties and atrocities practised by their nation in America upon the unoffending natives, or Indians as they called them. Another cause, too, alienated her from her former employers, and turned to contempt and hatred all the sentiments she had at one time entertained. The city of Tournay having, since 1513, passed successively under the power of Henry VIII. of England, Francis I. of France, and the Emperor Charles V., had been granted by the last-named monarch to his son Philip of Spain, the actual possessor ; but the inhabitants, not having, it seems, been consulted with regard to these various transfers, revolted against Philip, and had only been reduced to obedience by the Duke of Parma, the year before our heroine's marriage. Soon after her establishment at the Singe d'Or she became more fully acquainted with the particulars of the siege of the city in 1581, and her feelings were soon

¹ Continued from vol. xxviii. p. 407.

enlisted on the side of the townspeople; especially after hearing the narrative of the heroic conduct of one of her own sex. This was Marie de Lalain, who, in the absence of her husband, the Prince of Espinoy, had led the besieged to the defence of their walls, and been herself wounded in the arm, whilst resisting an assault of the Spaniards. The impulse of sympathy with a female leader came home to Mary's own sentiments, and she often congratulated herself that she had remained but a few months in the Spanish service. Actuated by these feelings, she abruptly determined on leaving the Singe d'Or, soon after the death of her husband, and all traces of her became lost to her friends and suitors at Tournay, who were able to ascertain no more than that she had quitted the Netherlands, and embarked at Ostend.

I must now request the reader to imagine that a few more years have passed by, and that he would suppose himself transported to a very different climate and scene, picturing to himself the vast extent of the Atlantic ocean, as it lay breezeless and motionless under a tropical sun, with its blue surface only rippled here and there by the much persecuted flying fish, who, as soon as their pinions were dried by the fierce rays of the sun, were obliged to let themselves drop again into the element through which their natural foes pursued them; or, in some cases, even to fall on the deck of a vessel which lay there becalmed. She was a Spanish galleon, of the usual large and unwieldy dimensions of those vessels, and every sail was set to catch the slightest breeze which might help her on her way home, laden with the wealth and spoils of the Indies. But it was useless; she lay like an inert mass upon the face of the waters, in spite of the impatience of her captain and crew, who looked in vain to the horizon for any indication of air springing up. The canvass hung lazily against the masts, and as the sun was nearly perpendicular over their heads, the heat was almost insupportable. Awnings were spread to defend the decks, where passengers, officers, and crew were alike indolently lounging about, gazing vacantly on the blue waters, or smoking cigars, and sipping lemonade; while in one corner an aged friar sat mumbling over his breviary, and sleepily passing the beads of his rosary one by one through his fingers.

Hour after hour wore away in this manner, but no breath of air came to stir the sultry atmosphere, while, as the sun got lower, the horizon assumed a portentously red and lurid tint, and a small dark cloud became visible at the farthest point of sight. The captain and the more experienced persons on board, who were used to these latitudes, now showed symptoms of uneasiness at these appearances; and as the quick eye of one of them discerned the masts of a strange vessel, which seemed to rise out of the water, a fresh source of fear was superadded to their forebodings of a storm; whispers and looks were interchanged between them, and as the hour of the Ave Maria drew near, the priest was beset with applications for his intercession and prayers. In the mean time all doubt was at an end as to what was impending. The sea-birds, conscious of the approaching warfare of the elements, dashed round the vessel with piteous screams, and

some actually endeavoured to perch on the rigging for protection, while the clouds gathered together, heaping themselves up like mountains in the dull red sky. Confusion was now the order of the day, as an almost instantaneous darkness came over the still sultry and motionless air, and orders were given to take in every sail instantly; oaths, prayers, and screams, mixed with the creaking of the cordage and the dismal wailing of the sea-fowl. In the midst of this clamorous disorder the hurricane burst upon them—a sudden gust of wind bowed the ship down with her gunwale to the edge of the water, making her tall masts bend and shiver like willow wands; the next moment a gigantic wave lifted them up with fearful velocity, and then pitched them down again to the bottom of a valley of water, whose sides almost seemed to shut out the sky. Broad sheets of vivid lightning now played round the vessel, and broke the inky gloom which had hitherto made it almost impossible to discern even each other's faces.

But though the galleon was heavily laden, as well as clumsy in bulk, she rode through the storm gallantly for some time, hurried along as she was like a walnut-shell over the surface of the Atlantic; till at last, as the violence of the storm abated, and the crew were recovering from their abject panic, a dull grating sound was felt rather than heard, which at once renewed their feelings of despair. She had passed over a coral reef, and the water began to enter the hold. Just as this happened the clouds also dispersed, and as the moon rose between them, her silver light disclosed the strange vessel they had before observed against the horizon, bearing down close to their side.

Was this a fortunate interposition, and were they to expect aid in their extremity of distress from their fellow-men? No; the latter were more to be dreaded than the storm itself, whose fury they had just escaped; the crew of the new-comer were buccaneers. Although the Spaniards had the advantage in numbers, yet in their perilous situation, combined with the dread excited by the very name of those ferocious pirates, they would have submitted without a struggle, had not their captain, jealous of the Castilian honour, placed himself in their front, vowing that the Buccaneers should not board the ship without passing first over his dead body. Though they rallied for a moment at this, yet his individual bravery was of little avail unsupported by the men, and served but to irritate the fury of their assailants; in a very short time the gallant Castilian was no more, and by the approach of morning the buccaneers were in possession, and busy transferring the booty and prisoners into their own vessel, for the galleon was too much injured to remain long afloat.

The number of prisoners was, alas! but small; for it was the practice of the buccaneers to make an indiscriminate slaughter of all who resisted them, or were likely to be an encumbrance in future; yet occasionally a few, whose ransom was likely to be large, were spared on that account, and four or five passengers were all who had the good fortune to escape with their lives out of the captured galleon. The morning sun rose bright and clear upon the pirate vessel, which was ploughing her way triumphantly over the waters as gaily as if no scene of violence or bloodshed had taken place; her decks were

washed clean, and her fierce crew, full of mirth and high spirits, for the plunder was immense : chests full of bars of gold, jewels, and all the rare and precious productions of the new world, belonging to the cargo, were heaped up in the hold, till an opportunity offered of dividing them by lot, for their customs only allowed the captain the first choice, and sometimes not even that pre-eminence was granted him.

The prisoners were now brought into the presence of that chief, who sat with a group of his rude companions round him, undistinguished by any outward mark or sign of command. They were a motley assemblage ; the swarthy Italian, or native of the south of France, was there side by side with the blue-eyed, fair-haired Dane or German ; and not a few English, whose independence and bravery of character secured them a high degree of consideration among those whom a vicious, or, in some cases, merely adventurous disposition, or even accident, had caused them to join. One of these in particular seemed a general favourite, with his ready laugh and joke, and a more intelligent countenance than the others, whose features bore the stamp of the debasing and brutalizing passions which occasionally ruled their owners. The most prominent figure, however, was a gigantic Swede, whose scowling countenance gave a sufficient index to his character.

The Buccaneers laughed loud at the wretched appearance of the unhappy Spaniards, who began to address them with supplications, and to endeavour to flatter them with the appellations of most illustrious and most brave signors.

"You cowardly rascals," cried the captain, "you must be most strangely afraid to die, since you think life worth so many abject cringings to save it. Here, you Don Hidalgo, lick my boots clean, if you want me to listen to you." And as he spoke he stretched out one foot to the wretched man, who crawled towards him and began to do as he was desired ; at which the whole group shouted with merriment, and the Swede, who stood near, gave the old Spaniard a kick which sent him rolling and sprawling among their legs.

"Shame !" called out the young Englishman ; and his voice was heard distinctly among the boisterous merriment of his comrades ; they paused a moment, and the Swedish ruffian turned round to threaten the speaker, who stood his ground with an air of defiance to him who had treated with such indignity an old man and a prisoner.

"Be still, Olaf Jaelsen !" interposed the authoritative voice of the captain, who drew a pistol at the same moment from his belt to enforce his words. "You know my rules—no disputes or quarrels with each other—or—— (and the click of cocking the pistol supplied the void in the sentence.) Besides, English Jack was right ; we will treat the prisoners with proper decency, if but for the sake of their ransom."

The Swede cowered beneath the glance of his leader, and retired, grumbling inwardly, to the distant part of the vessel.

"And now," continued the Buccaneer, quietly replacing the weapon, "let us hear the names of these prisoners, and what sums they

are willing to pay if we set them safe ashore at Porto Rico, or St. Domingo."

They proved to be wealthy Spaniards, Don Antonio de Vega, and several of his connexions, who were anxious to return to their own country, and as the sums were named successively, the Buccaneers cheered each of the prisoners. The last was the old priest, who had stood quietly and unmoved in the back ground while this scene was going on.

"And your name?" asked the pirates.

"Brother Cornelius O'Mallory, of the Irish convent of Lisbon," was the answer; "but our order is poor, and I can promise nothing in the way of ransom."

"Hast thou *nothing*, no gold crucifix? no jewels sewn into the lining of thy robe?" And they seized his sleeve to examine if such was the case; but nothing was found in his possession except a well-thumbed breviary, and a string of wooden beads.

"Throw the shaveling overboard," cried two or three voices; "'tis no use to crowd the vessel with live lumber such as him."

"Hold!" cried the Englishman we have before noticed, as they seemed likely to carry this barbarous suggestion into effect against the unhappy friar. "I claim him for my share of the prisoners, and none of you shall hurt a hair of the poor old wretch's head."

"Ha! ha! ha!" shouted the rest in chorus, "much good may your prize do you, Jack Inglese; he must pay you in Ave Marias and indulgences, for all your share will be a cup of holy water, flavoured with a few paters and credos. If you're content with that, surely we are all the better off!"

Jack's smooth countenance flushed a little, but he bit his lip and was silent; however, since his bravery had been as conspicuous in action as his generous feelings were subsequently, they agreed to indulge his whim, as they called it; and the friar was placed below with the rest of the prisoners accordingly.

The vessel arrived in a very short time off some of the Bahama islands, in her way to Tortuga, where it was their custom to rendezvous in order to divide their spoil; and in the mean time they sent ashore to procure a fresh stock of wine and brandy. A boisterous drinking bout followed, which was yet in some manner moderated and regulated by the fact that they were still at sea, and that it was necessary at least *some* of the party should be sober enough to manage the ship. The night came on, and a fresh cool breeze with it, and the voices of mirth died away one by one, as the Buccaneers stretched themselves here and there to sleep on any part of the vessel which suited their fancy, or happened to be nearest; till all became still, for only two of the number remained awake, to direct the course of the vessel.

The prisoners in the hold had been treated with rather more of courtesy and indulgence than would have been expected from the rough and lawless character of their captors, and they were allowed the privilege of burning a lamp, which feebly lighted the narrow and inconvenient place of their confinement. Don Antonio and the others

had felt no small alarm at the noisy mirth of that evening, and it was not till the silence above gave notice of the end of the revel, that they felt at all relieved; expecting to be summoned on deck to contribute to the amusement of the pirates, and perhaps to be butchered in sport. They were now, however, disposing themselves to rest, when the form of one of the Buccaneers was seen slowly and cautiously to descend the narrow ladder into their prison-house; and as he reached the lowest step, raised his finger to his lips to warn them to keep silence.

Their visiter looked anxiously round at the group, and seemed disconcerted at their being still awake; at last his eye rested on the friar, whom he beckoned to approach.

"You are a priest, are you not, and acquainted with our English language?"

"Certainly I am," was the reply; "but why do you ask?"

"Ask me no questions – but follow me upon deck."

"Surely you do not mean to offer violence to the minister of heaven?" interposed Don Antonio, (whose courage, it has been seen, was by no means of a high order;) "if you mean to slay us, at least let us all die together in company."

"Silence, you cowardly old fool; no one means to hurt a hair of any of your heads, if you have sense enough to hold your tongues; but follow me, reverend father, without delay, for a cast of your office is all we want."

And laying his hand on the friar's sleeve, he obliged him to ascend with him to the upper part of the ship. As in so doing, however, it was necessary to pass over the burly carcass of Olaf Jarlsen, the Swede, who was stretched across the gangway that led down to the hold, the Buccaneer paused a moment, with uplifted finger, to ascertain if his comrade was asleep, and being satisfied as to that point, cautioned the priest to tread lightly, and they passed on to the stern of the vessel, where stood the Englishman we have already noticed.

The trio looked at each other for a few moments in silence, which was broken by O'Mallory asking "for what purpose he was brought there."

The two Buccaneers smiled.

"Father, you must perform the ceremony of marriage this night for us."

"Of *marriage!*" repeated the friar, looking round with astonishment; "where then are the parties? It is impossible; you are but jesting with me."

"We are in sober earnest, nevertheless; and as for the pair to be united, you see them both before you."

"How!" exclaimed the friar, completely mystified; "you are mocking me and my sacred office; but I am an old man and your prisoner, and must bear your insults."

The merriment of the two adventurers was on the point of breaking out into a laugh, but they checked themselves, and cautioned the priest to speak lower, looking round as they did so.

The Swede, however, was not so fast asleep as they supposed, and lifted his head to listen, propping himself upon his elbows, being now

roused by the sound of their voices; but as he lay in the deep shadow, and resumed his recumbent posture in a moment whenever they turned towards him, they were unconscious of his notice.

"Nay but, father, listen a few moments to what I have to tell," said English Jack, as our heroine was now called, (for it will have, no doubt, been already guessed that it was no other than Mary Scott, in her new character, who was the proposed bride.) She accordingly related to him as much of her past life as was necessary to convince him of her sex, which O'Mallory listened to with evident surprise.

"And what could induce you to join in this wild mode of life, contrary to all laws of God and men?" asked he gravely, at the end of her explanation.

"'Tis not necessary for you to know that," retorted the lady, with something of her tavern manners when disposed to check too inquisitive a customer; "but what I mean to do is this; when I am married again, we shall settle ourselves in some English colony, and lead a quiet respectable life during the rest of our days, for this expedition shall be our last."

The wondering friar made no further opposition to their wish, and performed the ceremony accordingly between them.

And this was Mary Scott's second marriage—her voice faltered at times, and a sigh made its way to her lips as the blessing was pronounced; she could not help contrasting the circumstances with those of her first union: *then* she was in the proper dress of her sex, in the face of God's altar, and surrounded with those who had some esteem for, and wished her well. And now what a difference! Among outlaws, at night, in secret, on the wide sea, with none except that old gray-haired priest to witness her vows. Her first false step, in departing from the customs and manners of females, had been less pernicious in its consequences than she had any right to hope for; but what would be the result of her second assumption of male attire? She did not let these intrusive thoughts dwell long on her mind, reasoning, like a true woman, that as one sincere attachment had been the means of extricating her already, so this her second connexion would bring her the same good fortune in case of any difficulty.

Mary and her new husband, whose name was Hawkley, had been for some time on terms of friendship; and their intimacy, therefore, excited little or no remark, especially as it was the custom among the Buccaneers to associate by pairs, and in case one was killed, the survivor was always considered his heir, and received the share of spoil which would have fallen to his companion. There was, however, one person on board who watched every motion or look of the new couple during the next day—this was Olaf Jarlsen, who took the first opportunity he could find to speak to the bride alone, and gave her to understand that he knew of her disguise.

Mary started, and her change of colour at this unexpected discovery would of itself have served to betray her, had the Swede still entertained any doubts as to what he had overheard and witnessed; and as the possible consequences came over her imagination,

combined with the known brutality of the individual who was addressing her, she felt so much of feminine weakness as to tremble, and to catch hold of a rope for support, without trusting herself to speak in reply,

Jarlsen saw his advantage, and resolved to profit by it; he therefore took her hand with what was intended for a gentle pressure, and observed,

"There is not one on board who knows a word of this but myself; and if you wish to keep your secret, it need go no further. I can be as quiet as one of those bales of tobacco."

"How! what mean you?" asked she.

"Can't you guess my price?" said the Swede, with a grin, leaning towards her ear, as about to whisper something; but Mary pushed him from her with a look of indignation and contempt, and drawing a pistol, declared, if he addressed her in that way again, she would instantly shoot him through the head; and then hurried below to her berth, to give vent to her mortified and irritated feelings alone.

The Buccaneer looked after her with a menacing scowl, and muttered, with an imprecation, "So! that fellow Hawkley is the cause why I am rejected; but she shall rue her caprice before long. She shall be mine yet, in spite of her teeth."

So saying, Jarlsen strode away to the place where the other members of their band were already seated at their meal, and flung himself down into a vacant space near his rival, which had been left by common consent for Mary as usual.

His companions saw that something had irritated his temper, but the disposition of the man was well known to be so brutal, that they thought it not worth while noticing, especially as many of them stood in dread of his gigantic strength and ferocity. The rest were in high spirits at the successful result of their expedition, which they naturally talked over, as they were now fast nearing the island of Tortuga, where the division of spoil was to be made, and several jests were passed upon Hawkley's partner having chosen to interpose for the old friar, which he bore with good humour, till at last the Swede gave vent to an expression so coarsely abusive of the two friends, as to exceed even the usual license permitted among the band, aggravated by an insulting gesture. This was too much for any man to bear, and, as all were armed, a deadly struggle would have followed, had they not been arrested by the strenuous voice of their leader, who commanded instant silence.

"You Olaf the Swede, we have been disturbed already too often by your brawling and quarrelling; I have spoken once, twice, and the third time, mind you, will be the last. If you have any real cause of quarrel, why fight it out on shore like men, but mind we have no more of this on board."

The hint was sufficient, and a few words passed between Hawkley and the Swede, which filled the latter with a sort of suppressed exultation at the thought of measuring himself with his rival hand to hand.

It was late the same evening, and Hawkley stood musing at the

head of the vessel, watching the rippling of the waves tipped with red by the last horizontal beams of the fast-sinking sun, when he felt some one who came behind him lean familiarly on his shoulder, and take his hand, and on turning round he encountered the cheerful blue eyes of his wife.

"I thought, comrade, that we were to have no secrets from each other now."

He started, and half drew back from her unconscious cheerfulness, (as if she had guessed what occupied his mind at the moment,) but made no answer.

"Come, Hawkley, I am determined to know why you are thus grave; you who are accustomed to be the most cheerful among us; from daylight to sunset you are never still or silent for ten minutes, yet here I have watched you this last hour, standing here like a carved figure on the ship's head—and, I think," she added in a lower tone, "I have a right to know the cause."

When a man has made up his mind to engage in a duel, his wife is generally the last person whom he would wish to know it, and so it was with the husband of our heroine; he was considerably embarrassed, and finding denial availed him nothing, he told her in a rough tone that he would not be questioned further.

Surprised and grieved at his change of manner, she left him to himself, and presently after meeting with two or three of their companions, she questioned them, and soon learnt the truth. Mary stood in painful silence for a few minutes, for her feminine penetration caused her to apprehend immediately the real cause of quarrel. The Swede was much dreaded by his companions from his vast bodily strength and dexterity in the use of all kinds of weapons; and she learnt that, in pursuance of the custom among buccaneers, the hostile meeting was to take place at sunrise next morning, on an uninhabited island, singly and alone without witnesses, where they would be deposited by the boats, which would return in an hour after for the survivor. Notwithstanding all this, she hastily formed her determination.

She sought out the Swede, who was boasting of his prowess with his usual bravado to one or two listeners, who gave her a significant nod as she approached him; in return for which Mary measured him from head to foot with an indignant glance of contempt, and her face became pale with suppressed emotions.

"Soh!" she began at last, "you have been insulting my comrade and me behind my back. What have you to say—is this not true?"

"Pooh, nonsense, your friend was fool enough to be nettled at a trifling word or two I let fall—'tis nothing," was the reply.

"You insulted *me*, and you shall answer it *to me*."

The Swede laughed, and leered in her face.

"If you are a man, you must accept my challenge, which I make before all of you," continued Mary, with increased warmth.

Two or three more now joined them, and encouraged her with approving looks and signs to persevere; but Olaf turned away, and refused; the bystanders looked at each other, and began to mutter shame, which roused the ire of the northern giant.

"I have one duel already on my hands," he said; "and besides, I will never consent to fight with a——"

"Take that," cried Mary, interrupting him with a blow on the mouth; "what must I call you? *Braggadocio*, coward,—is that enough?"

The Swede started to his feet in a fury, and would have revenged himself instantly on his adversary, but the rest interposed.

"Come, come," they cried, "remember what our captain said to-day: as for you, English Jack, you have only to name your hour and place; he *must* and shall meet you."

"Very well," replied she undauntedly, "to-morrow morning, *an hour before sunrise*, on the island you see yonder in the distance."

"All right," they replied; and the affair was fixed accordingly.

In tropical climates, the period before sunrise is the most delightful one of the day; the shrubs and flowers, refreshed with the heavy dews and comparative coolness of the night, emit a powerful fragrance, but there is little or no twilight, and the transition from night to day is much more rapid than in our northern regions. It was therefore almost impossible to distinguish objects, when Mary landed from the boat upon the uninhabited island, appointed as the scene of the approaching encounter; and the gigantic leaves of the plantains and bananas waved slowly in the light breeze from the sea, like funeral banners. It was a strange and solemn feeling to be left alone in that doubtful light, which was only beginning to break in the eastern sky, and imagination might have conjured up all sort of wild and indistinct images among the colossal vegetation which surrounded her. Her mind, however, was most probably not of a stamp to be easily impressed by such vague presentiments; and she had, moreover, worked herself up with a sort of cool determination to meet as her enemy a man whom half her comrades would have shrunk from having anything to do with. Yet still it was a feeling of gladness and relief to her when the period of suspense and uncertainty was put an end to by the approach of the Swede, whose tall figure now became visible against the sky, though it was still too dark to discern his features, and the dash of the oars of the boat which brought him, gradually receded and grew fainter and fainter. The buccaneers had some little distance to row to reach their vessel, which lay in the offing, and the first object that met their eyes on nearing her was Hawkley, who leant over the gunwale, watching the approach of the boat with eager and inquisitive looks.

"How now, comrades?" he asked; "you have taken out the boat early there! I had thought I was to be the first to leave the vessel this morning,—surely you have not taken the Swede out first? it is yet rather soon for our meeting."

"Yes, but we have though," answered one of the men, as they laid up their oars and began to ascend the side; "that great brute Jarlsen is likely to have his bellyful of fighting this morning by the time you meet him again."

"*Why, how*—what mean you?"

"Oh, only that your friend English Jack picked a fresh quarrel with him last night, and they are now met to fight it out—that's all. He had as good a right to call him out for your sake, as you for his, you know."

"Good God!" cried Hawkley, thrown off his guard, and overcome by unexpected intelligence, turning deadly pale, "and *she* has done this for my sake!—perhaps at this moment she is—" and he leaped instantly down into the boat, calling to them to row for their lives; and seizing an oar himself, he pushed off in desperate haste.

"*She!*" repeated his mates with astonishment, "who is *she*?"

"Gracious heaven! *she is my wife!*" he returned, and plied his oar with increased energy as he spoke.

It was not very long before the boat again drew near to the shore of the little island, and the keel grated against the pebbles, at the foot of a slope of turf, which was surrounded by the gorgeous and magnificent decorations which nature bestows on the scene under the rays of a tropical sun. Hawkley was the first to spring on shore, and as his eager eyes ranged round him without perceiving any living creature, a painful apprehension took possession of his mind, without his knowing how to explain it. All was silent, and they hurried on to an open glade surrounded by the trees; their search was not long, for they soon beheld the lifeless body of the Swede extended on the grass, which was plashy with blood, and trampled down for several feet round by the conflict. Hastily glancing round, Hawkley uttered an exclamation of joy, for there stood Mary leaning against the stem of one of the spreading palms, apparently unhurt, through propping herself on her sword from fatigue and exhaustion. He rushed towards her and clasped her in his arms, while the rough buccaneers, as they gave a cheer of delight, felt even a sort of moisture in their eyes, for Mary had been as much a favourite with them as her adversary was detested.

But what was the horror of her husband when he found Mary, unable to poise herself unassisted, sink as a dead weight on his shoulder, and, on looking closer, they perceived drops of blood trickling down her dress; she turned with a faint smile towards him, and tried to assure him it was of no consequence. She was hastily replaced under the tree, and the boat's crew sought for water to revive her, while Hawkley watched her with the most intense anxiety. When they returned, she raised herself up, and made an effort to speak.

"Hawkley," she said, "I feel it is no use to conceal it from you: I am going—but there is one consolation, I have saved *your* life, and may you be happy—still let my example—"

She was not able to finish the sentence, for a bullet had passed through her lungs, and a gush of blood nearly suffocated her. In a minute or too, however, she again opened her eyes, and took her husband's hand in her own with a feeble pressure. It was obvious that a few moments more would be her last.

"My friends," said Hawkley, looking round him with a firm but melancholy countenance, "I have one request to make—it is that you would retire a few hundred yards, and leave me to close her eyes alone, nor return till I call you."

They obeyed—and silently withdrew to where they were out of sight among the thick vegetation. Ten minutes elapsed—a quarter of an hour—and they began to consult if they should not return towards the place where Mary lay, when the sudden sharp report of a pistol—

shot rang in their ears. They rushed hastily with one accord to the spot—the morning sun had risen in all its splendour, and poured a flood of light upon the melancholy spectacle which met their eyes ;—Hawkley lay extended, bleeding and lifeless, across the corpse of his wife.

The tragical ending has been much blamed, but the interests of morality seemed to require it.

A female buccaneer, whose history was something similar, was actually *hung* at the Havana, I believe, about the year 1600. This would be too much in the style of the *Jack Sheppard* school, so I altered it according to my own fancy.

C. D.

SONGS OF SPAIN.

BY MISS H. B. MACDONALD.

Cancion No. III.

Never!

By the Navia's musical streaming,
Where lightly she wanders along,
On the steps of her childhood a dreaming
That life was as sweet as its song.

Never!

To mingle, when day is declining,
In the ranks of the gay sequadille,
'Mid the light of such heavenly shining,
As lovers' star-eyes can reveal.

Never!

To roam through the bowers of myrtle,
Twining wreaths for her beautiful hair ;
While the strains of the love-stricken turtle
From her heart woke sweet echoings there !

Never!

With the gleam of her faërie fingers,
O'er-sweeping the graceful guitar,
In the dew-sprinkled grove she lingers,
Singing hymns to the evening star !

Never!

The glance of her loving eyes catching,
To wield o'er the heart their deep power ;
Oh ! vainly—oh ! vainly thou'rt watching
For bloom from a trampled flower !

Never!

To languish with love unrequited,
To weep over faith kept in vain :—
She is where no spirits are blighted,
Where broken hearts reck not of pain !

Cromarty, August, 1840.

SCENES FROM THE DRAMA OF HISTORY.

DENMARK.

SCENE V.—*The Diet.*

It was on the 8th of September, 1660, that the citizens of Copenhagen beheld with tumultuous joy their National Diet once more assembled in the great hall of the Hôtel de Ville. War no longer thundered at their gates; the troops drawn up in the great square were only for the purpose of show and military splendour; and shouts of hearty good-will followed the long procession of civic pomp which ushered in this important solemnity. And yet, had all been known, perhaps the shouts would have been less sincere, and the anticipation of quiet times less confidently entertained.

First, the order of nobles, glittering with plumes, and golden chains and the richest furs, proudly advanced to the upper end of the great hall. Magnus Trolle, viceroy of Norway, was the first in rank among them, but their real leader in the diet was Otto Kraæg, the impetuous and high-spirited Lord of Volbiereg. They were followed by Bishop Swann and the clergy, who occupied the seats on the right, while those on the left were filled by grave deputies from the burghers and peasants, under their president Jean Nausen.

Scarcely had the Diet been formally opened by Gersdorff, the grand master, when the elements of discord appeared. The senator Jorgen Seefeldt proposed, on the part of the nobles, that a tax should be laid on all moveables, to provide for the war-expenditure, and that the proportions should be one-third for their own order, and two-thirds for the commons and clergy. Nausen immediately rose. In strong and energetic language he denounced the scheme proposed as unjust in itself, and a direct violation of the royal decree, which declared that taxation should be equal. He asserted that the wealth of the nobility exceeded that of all the other orders put together, and taunted them with their selfishness in attempting to throw the chief burdens of the war on merchants whose trade had been ruined, and peasants whose lands had been plundered. In conclusion, he declared roundly that the commons would never surrender the rights they had gained during the siege, nor submit any longer to the unjust pretensions of the nobles. Bishop Swann in a few words intimated that the clergy were influenced by similar feelings.

Nothing could exceed the surprise of the nobles at this bold language. Hitherto, the deputies had exercised no influence in the Diet, and were content to register the decrees of their haughty superiors. Their present conduct, therefore, was looked upon as a sort of rebellion, and a very high tone was assumed by the leaders of the aristocratic party. They represented the measure proposed as a great concession on their part, and by no means to be regarded as a precedent; they intimated that the deputies were admitted to their con-

sultation only as a matter of favour, and must not presume to oppose the resolution of their superiors. Nausen, however, maintained his ground so firmly, and was so well seconded by the burghers and clergy, that the nobles became exasperated by this unexpected defiance, and Otto Kraæg fiercely reminded the commons "that they were no more than slaves, and ought to show more respect to the nobility, who were resolved to maintain their rights to the utmost." Great confusion ensued, and the assembly broke up, on the first day of their meeting, in "most admired disorder."

Gersdorff, however, and a few others, disapproved of this violent language. They thought some relaxation was demanded, both by justice and policy; for the wealth and importance of the lower classes had greatly increased of late years, and the pressure of the war upon them had been undoubtedly severe. Still, even these moderate counsellors were desirous that concession should be granted as a favour, rather than claimed as a right; and no one entertained the smallest suspicion of serious political danger from any efforts of the inferior orders. There was, in truth, but little to be feared from the waves which rose on the surface; the peril lay "in the tide which ran swiftly and darkly below."

SCENE VI.—*Meeting of the Deputies at Bishop Swann's.*

The feats of magical power recorded in story are grand and astounding; yet magicians are frequently represented as little shrivelled men, living in desolate caves, and bond-slaves to the spirit of evil. It is this contrast between the greatness of the deed and the feebleness of the doer, which throws so much interest around the fictitious tale of a necromancer's exploits, or the real narrative of a single man's attempt to change the destinies of a nation. Who that looked upon Hans Swann as he sat in the hall of his mouldering palace, would suppose that the heavy, corpulent, middle-aged man before him was at that moment one of the mainsprings of a great revolution? Yet so it was; the good bishop and Jean Nausen had just been weaving afresh the web of conspiracy, that all might be fair and smooth when the deputies came to inspect it, for a meeting had been arranged for that very evening, and already the stout burghers began to arrive.

In no country in Europe were the clergy more affected by the reformation than in Denmark. There was a mysterious power in the Church of Rome, before which the feudal barons quailed; but the reformation broke her spell at once, and the Danish nobles, no longer restrained by superstitious dread, burst into the sanctuary and ravaged the possessions of the church with unsparing and indiscriminate plunder. The consequence was, that as no prizes remained to allure aristocratical candidates, the clergy were exclusively bourgeois; they retained a lively sense of their former splendour and present degradation, and thus were every way prepared to join cordially with the burghers in attacking the power of the nobility. The bishop, who was of a cautious, calculating temperament, usually gave up the lead to Jean Nausen, whose resolute courage, strong sense, and business habits, well fitted him for a popular leader.

For some time, the deputies conversed together in low tones, or

swallowed large draughts of beer and brandy in silent abstraction ; by degrees the hum of voices grew loud and general, and Nausen, seeing that the time was come to develope his deep-laid schemes, addressed them in the plain earnest manner of one whose heart is in his words. He recounted one by one the unjust privileges of the nobles, their monopoly of the land, their exclusive eligibility to offices and honours, and, above all, the exemption they claimed from contributing to the general taxation. He enlarged with great bitterness on the rashness with which they had plunged the country into the disastrous war with Sweden, and how, when reduced to extremity, they had reluctantly given up some of their most exorbitant claims to conciliate the people. It was evident, he said, that these concessions were extorted by necessity alone, and the proceedings in the diet already showed a fixed determination to revoke them. No terms, therefore, were to be kept with the privileged orders, and the only point was how best to effect their overthrow. A murmur of approbation continued for some minutes after the orator had ended ; then two or three deputies entered upon details of grievances which affected them in particular, and the meeting was evidently becoming excited and dangerous, when bishop Swann thought it high time to play his part in the drama. He descanted in a pompous, florid strain upon the divine right of kings, as maintained by many learned divines, and referred to Poland as an example of the ill effects which arose from elective monarchies, where her people rashly presumed to choose for themselves, instead of leaving the matter in the hands of Providence. England too, he remarked, had in that very year been forced to recall her old line of princes, after twelve years of bloodshed and commotion ; and in Denmark what had been the result of leaving the succession to the throne open to all the members of the royal family, except to render the aristocracy the patrons of the crown, to enable them to determine who should be sovereign, and of course to exact from every monarch, at his election, whatever privileges they pleased ? He then expatiated at great length on the good qualities of the king, his justice and impartiality, his patriarchal government, and, above all, his gallantry and heroic exertions during the siege. As all present had witnessed the latter, both clergy and burghers rose up with one consent, and drank a deep health to Frederick III. Then it was that, taking advantage of their enthusiasm, the bishop brought forward the decisive proposition, that the estates should offer to invest the king with an hereditary crown, and all the prerogatives which former sovereigns had enjoyed, thus raising up a permanent and effectual barrier against the arrogant pretensions of the aristocracy. There was little notion of true liberty amongst the Danes of that period ; hatred to the nobles, and an eager desire to bring them down to the common level, were the prevailing motives ; the bishop's proposal, therefore, met with general approbation, and, before the meeting broke up, it was resolved formally to demand the assent of the nobles to this aggrandizement of the throne, and, in case of refusal, to make the offer without them in the name of the nation at large.

Although Nausen and the bishop had opened communications with the court long before, they did not think proper to apprise their fol-

lowers that such was the case. An address to the king, therefore, was immediately drawn up, containing heavy complaints against the nobles, and general offers of supporting the crown in recovering its just rights. All the deputies signed it, and bishop Swann and president Nausen were empowered to proceed to the palace, and present it in due form to his majesty. They were received graciously, but with considerable reserve. Frederick dreaded the great power of the nobility too much, and had too little confidence in popular support, to plunge hastily into so dangerous an enterprise. Indeed, but for the urgent remonstrances of the queen, and the persuasions of Count Sehested, he would probably have discouraged the undertaking altogether; and as it was, the two conspirators perceived that, contrary to all expectations, their main difficulty would lie in obtaining the cordial co-operation of the court. As they left the palace on their return, a noble, richly dressed and followed by several attendants, came up the Place Royale.

"Ha!" he exclaimed, reining in his horse, "what! at the palace? May a poor senator inquire what high affairs required your presence there?"

"It concerns not the Lord of Volbiere," replied Nausen coldly.

"By my honour but it does concern him," he rejoined, "that mere traders and villains should thrust themselves into state matters, and meddle with things above their calling. Hark thee, Master Nausen," he added, pointing to the city prison, "there is good lodging yonder, and stone cells for refractory knaves."

"And there," said Nausen, pointing to the alarm-bell in the cathedral of Notre Dame, "there is a tower with a bell in it to wake up the citizens at need."

Thus, with mutual threats and looks of scorn, the champion of the nobles and the leader of the people separated; the one fully resolved to crush with the strong hand this unwonted insolence of the common herd, the other resolute, at all risks, to free himself and the people at large from the insolent sway of a few domineering nobles.

SCENE VII.—*The Beginning of the End.*

For several days no fresh outbreak occurred, and to a common observer political agitation appeared to be subsiding, while it was in reality but gathering strength for a last and decisive effort. Rætz the chancellor, Gabel the chamberlain, and Schack the governor of the city, joined the king's party; the burgomaster of Copenhagen was gained over, and, above all, the dispositions of the soldiery had been sounded with the most satisfactory results. The mine was dug and loaded, nor was it long before a spark was struck out which fired the train in an instant.

Between parties so opposed to each other, daily disputes were sure to arise in the Diet, some of which were laid aside for the time by common consent, and some were compromised through the influence of the few moderate politicians among the aristocratic party. Still these debates increased in no trifling degree the irritation on both sides, and at length, on the 8th of October, the political crisis arrived. For many years the crown lands had been let to the more powerful nobles at very low rents, and were the source of great

profit to the holders; the commons now demanded that they should be put up to the highest bidder, and the proposal gave rise to a most acrimonious discussion. Custom and privilege were set up on the one side, against reason and public advantage on the other; arguments soon gave place to invectives, and threats, and personal abuse; and Nausen having proved by documents that several regiments, which some principal nobles pretended to have levied, and for which they had drawn the pay, never existed at all but on paper, the parties implicated, furious at this bold exposure, attempted to inflict personal chastisement on the spot. A scene of great confusion followed, which ended in the unanimous secession of the whole body of deputies, Nausen indignantly declaring that they would no longer sit in the Diet, or have any communication with their arrogant opponents. The senators greeted them, as they left the hall, with a scornful laugh, and Otto Kräeg declared that as they had chosen to leave the Diet they should not be allowed to return, and that matters would go on all the better for their absence. In vain Gersdorff warned the assembly not to despise the popular feelings, and hinted a suspicion that the court also had joined the combination against them. The nobles, inflamed with passion, were no longer amenable to reason; they spoke of the king with contempt as a mere puppet of their own, and as to fearing the people, the very notion was absurd in itself, and disgraceful to him who uttered it. Many lofty sentiments were expressed, and much chivalrous valour wasted in air, by the younger patricians, before the senate broke up, deferring until the following day the consideration of the course to be adopted in this unprecedented state of affairs.

But their energetic opponents made no such delay. The Braziers' Company offered their hall for the use of the deputies, and it was promptly accepted. Every man was warned to be there on the following morning at eight o'clock, and to exert himself in the mean time to rouse the citizens to active co-operation. Hints were given to the more trusty partisans to come armed, and the rest were to hold themselves prepared for action on the first sound of the tocsin from Notre Dame. All night long the intercourse between the bishop's palace and the chateau royal was incessant; messengers went and came; deputies hurried in and out; despatches were received and forwarded; and long before the morrow dawned, every preparation had been made for the coming event.

It was a dull, drizzling morning. A fog hung over the city; the empty streets looked dreary and dismal; there was not a breath of wind, and the splash of rain-drops from the drip-stones of the doors and windows fell like a death-tick on the ear. Many a deputy, as he made his way to the Braziers' Hall, would have abandoned the enterprise altogether, and returned to his warm bed, but for very shame; and even when they mustered at the rendezvous to the number of thirty-nine burghers and fifteen clergy, the greater part had the look of wet game-cocks, an expression of mettlesome courage subdued by physical discomfort. Beer and brandy, however, with their accompaniments, were ready in abundance, and produced a most favourable effect on the lieges; the citizens were assembling fast on the outside

of the hall, and within the leaders gave favourable accounts of the prospects before them. A speech from Nausen still further raised their spirits, and by nine o'clock the deputies were as brisk as ever, ready to follow the president and his coadjutors wherever they chose to lead. The plan was the same as that agreed on before, except that the king was now to be offered not only an hereditary throne but absolute power. And so blinded were the people by resentment against the nobles, that not a voice was raised in opposition to this proposal. Of course the assent of the senators was not to be expected, though it was still intended formally to demand their sanction; and for this purpose the president and Bishop Swann, followed by all the deputies, walking two and two, issued in solemn procession from the Braziers' Hall. Most of the members had drunk freely; some were half intoxicated, all were excited by the hazard of their attempt, and by the cheers of the crowd which accompanied them, and, led on by their bold and sagacious leaders, the formidable procession entered the hall of the Diet, and halted right in its centre.

Blinded as the nobles were by their pride, some rumours of passing events had reached them, and a suspicion of secret danger lurked in their minds as they met that morning in the great hall. Gersdorff again repeated his statement that the court was in league with the people, and that combination portended a serious attack on their hitherto unquestioned ascendancy. He was heard on this occasion with attention, and was in the act of proposing some measures of conciliation towards the deputies, when they entered the hall and confronted the speaker in no amicable mood. Coldly, but still using the outward forms of respect, Jean Nausen informed the astonished nobles of the resolution which the commons had passed, and requested their concurrence. Thunderstruck at the bold scheme proposed, and perceiving at once that it could never have been dreamed of without a powerful combination to support it, the senators became alarmed, and the more politic among them, while Gersdorff addressed the procession, secretly despatched two of their number to the Chateau Royal, offering in their name to secure the crown to the king and his heirs male, hoping thus to elude the more pressing and imminent danger. Bishop Swann replied to Gersdorff at some length, amid the great impatience of his followers. Count Wedel, who rose after him, could scarcely be heard from the boisterous interruptions of the half-tipsy burghers; but when Trolle, the viceroy, endeavoured to keep up the debate for the purpose of gaining time, he was met with a general roar of disapprobation. President Nausen declared that they would wait no longer, and demanded peremptorily whether the nobles were prepared to join in the commons' proposal? No answer was made; the leaders faced about immediately; the procession filed off in the same order as before, and, amid the cheers and shouts of the exulting citizens, wound its way slowly and steadily to the gates of the royal palace.

While these sounds of popular tumult still rang in the ears of the senators, their messengers returned with tidings that the king had refused to entertain their offer at all, unless it was concurred in by

the other estates. Upon which Otto Kraæg, with great heat, denounced the conspiracy which the court and the burghers had dared to form against them. A civil war was inevitable, and be the consequences on their heads who had caused it. "At present," he remarked, "shut up as we are in the capital, they have the best of the game; but let us immediately set out for the provinces where our influence is unlimited, and then let the king and these villain burghers look to it."

With characteristic impetuosity he left the Hôtel de Ville on the instant, and within an hour was on the road to his signiory of Volbiorg. Most of the nobles resolved to follow his example, but delayed their departure until the following day, in order to be present at the funeral feast of Christian Scheel, lord of Fusing and Walloë, according to the ancient customs of Denmark.

Meantime the stout burghers, and their allies the clergy, were ushered into the presence of Frederick III. The king was in his council chamber, surrounded by his chief ministers, Gersdorff excepted. His manner betrayed some anxiety and hesitation, but he received the deputies with courteous dignity, and replied to their extraordinary proposal with many expressions of gratitude for such a mark of attachment. At the same time he intimated, that in a matter of such vital importance the consent of the whole Diet was imperatively required, although no doubt, *if proper means were used*, the acquiescence of the nobility might eventually be obtained. In that case nothing could be more gratifying to him than to receive the national confidence, which he solemnly promised should never be abused. This reply drew from the burghers much cheering, interspersed with cries of "Down with the nobles!" "They *shall* consent!" and other expressions of zeal; while its moderate tone did not dissatisfy their leaders, who both knew the king's difficult situation, and believed they had influence enough in the court to secure his cordial assistance whenever the crisis arrived.

Nor were they mistaken in this belief. The procession had scarcely left the palace, when the queen, Count Sehested, Gabel the chamberlain, and chancellor Reëtz, all importuned the king not to neglect so favourable an opportunity of crushing the aristocracy. The queen reminded him of Uhlfeldt's attempt to set up a rival against him, and what painful sacrifices the nobles of his own party exacted as the price of their support; she recounted many a bitter insult to which he had been subjected by them, and urged him to make a bold stroke for emancipation from their galling thralldom. She was a generous, warm-hearted princess, and possessed great influence with the king; but she had herself suffered many injuries and mortifications from some of the higher nobility, and now endeavoured to ruin the whole order with a woman's indiscriminate eagerness for power and revenge. Her earnest solicitations were supported by the counsellors on grounds of policy and interest. They spoke of Otto Kraæg's departure from the capital, no doubt for the purpose of arming his retainers; his example would certainly be followed, if instant measures were not adopted to prevent it, and the country would be exposed to the miseries of a civil war. Now was the time for action. The whole

garrison of Copenhagen, all the armed burghers, the heads of departments, many of the officers of state, were in the king's interests; and nothing could be easier than to overawe the nobility, whose persons were in fact entirely at his majesty's disposal. Pressed by these considerations, the cautious temper of Frederick yielded to the more enterprising counsels of his political advisers.

"But remember," he said impressively to Count Hannibal Sehested, "there must be no bloodshed. I will have no murders or massacres for the sake of political objects. You have my authority to detain the whole of the nobility in Copenhagen, that they may feel how completely they are in my power; but I authorise no violence whatever."

"None will be necessary, I pledge myself," replied the count, as he hurried exultingly from the presence to execute his favourite scheme; for he, too, had a heavy account against the senate for disgracing him in the zenith of his power, and rejoiced that time had at length brought about an opportunity for retaliation.

SCENE VIII.—*The Funeral Feast.*

In a long low room, whose walls and massy beams were dark with age, the corpse of Christian Scheel was laid out with shroud and coffin and lighted tapers, surmounted by a canopy of black cloth, and watched by trusty retainers. Each noble as he arrived passed into this chamber of death, and touching the dead body, ejaculated a prayer for the soul of the departed. He was then ushered into the banqueting-room, which, though also hung with black, exhibited no other symptoms of mourning; for a long table stretched down its centre, covered with pasties and dried tongues, and "funeral baked meats," besides flagons of wine and flasks of brandy in profusion. The viands, however, were all cold, and the guests observed a grave and decorous demeanour as they sat down to the banquet.

Their gravity perhaps was not altogether owing to respect for the dead noble. Some, as they came through the city, had been hooted and menaced by the populace; others were startled to find themselves insulted, even by the common soldiers; the crowded streets, the marching of troops, and the general excitement, had been witnessed by all, and gave rise to vague fears of impending danger. At times a distant shout broke in upon them, or a fresh guest arrived with some new tale of annoyance, or some mysterious rumour to increase the general dismay. To get rid of the gloom that oppressed them, many of the nobles drank deep. Their spirits rose in proportion, and they began to form plans of vengeance on the popular leaders, and against the king and his adherents. Each boasted his feudal influence in his own province, and exaggerated the number of armed retainers he could summon to his standard. It was agreed on all sides that to-morrow they would leave the capital, and Count Frieder Wedel was in the act of boasting how soon they would put down their opponents, when he was interrupted by the heavy tramp of a large body of troops advancing up the street. He broke off abruptly, and every face grew perceptibly pale. Christian Scheel's mansion was situated close by the western gate of Copenhagen; they could hear the column halt,

there was a rattling of bolts and chains, sounds of mounting guards and posting sentinels, and then, while they were yet looking at each other in dismay, the town-major entered the room. He was an officer of rank and birth, nor was there anything extraordinary in his attending the funeral feast of a deceased noble; but his behaviour was little calculated to do away with the fears that were stealing fast round every heart. To Magnus Trolle's inquiries he replied carelessly, that the king had ordered the gates of Copenhagen to be shut, and the guards doubled. What was the reason he did not know, but no doubt some measure of high importance was on foot; and the major took off his wine with an air of great mystery, and even favoured the company with a look of mingled pity and disdain. Such conduct in an officer of his station towards the whole body of nobles was alarming to the last degree; nor was its effect at all lessened by the secret scrutiny he was obviously making of the assembled guests, and the unceremonious carelessness with which he took his leave. No sooner was he gone, than Eric Rosenkrauz, vehemently striking the table, exclaimed that they were all dead men. And well he might think so. It was well remembered how Christiern II. of Sweden had on a former occasion massacred the whole senate at once, and who could say that Frederic III. would not follow the dreadful example? They were completely in his power; they had provoked him to the utmost, planned a civil war against him, and treated him on numberless occasions with open contempt; and now, with the garrison and people entirely at his devotion, was it likely he would fail to gratify both ambition and revenge by their destruction? The danger was appalling; and in order to ascertain its full extent, Count Wedel and Eric Rosenkrauz were deputed to seek the king, and endeavour to learn his intentions.

The two noblemen found the street filled with soldiers, who questioned them with the utmost insolence, refused for some time to let them pass, and at length insisted on accompanying them to the palace. Before they had gone a hundred yards, an immense mob came rushing furiously towards them, yelling drunken songs, and shouting "Down with the nobles!" "Frederick for ever!" with stunning vociferations. The unfortunate deputation was very roughly handled; they were hustled about, their decorations stolen, their clothes torn, and even their lives menaced by the mob leaders; while the soldiers laughed at their distress, or only made pretended efforts to rescue them. Forced back by the crowd with blows, and threats, and curses, they at last regained the house, and appeared before the assembly in a truly miserable condition, the roar of the mob without explaining at once the result of their mission. What was to be done? Gersdorff and several others, it was observed, were not present, perhaps had joined the king; their brave leader, Otto Kraæg, was absent also, and Trolle the viceroy evidently faltered, and was unequal to this emergency. The mob were thundering at the doors, feebly repelled by the soldiers; a massacre might easily be perpetrated under colour of a popular tumult; they could neither fight nor fly, and the only chance of safety lay in unconditional submission. This decision was hastened by an assurance that the house could not

be protected by the soldiery much longer. The town-major was sent for, and, on being informed of their intentions, undertook to escort them safely to the palace. A line of carriages was drawn up, guarded on either hand by a double file of infantry; the nobles entered, pale and crest-fallen, and saluted by the populace with groans and curses; and in this plight that once haughty order was conducted in triumph to the palace, there to surrender to their sovereign the power they had so long enjoyed.

The king received them with apparent courtesy. Trolle the viceroy, as first in rank, hastily expressed the concurrence of the nobles in the offer of the commons to invest him with absolute power, and Frederick, appearing to consider it a voluntary act, thanked them in suitable terms for their attachment to his person. They were then allowed to retire to their own houses in safety, but for some days the gates of the city were watched with scrupulous vigilance, until preparations could be made for a public ratification of the national consent to this great political change.

SCENE IX.—“*The last scene of all which ends this strange eventful history.*”

The morning sun of the 18th of October, 1660, shone brightly on the capital of Denmark. Its quivering beams danced on the smooth sea, glowed on the towers and steeples of the majestic city, and irradiated its gray old buildings with a grave and quiet joyousness. The whole population was astir. From every street and alley they pressed on in one unbroken stream towards the open square in front of the Chateau Royal; trumpets and bugles rang out at intervals, sudden shouts burst forth, the tramp of soldiers could be distinguished by its measured regular fall, and the very air seemed thick and heavy with the hum of the human hive. In front of the palace, stretching right across the Place Royale, and half way down each side, a long range of buildings had been erected, hung with scarlet cloth and rich draperies of crimson silk studded with stars of gold. The centre rose into a huge tent-like canopy, overshadowing a magnificent throne, in front of which a semicircular space was left unoccupied, except by a sort of altar furnished with cushions of crimson velvet. A light bridge joined this superb theatre to the balcony of the palace, and in the interval between them two thousand regular troops were drawn up in one massive column, while on the opposite side, between the theatre and the open square, the ground was occupied by twice the number of armed burghers. An immense multitude crowded the place and the adjoining streets; the neighbouring houses were filled from roof to cellar with eager spectators, and even the distant steeple-tops were loaded with citizens, anxious to catch a glimpse of the imposing spectacle.

Precisely at noon a discharge of cannon from the ramparts announced that the ceremony was about to commence, and in a few minutes the head of the procession appeared in the balcony, and advanced upon the bridge. Six trumpeters and three heralds led the way, and were followed by the order of nobles, marshalled with strict regard to their respective ranks. The people received them in silence

as they took their seats to the right and left of the central canopy. Next came the royal household, ranging themselves at the back of the throne; two heralds with the national flag, three senators bearing the celebrated Etendard Sanglant, and several counsellors of state, with the globe, sceptre, and sword; then the king and queen appeared under a gorgeous canopy, supported by sixteen gentlemen-at-arms, and followed by the Prince Royal, Prince George, the Princesses Amalie, Sophie, and Wilhelmine, together with a crowd of senators, officers of state, and court ladies, all glittering with jewels and rustling robes and waving plumes. When this dazzling company had taken their stations amid deafening shouts from the spectators, the black lines of clergy and professors were seen filing off to their seats on the right of the square; and last of all the deputies, together with the burgomaster and municipality of Copenhagen, took up their position on the left, saluted by the people with a heartfelt thundering cheer.

Three times the trumpets sounded, and thrice the heralds proclaimed silence. The chancellor advanced alone to the altar, and made an obeisance to the king. Frederick arose, and stood with the crown on his head, and the sceptre in his hand, while the chancellor read aloud the following proclamation: "Since it has pleased Almighty God that these kingdoms should be entrusted and wholly given over, by the unanimous consent of all the estates, to the most high and puissant prince and lord, Frederick III., King of Denmark and Norway, and of the Goths and Vandals, Duke of Sleswick, Holstein, Stormar, and Ditmarsen, and Earl of Oldenburg and Delmenhorst, our most gracious lord and sovereign, and to the heirs of his majesty, male and female, as an hereditary kingdom;—his majesty thanks all the estates for this mark of affection, and promises his faithful subjects, not only to exercise his power in a just and laudable manner, but so to rule his government as may best fulfil their just expectations from a gracious and christian sovereign." When he finished, the king, raising his sceptre towards heaven, solemnly repeated, "I promise," and resumed his throne amid the roar of artillery, and his subjects' most vehement applause.

The chancellor now summoned the nobles by name to take the oath of allegiance. Each man advanced singly to the altar, and, kneeling down, swore to be faithful to his sovereign, and maintain him in his full rights and powers. Some went through their part with a feigned willingness, others with affected indifference, but the greater part showed by a sudden and mortified demeanour how deeply they felt their humiliation. As each took the oath, a single cannon-shot boomed through the air, and the hum and rustle of the croud announced their interest in the spectacle; but no insult to a fallen foe disgraced the popular triumph, though seldom indeed has a political victory been more suddenly or completely achieved. It is remarkable that of all those proud nobles who had lately looked down both on king and people with utter contempt, one alone behaved on this occasion with dignity and courage. Gersdorff, the grandmaster, had strongly opposed the arrogance and exorbitant claims of his order, and now he as boldly denounced the investment of the king

with absolute power, and declared that he took the oath, not from approbation of the change, but merely because resistance was hopeless. The ceremony lasted for some hours, but at length all was concluded.

“ The burgher guards their pikes advanced,
The trumpets flourished brave,
The cannon from the ramparts glanced,
And thundering salvo gave.”

Ten thousand throats uttered their “sweet voices” by way of accompaniment, and amid this terrific uproar the glittering procession re-entered the palace, and the great business of the day was over.

The altar and throne were now removed, the bridge between the theatre and the palace broken down, and the populace allowed to pilage and carry off the hangings and ornaments of the building. Beer and brandy, roasted oxen, bread and other provisions, were plentifully provided; nor was the reputation of the Danes as good trencher-men and hard drinkers at all diminished on this occasion. As night closed in, the houses round the great square were all lit up, and bonfires covered the whole of the open space within; while, at the upper end, streams of light poured down from the windows of the royal chateau, and sounds of revelry and banqueting rose on the evening air. Ever and anon, a peal of artillery announced that the king drank to some fair dame or high-born noble; and thus in rude jollity and coarse drinking-bouts a great revolution was finally accomplished, the destinies of a nation changed. In a little month, without one drop of blood, the Danish aristocracy were utterly degraded, and absolute powers conferred on the living “Majesty of Denmark.”

FIRST PYTHIAN ODE OF PINDAR.

χρυσέα φόρμιγξ. τ. κ. λ. to line 50.

Hail! golden harp,
The noblest treasure of Latona's son,
And the dark-haired Pierides!
By thee the measure of the dance is ruled
Of festive joy the harbinger—
By thee the hymn's soft melody,
When gently touched, thy trembling chords,
Awake the voice of song.
Thou, too, hast power to soothe
The wanderer's wrath,
Quenching the flash of the cusped lightning.

Jove's eagle, king of birds,
With powerless wing,
Sleeps on his sceptre :
His bright eye closes, and the darkened cloud
Descends resistless on his drooping head.
Sunk in delicious languor, the stern Mars
No longer grasps his bloody spear,
And each immortal owns *
The power of Phœbus and the tuneful Nine.
But some there are e'en on the bounteous earth,
And in the vast unfathomable deep,
To whom the music of the heavenly choir
Is jarring discord—fiends accursed and doomed
To pine in endless woe :
Of these worst, the Eternal's daring foe
The hundred-headed Typhon,†
Nursed in the famed Sicilian cave,
O'er whose rough back
The angry waves for ever roll,
That beat upon the rocky shore
Of Cumæ and his native isle—
There doth he lie in torture,
Imprisoned deep beneath the load
Of heaven's vast pillar, snow-clad Ætna,
Nurse of the wintry storm.

Ætna, thou hill of terrors,
And the unearthly rage of warring elements,
Whose dread abysses vomit forth
Torrents of liquid fire !
By day the lurid stream rolls on.
A ghastly cloud of thickening smoke ;
But in the shadow of the night
The glowing flame
Heaves up vast masses of the living rock,
And with a crash like thunder
Casts them headlong to the sea.
Then doth the monster in his agony
Send forth his blasts of fire,
Fearful the spectacle ! fearful e'en the tale
Of the amazed beholder !‡

* And the blest gods with rapture hail.

† So in the original, commonly Typhæus.

‡ This is the earliest description of an eruption of the mountain. Pindar lived about 520 years before Christ.

AN ELIGIBLE MATCH.

A TALE OF A COUNTRY HOUSE.

BY MRS. ABDY.

I WAS sitting alone in my boudoir in a state of enviable happiness, not in the dreary indolence of having nothing to do, which would have been the heaviest punishment that the refinement of malice could have inflicted upon me, but in the luxury of abundant and pleasant occupation. My guitar was on my knee, a stand of new songs was before me, a table at a little distance was covered with books and drawing materials; an embroidery frame stood beside it, which was only at present embellished by three leaves and a half finished rose; and in the distance was a small writing-table, on which lay a list of the names of ten friends from whom I had recently received letters, and a quire of Lavenne's most exquisite paper, on which I intended to indite my answers. To all these sources of delight was added the consciousness of unbounded leisure to avail myself of them. We had only arrived a few days ago at my father's country house; I was rejoiced to think that the bustle of an unusually gay London season was over, and that I was set free to repair my faded roses and exhausted spirits in the pure air and among the green leaves of the country. My parents had wisely determined to invite no company, by the aid of whom they might transfer the habits of London to the quiet of the rural shades: and I looked forward to a summer of liberty, peace, and well-mingled and favourite employments. I was interrupted by the entrance of my mother; she moved and spoke with remarkable animation, and held an open letter in her hand.

"Eva, my love," she said, "you have often heard your father speak of Sir Terence Ormond, an old schoolfellow of his, who resides in Kilkenny." I had not "often" heard my father speak of him, but I knew there was such a person, and I bowed my head in assent. "He has lately come into a fine property," added my mother; "and your dear father, who rejoices in the prosperity of others, wrote to congratulate him upon it a short time ago, and to tell him how much he wished to renew the friendship of their youthful days, and to become acquainted with his eldest son, whom report had mentioned to us as a remarkably fine young man. This letter is a most gratifying and warm-hearted answer from Sir Terence; and he says that his son, Captain Ormond, is now travelling in England, and will be happy to come and stay a week with us. The letter was enclosed in a few lines from Captain Ormond—he will be with us at dinner-time to-day."

I felt rather disconcerted that my scheme of quiet and liberty should be thus unexpectedly broken in upon by the introduction of a stranger.

"Is it not rather free and easy," I asked, "to take people so immediately at their word, when they utter a hint of an invitation?"

"How dreadfully cold-hearted and inhospitable Eva is!" said my mother, turning to my cousin Penelope, who had followed her into the room.

Now Penelope was not a young lady, but of that age when

"The green leaves all turn yellow ;"

and as she possessed neither beauty, money, nor talent, she chose to imagine that her footing in our family could only be sustained by paying the most obsequious court to every member of it. Consequently she only answered this appeal by a kind of commenting shrug, which my mother might interpret into acquiescence, in her censure of my coldness, and which I might construe into surprise that any fault should be found with so exemplary a daughter as myself.

"I like the manners of the Irish exceedingly," pursued my mother, "and their freedom from all the English reluctance to mix in society without a formal invitation."

"You did not think so, mamma," said I, smiling, "when Miss O'Halloran came to spend a month with us last summer, on the plea that you had once said to her you wished she could see our tulip-beds."

"The cases are not at all similar, Eva," replied my mother; "an acquaintance with Miss O'Halloran could lead to nothing; but Captain Ormond, as the eldest son of a baronet of large property, must be allowed to be an eligible match."

"Very likely," said I, "but he may not be a more agreeable guest in a country house on that account."

"Eva, I have no patience with you," exclaimed my mother; "you put me in mind of the 'Spirit of the Frozen Ocean,' in Lewis's Romantic Tales."

"Do not utter such a libel on me, mamma," I replied; "I have just been looking over some new ballads of Moore's, and I am sure they are enough to thaw all the ice of the Frozen Ocean." I touched the strings of my guitar, as I spoke, and began to sing,

"O! do not look so bright and blest ;"

but I suddenly stopped myself, fearful that the words might be supposed to be a personal satire on my respected parent, who looked anything but bright and blest at that moment.

"You seem resolved, Eva, never to do anything to oblige me," she said.

"I am sorry to receive so bad a character," I answered; "but how I disoblige you by offering to sing a new ballad, I am sure I cannot imagine."

"You ought to be making preparations for the reception of Captain Ormond," she said.

"Willingly, if necessary," I replied; "but what preparations have I to make? Am I to strew the floors with rushes, like the damsels

of antiquity, or to hold a colloquy on ways and means with the cook, like the notable housewives of modern times?"

"You ought to practise your last new Italian song, Eva, and to select a dress to wear this evening."

"O mamma, have pity on me: I have been so wearied all the spring with blonde and gauze, German airs, and Italian canzonets, that I had made up my mind to wear nothing but white muslin, and sing nothing but English ballads, for the next month."

"Eva, the subject is too serious for raillery; your father lives up to his income; he cannot give you a fortune; you are one-and-twenty, your sister Arabella is seventeen, and will come out in another year, and I know she thinks it rather hard that you should not be already married, and leave a clear field to her on her first introduction to the world."

"The poor dear girl lamented it to me only this morning, with tears in her eyes," said my cousin Penelope.

"Really," said I, half amused and half angry, "you are all flatteringly anxious to get rid of me; but if Arabella wishes for a clear field of display, she may have it without waiting for my marriage. Should she feel inclined to secure to herself this 'coming guest,' who is so eligible a match, I am sure I shall throw no impediments in her way."

"You are talking ridiculously, Eva," said my mother; "Arabella is a very well-principled, well-mannered girl, and knows that till she is come out, her place is in the back-ground; and if she ever steps from thence, it must be for the purpose of endeavouring to set off her eldest sister to advantage."

"Poor Arabella!" I exclaimed, "with such a Cinderella-like lot, no wonder she wishes me married. However, mamma, if you desire me to change my morning employments, I am quite willing to do so."

My mother, pacified by this speech, led me to the drawing-room, placed me at the grand piano, and set before me a very difficult Italian bravura.

"You remember this air;" said she; "we were all enchanted at hearing Grisi sing it."

"Yes," I replied; "but I am very doubtful whether the enchantment will continue when it is transferred to a singer like myself."

Accordingly I sang it over and over, but as my voice was not very strong, and my science not very profound, my mother was not particularly satisfied with the effect, and desired me to practise the sol fa, and several running exercises for the voice, telling me that I had no reason to consider this any degradation, for that the professional singers themselves were often in the habit of doing the same. It was little comfort, however, to a girl pining for ease, air, and freedom, to be told that she was occupied in the same drudgery as if she had been a professional singer. After an unmercifully long practice, my portfolio of drawings was produced, and all the inferior ones banished from thence; my mother then accompanied me to my dressing-room, and Laurette, my French maid, was summoned to the pending consultation. My mother, I am sorry to say, had always evinced a great predilection for overdressing me, and on the present occasion she was

resolute in maintaining that I should appear in pink silk and blonde, with roses in my hair.

"And you must not wear your hair in bands, Eva," she continued; "it makes you look just like a nun."

My mother spoke this as if a nun were the most pitiable and degraded of human beings!

"I will alter it to-morrow," said I, "but curls cannot be produced at a moment's notice."

Laurette, however, seemed resolute to prove that they could, for she flew for the curling irons, which she was accustomed to wield, with as little compunction as a familiar of the Inquisition administers the discipline of the thumb-screw, and began to exercise her skill in the production of tier after tier of round massive curls. Just imagine my sensation, seated, on a sultry July day, at the open window, with curling-irons close to my face, branches of eglantine and jasmine around the window, a smooth spacious lawn beyond it, birds sweetly singing, and the south breeze softly blowing!

We were all assembled in good time to receive our visiter, my father telling me that I looked very well, and that "he hoped I was properly aware what an eligible match was coming into the house."

Captain Ormond arrived in good time, and proved to be a handsome young man, with easy agreeable manners; but as I was predetermined not to like him, I prepared myself to expect that the week of his stay would pass very unpleasantly. At dinner, after he had answered a hundred most affectionate inquiries after the health of his father, my mother asked him if he had met with a family of the name of Germaine, distantly related to us, who had been staying a short time in Kilkenny the preceding summer.

He replied in the affirmative, and added, looking at me, "I fancy that I can descry something of a family likeness between Miss Warwick and Miss Germaine."

"You flatter Eva," said my mother; "Miss Germaine is reckoned very handsome; she is particularly celebrated for the beauty of her eyelashes."

I cast down my eyes at the beginning of this observation of my mother's, hurt at the mock humility of it, for Miss Germaine was not half so well looking as myself. I should not have done so, however, had I been aware of the way in which she meant to conclude her speech; for when I raised my eyes, I met those of Captain Ormond fixed on me with a half arch, half contemptuous expression, which evidently showed that he suspected me of having affected to be very timid, for the purpose of displaying eyelashes which certainly might have rivalled in length those of Miss Germaine or any other lady.

Captain Ormond, who seemed to interest himself much about the tenantry of Sir Terence Ormond's estate, now asked several questions of my father concerning schools, and the condition of the poor in his vicinity.

Mr. Warwick was fortunately able, consistently with truth, to give very satisfactory answers, but he rather wandered into the regions of imagination in the share which he ascribed to me of all the good done in the neighbourhood.

"Eva devotes herself to the poor," he said, "and is a perfect enthusiast in her love of schools. I do not wish to check in her a feeling so amiable, but must tell her, even before you, Captain Ormond, that she is exceedingly blameable in often exerting herself, against the advice of those older and wiser than herself, to a degree that is prejudicial to health."

I did not venture to rebut this accusation, although I could have done so with perfect ease; for the fact was, that I had often reproached myself for paying so little attention to the schools and the poor, and resolved to do better in future.

Captain Ormond, evidently tired of my praises, now turned to Arabella, who had hitherto sat in all the appropriate quietness and reserve of a younger sister, and began a conversation with her, by asking the question usually addressed to young ladies—

"Are you musical?"

"I am extremely fond of music," Arabella replied, "but I sing and play very little. Eva is such a proficient, that it quite discourages me, because I know everybody who hears us will make comparisons to my disadvantage."

"Probably, then, you prefer drawing," continued the captain.

"Greatly," she answered, "and I have a very attentive and clever master; but, after all, I derive more benefit from Eva than from him; she takes me with her when she sketches from nature, which she does to perfection, and I hope that in time I may be able to effect something in the same style; at present I am a mere copyist."

"Having such a source of gratification," pursued Captain Ormond, "I dare say you prefer the country to London?"

"Very much," she replied; "here I have the constant advantage of Eva's company; in London her time is so much occupied by the claims of society, that although she wishes to direct my studies, and partake my employments, she is not often able to do so."

Captain Ormond looked at her for a moment, as much as to say, "you are all in a family conspiracy," and then addressed an observation to the party in general, on the tasteful disposition of that portion of the garden which was visible from the French windows of the dining-room, and Penelope undertook to answer him by assuring him that it was all laid out under the superintendence and direction of Eva. I was most happy when my mother proposed an adjournment to the drawing-room, for really I felt quite flushed and nervous under the high pressure of the flattery of my relatives.

After tea, Captain Ormond hinted a wish to walk round the grounds, but my mother looked at my crisp curls, crisper blonde trimming, and shining satin slippers, and feared the effect on them of damp air, dewy grass, and gravel walks. "I do not doubt," said she, "that you are fond of music, Captain Ormond; Eva will be happy to play and sing to you."

Accordingly I was compelled to execute Grisi's bravura. I sang it very indifferently, and Captain Ormond uttered no commendation; two or three other Italian airs suggested by my mother followed with equal want of success, and I was then on the point of recreating myself by singing "The Carrier Dove," when Arabella twitched it away,

and substituted a German air in its place. I could not help looking angrily at her for her officiousness: Captain Ormond saw the glance, and I fancied that his countenance expressed the thought—"With all your perfections, you are not endowed with the best of tempers!" At length I left the piano, and Captain Ormond walked to a window, and looked longingly on the garden, although too polite to express his wish for a stroll in it. My mother took advantage of the opportunity to whisper to me—

"You must begin to talk about books, Eva; you have not said a word yet to prove yourself literary: do you not like reading beyond every other occupation, and do I not subscribe six guineas a year for you to Saunders and Otley, and did they not send down to you yesterday a box with twenty volumes in it?"

This was all too true to be denied, and fortunately at that moment Captain Ormond approached the table on which lay a variety of books, and said to Penelope—

"I see you are reading one of Mrs. Somerville's delightful works; do you take much interest in the science of astronomy?"

"Oh! no," she replied, "I am a mere beginner, and Mrs. Somerville, easy and charming as is her style, would be too abtruse for me, but Eva is so kind as to explain it to me as I read; astronomy is one of Eva's favourite pursuits."

The captain was silent, and my father looked rather displeased at Penelope, thinking that she had overshot her mark, and that the military visiter had no *penchant* for a blue; he therefore endeavoured to repair the error by saying—

"After all, Eva's taste is so simple, that there is nothing in which she so much delights as a natural story of every-day life; she greatly prefers Miss Martineau's *Deerbrook* to her political tracts."

"And Eva has a high opinion of Mrs. Ellis's *Women of England*," said my mother; "she thinks that the authoress so thoroughly understands all that is amiable and excellent in the female character."

"And Eva takes a deep interest in the *Factory Boy*," said Penelope; "she enters with so much sympathy into the cause of the oppressed."

"And Eva is extremely fond of the poems of Mrs. Hemans," said Arabella: "she never values the finest poetical talent, unless the principles and sentiments are equally admirable."

Cruel Captain Ormond! he did not reply a word to all these observations, by which he might give us reason to guess at his own favourite style of reading, although so accommodating were his auditors, that if he had possessed a partiality for nursery traditions, they would one and all have instantly assured him that no description of literature gave me such delight as "*The Yellow Dwarf*," and "*Puss in Boots*!"

My portfolio of drawings was then produced with much more success. I certainly drew very well, and Captain Ormond, it appeared, himself sketched from nature: he asked me some questions on the subject, and I was expressing myself with great fluency, and some enthusiasm, when I was suddenly checked by an audible "aside" of Penelope's on the exceeding beauty of the language I made use of!

I was effectually silenced, and Captain Ormond, I am convinced, thought that I had learned a certain set of phrases by rote, and that I had now come to the end of my lesson.

A ring at the gate now announced the arrival of my brother, who had driven over early that morning, to pass the whole day with a family at a few miles distance. Arabella, counterfeiting sisterly impatience, ran out to meet him; but her real motive was to warn him of the "eligible match" that was in the drawing-room. In a few minutes she re-appeared, leaning upon his arm in affected sullenness.

"I have not met with a very grateful return for my eagerness to welcome John," she said; "his salutation was, 'Why does not Eva come to meet me?' I really think," she added, playfully turning to Captain Ormond, "that I must be a most amiable creature; everybody prefers Eva to me, and yet I cannot persuade myself to feel at all maliciously disposed towards her."

My brother, after his introduction to the new-comer, advanced towards me, imprinted a kiss on my cheek instead of shaking my hand in his usual rough manner, and inquired most affectionately after a slight indisposition of which I had complained the preceding evening, and which, in the common course of events, would have completely faded from his mind; he then delivered a message, purporting to come from Miss Shelburne, requesting the loan of my last landscape from nature to copy, and hoping that I would not forget to write some lines for her album. When Captain Ormond retired to his room that night, I am sure it was with the sensation of having been completely annoyed and beset by a very designing family. The events of the day had been just as unpleasant to me as to himself, and I lay awake restless and uneasy for about two hours, and at length fell asleep, comforting myself with the persuasion that a week, as Dr. Johnson says of an hour, "may be tedious, but cannot be long."

The next morning I was just tying on my straw bonnet to take a short stroll, when my mother entered, and insisted on inspecting my morning costume. I have already said she had a taste for elaborate dress, and the consequence was, that when I was arrayed according to her wishes, I looked much more fit for a public breakfast at a villa on the banks of the Thames, than for the quiet morning meal of a family party. My brother occupied the attention of Captain Ormond during a great part of the time of breakfast by lively sketches of half-a-dozen young men whom he had met at dinner on the preceding day, some of whom were rich, and some clever, and who were all passionate admirers of Eva, and full of attentions to himself in the hope of conciliating his good offices. Captain Ormond was evidently quite tired of the sameness of the family conversation, and I was delighted to escape to the solitude of my boudoir. In about half an hour my mother entered.

"Eva," said she, "are you inclined to accompany me to the Infant School?"

"Are you going alone?" I asked, suspiciously.

She unhesitatingly replied in the affirmative, and we sallied forth. On arriving there, my mother selected seven or eight of the prettiest

little ones for the purpose of repeating their lessons to me, and she had just with some care contrived to group them round me, so that I looked like the picture of Charity, encircled by children, when the door opened, and Captain Ormond appeared, conducted by Penelope.

"Ah!" exclaimed Penelope, with affected surprise; "I did not know we should find Eva here; but I cannot say I much wonder at it—really her heart is completely in this school, she is so devotedly fond of teaching."

"It is a desirable thing," said my mother, addressing Captain Ormond, "when young people show such a taste."

"I am sure," said the schoolmistress, who had opened her eyes very wide at these observations, "I only wish Miss Warwick came here more frequently."

My mother cast an angry glance at her, and made a remark to Captain Ormond on my excessive love of children, pointing at the same time to a little urchin who, encouraged by a sign from herself, had just detached my bonnet from my head, and ran off with it in triumph to the farthest extremity of the room, leaving my long hair floating down to my waist. Our Cœlebs, however, gave no indication that his "search of a wife" would be terminated by the morning display of my useful qualities, any more than by the evening exhibition of my brilliant ones; and after hearing the pence and multiplication tables sung, a recitation of the History of England in verse, a solo parody on "Home, sweet home," setting forth the superior delights of school, and a choral declaration by the whole body of scholars of their intention to go into the play-ground, set very appositely to the air, "There's nae luck about the house," he was suffered to escape into the fresh air. After walking for about an hour we returned home, and my mother desired me to fetch down a pair of screens that I had painted for a charity bazaar, to show Captain Ormond. I contrived to be as long as possible in finding them. When I re-entered the drawing-room no one was there, but Captain Ormond was standing on the lawn just before the window, looking at a beautiful exotic which the gardener had permitted, as a rare indulgence, to enjoy the luxury of the open air. His back was towards me, and he was singing in a low tone. I stood to listen to him, for, as he had declined joining me in a duet the evening before, I was rather surprised to find that he had a melodious voice; the words that he sang were, to my great dismay, from a ballad by Haynes Bayly.

"This is my eldest daughter, sir,
Her mother's only care,
You praise her face—O, sir, she is
As good as she is fair:
My angel Jane is clever too,
Accomplishments I've taught her,
I'll introduce you to her, sir—
This is my eldest daughter!"

After luncheon, my brother proposed a ride to Captain Ormond, and I felt reconciled to a circumstance which two days before I had thought a great trouble—the temporary lameness of my horse, which

prevented me from using it. About half an hour after the departure of the equestrians, we were all assembled in the drawing-room, when a country neighbour, Mr. Burrows, was announced.

"I have just met your son, Mrs. Warwick," said he, "riding with a very handsome young man, whom he introduced to me as Captain Ormond; I know him very well by report—his father, Sir Terence, has just come into a fine fortune."

"He has," replied my mother, "and this young man appears well deserving of his prospects; he is remarkably well bred and amiable."

"I am glad to hear it," said Mr. Burrows, "for I have a very high opinion of the young lady whom he is engaged to marry."

"Engaged to be married!" exclaimed Arabella; "it is impossible."

"I do not know what private reasons you may have, Miss Arabella, for believing it impossible," said Mr. Burrows; but "I know it to be a positive fact. I dare say," he continued, addressing my mother, "you are acquainted with the family by name—the Mapletons of Hilbury—they live about twenty miles from hence."

My mother, too much overcome to answer, could only bow her head.

"Well," pursued Mr. Burrows, "he is recently engaged to Julia, the third daughter, a very pretty girl, with auburn ringlets, and a most delightful voice; she has no money, but Captain Ormond's father has sufficient for both."

"And are you quite certain that there is no mistake about this engagement?" asked Penelope.

"I cannot tell what makes you fair ladies so incredulous," replied Mr. Burrows; "but I have a letter from the young lady's father in my pocket, informing me of the engagement; so I think you will allow I am entitled to speak confidently on the subject."

Mr. Burrows shortly took his leave, and the smothered tide of family indignation then burst forth.

"I could not have believed it possible!" exclaimed Penelope.

"He has quite insinuated himself into our house under false pretences," said Arabella.

"I suppose he must stay till the end of the week," said my mother; "but I shall be very distant and cool in my manner towards him."

"Let us view the subject dispassionately," said my father; "I am just as vexed as any of you; but, after all, I do not know that we have much cause to consider ourselves aggrieved; we have only been acquainted with Captain Ormond one day, and it is not very surprising that he should not feel sufficiently intimate with us to confide to us an engagement which has been so very recently formed."

"He ought to have made it known to us the very first hour of his arrival," interrupted my mother.

"I do not think so," said my father; "I remember I was once staying at a country-house, and a young man arrived who immediately entreated the lady of the house to make known to her guests

that he was engaged to be married, in order that no false hopes might be excited in the minds of the young ladies by any courteous attentions that he might pay them. She did so, and he was quite sent to Coventry; everybody said he must be an affected coxcomb, who entertained an overweening opinion of his own fascinations, and expected all the world to do the same. We have no one to blame for our wrong impression concerning Captain Ormond; I am sure he has paid no attentions to Eva that Julia Mapleton herself could have objected to, if she had been endowed with the property of becoming invisible at pleasure; no harm has been done, and engaged young men must be permitted to live, breathe, and receive civil treatment, as well as disengaged ones."

"At all events," said my mother, "I suppose you do not expect Eva to curl her hair, and wear her best dresses, and fatigue herself with practising difficult songs while he stays?"

"Certainly not," replied my father; "I only expect Eva, and every other member of my family, to behave with the good breeding which has always characterised them. When Captain Ormond is married, we shall very likely find his wife a pleasant and desirable visiting acquaintance."

"And perhaps, after all," gently insinuated Penelope, "we may discover that the rumour of his engagement is unfounded."

"That is not at all likely," said my mother; "Mr. Burrows is far from having any addiction to tattle and misrepresentation; besides, I have more than once heard him say that he was in habits of intimacy with the Mapletons of Hilbury, and you know he had the father's letter in his pocket."

We dispersed to our several occupations. When my brother returned he was informed of the news of the morning, which elicited from him the vehement prophecy that "Eva would be an old maid after all!" and a decided change immediately took place in the manners of the family towards Captain Ormond. I do not mean to say that there was any coldness or rudeness attached to the change; good nature and good breeding alike forbade such an evidence of disappointment; but he was allowed to go out and come in when he pleased, no one seemed to know or care whether he took notice of me or not, and so far from seeing me exalted on a pedestal as the idol of my family, he beheld me treated with the occasional unceremonious freedom to which the daughter of even an affectionate family is very liable to be exposed. My father on one occasion brought in an account which he had desired me to cast up for him, and told me that I was very careless, and had made the sum total quite wrong. My mother, when I kept the carriage waiting a few minutes, informed me that I was getting more and more unpunctual and thoughtless, and my brother advised me to ask Miss Shelburne for the name of her dressmaker, saying that her gowns seemed to fit the shape a great deal better than mine. Arabella was again the good-humoured, sometimes saucy younger sister, and Penelope, the useful, worsted-winding, pattern-tacking cousin, and nothing more. Strange as it may seem, Captain Ormond appeared much happier than during the first day of his visit, and evidently liked me a great deal better; he walked with me, con-

versed with me, went out on sketching excursions with me, and even pleaded guilty to the accusation of a fine voice, and sang duets with me, occasionally diversifying the performance by single songs, which pleased my fancy much better than

“This is my eldest daughter, sir.”

He hourly gained ground in my good opinion; he was certainly not only “an eligible match,” but an accomplished and engaging young man. Captain Ormond had arrived on Thursday for a week’s visit; it was Wednesday evening, tea was over, we all strolled round the grounds, for since I had returned to white muslin dresses and braided hair, I had no finery to watch over, and was therefore permitted to enjoy the evening breezes, unchecked by my mother’s admonitions.

Captain Ormond and myself had wandered to some distance from the rest of the family; we passed into a meadow, the gate of which stood invitingly open. He offered me his arm, I accepted it, and made an observation on the beauty of the wild roses in the hedges. Captain Ormond did not reply to me.

“To-morrow,” he said, at length, “I leave this delightful place. I am a most unhappy being. I have given both Mr. and Mrs. Warwick a dozen hints to be asked to stay, but they have not been taken: to-morrow my short visit must end.”

“A week is indeed a short time,” I rejoined, feeling that I returned a very common-place answer, and yet doubtful what answer I could have made that would have been better.

“It is,” he answered, “and yet in some respects it is a long time, because it enables us to rectify first-formed opinions, which would have been very unjust and uncharitable. Will you forgive me, Miss Warwick, if I tell you that the first day of my arrival I did not like you at all? I thought you artificial, over-dressed, full of display, and the spoiled child of a family who were all so devotedly wrapped up in you that they overrated your good qualities beyond all the bounds of reason, and demanded that the rest of the world should perform a similar homage to you: can you pardon me for this?”

“Yes,” I said; and I mentally added, “I can very well pardon you, because your construction is a great deal more favourable to us than a real view of the case would have been.”

“One circumstance even now perplexes me,” said the captain; “after the first day you all seemed changed; your family became easy, natural, and unaffected, and you, Miss Warwick—how can I describe the delight that I have received from your accomplishments, your intellect, your excellence?”

I was on the point of disclaiming these compliments, but I remembered a maxim of Rochefoucault’s, “*Le refus des louanges est un désir d’être loué deux fois*,” and was silent. Captain Ormond continued, “Were you in London, I might hope to enjoy your occasional society; but now, how dreary and sad a prospect is mine to live for several months away from you!”

“It is lucky,” thought I, “that Julia Mapleton has not, according to my father’s idea, the power of rendering herself invisible at plea-

sure;" but, strange to say, instead of smiling at the fancy I had conjured up, the tears began to flow down my cheeks.

"Dearest Eva!" exclaimed Captain Ormond, "I cannot bear the sight of those tears; I cannot leave you unless absolutely and irrevocably banished from your presence by yourself and your relations. Do not forbid me to speak to your father this evening; let me tell him how much I admire and love you."

My cheek crimsoned at the insult.

"Is it possible," said I, "that you forget that you are an engaged man?"

"You seem to be deeply versed in my concerns," said Captain Ormond with a smile, "considering that I am such a recent acquaintance; nay, you know more of me than I do of myself. I assure you I am not aware that I am an engaged man."

"Are you acquainted with the Mapletons of Hilbury?" I asked, anxious to discover some misrepresentation in the statement of Mr. Burrows; "and do you not admire Julia, the third daughter, who has auburn ringlets, and a very fine voice?"

"You bring circumstantial evidence closely to bear upon me," he replied, again smiling, "and I cannot pretend to disprove it. I know the Mapletons of Hilbury, and I not only admire Julia, the third daughter, (whose ringlets and voice are accurately described in the indictment,) but I have a very sincere regard for her."

I indignantly detached my arm from his.

"Stay," he said, gently replacing it, "I think, as a countryman of mine once said, that I can satisfactorily refute the charge brought against me, by proving myself another person! I have a younger brother, who is in the army as well as myself; he holds the same rank, and consequently he is generally known as Captain Ormond; he is just engaged to Julia Mapleton, and although I will not tell you that you will find her so charming a young lady as yourself, I can venture to say that you will like her very much as a sister-in-law, should you ever decide on admitting her to that honour by accepting the offer of my hand."

I need not detail the rest of our conversation; in about an hour we returned home. My mother was in the hall.

"How can you stay out so late, Eva?" she said indignantly; "you will certainly take cold!"

Captain Ormond interrupted her by asking to speak in private with Mr. Warwick; she told him he would find him in the library, and then took her way to the drawing-room, followed by me, and saying angrily—

"I wonder what business engaged men have to want private interviews with fathers of families!"

I quickly reconciled her to the liberty Captain Ormond had taken, by informing her of his business; she eagerly embraced me.

"I congratulate you, dear Eva," she said, "on an alliance quite equal to my expectations for you, and I hope Arabella will profit by your good example; I must say, however, it is a wonder to me how the matter has been brought about!"

"So it is to me," said I; and I spoke with perfect sincerity.

"You certainly," continued my mother, "appeared to great advantage the first day, and part of the second; but, after the mistake into which we were led by that stupid Mr. Burrows, you were so inanimate, and indifferent, and careless, (not that I blame you for it, my dear, because I gave you permission to be so,) and we all made ourselves so dull and disagreeable, that I am sure we were enough to repulse any eligible match in the world."

Captain Ormond and my father now entered, both looking highly satisfied with the result of their conference, and the latter hardly able to contain the exuberance of his delight; he was at all times a good-natured man, but on the present occasion he was not contented to lavish his kindness on his wife, children, and future son-in-law, but actually went the length of caressing the lap-dog, and paying compliments to Penelope!

Captain Ormond was our guest during the remainder of the summer; his father gave a warm assent to his marriage, and we removed to London earlier in the winter than usual, for the purpose of buying wedding-clothes.

I was at the Pantheon Bazaar, purchasing some "lady trifles," when I descried Mr. Burrows at a little distance; I ran to him, shook hands with him cordially, and stood talking to him for some time, although he had never been a particular favourite of mine.

"What in the world, Eva," said my mother, when we were seated in the carriage, "could induce you to waste so much time prosing with that tiresome old man? I have hardly patience to look at him; he was very nearly the cause of depriving you of Captain Ormond's proposal."

I merely said I did not wish to slight an old neighbour; but in my heart I felt assured that I owed a peculiar obligation to Mr. Burrows; that his unintentional blunder had been the means of repairing those of my family, and that the disentanglement of my person, mind, and manners from their gala garb, and restoration to their easy every-day simplicity, had been the real cause of procuring for me all the happiness of an union of hearts, and all the advantages of "an eligible match!"

THE FALL OF A MODERN SEJANUS.

For a considerable period, the princes and great lords of the courts of France, as well as the old servants of the late king Henry IV., had loudly murmured against the unmeasured ambition and avarice of the Marshal d'Ancre. Concino Concini, the son of a notary of a petty Italian city, was married to Leonora Galigai, daughter of the nurse of Queen Marie of Medici's mother; and among the Italians who were brought to France in the train of that princess, when she was married to Henry IV., were Concini and his wife. The queen had become very much attached to them, and when her husband was assassinated by Ravaillac, and the parliament had conferred upon her the regency of the realm, she bestowed her entire confidence upon Concino Concini, investing him with the most honourable distinctions; and upon this obscure favourite were accumulated the highest and most important offices, and the administration of the government, which, by the patience and ability of Henry IV., had been rescued from the most terrible anarchy and disorder. Nevertheless, the queen-mother and the marshal's friends and confidants were aware that the horizon was darkening around him; without any certain indications, they were apprehensive of the plots and machinations of a haughty and high-spirited nobility, jealous of a stranger's authority; and though the young king's character was mild and timid, there was no little danger that he might be worked upon to consent to the downfall of his imperious minister. But the marshal, who had become more confident than ever in his good fortune, neglected all advice; and, in spite of the urgent solicitations of his wife, and the representations of his friends, he determined to remain in France, and hold his power to the last.

On the morning of Monday, the 24th of April, 1617, the king rose at a very early hour, having on the preceding evening announced his intention of going to the chase. A carriage drawn by six horses was waiting his presence; the ordinary officers of the household, and the *chevaux-legers*, were ready to attend him, and stood impatiently in the court of the Louvre, where they had been expecting for some time the signal of departure. Whenever an officer made his appearance in the square, the soldiers immediately formed in rank; but their array was only completed to be again disturbed, as the king was not yet ready; at one time it was said he was at breakfast, now that he was hearing mass, and again, that he had not finished his game of billiards. During all this time, Louis XIII. was walking in the great gallery with M. de Vitry and Colonel d'Ornano, and his hurried and disordered steps showed that he was under the influence of no common emotion.

"At all events, M. de Vitry," said the monarch, "I must enjoin you to keep my mother at a distance from me, for I do not wish to see her." Not that I fear her presence, or should be moved by her representations—but her grief and her tears would overcome me."

"Be it so, sire ; in less than an hour all shall be finished—" before he had completed the sentence, a gentleman entered hastily, and made a sign to M. de Vitry.

"Sire," resumed the latter, "the moment is at hand. I go to remove an obstacle which embarrasses your path."

"Go, then, M. de Vitry," replied the king ; "our royal father always found you brave and faithful, and his son has full faith that you will continue so to him. The service you are about to render me is greater than I can ever again require of you ; I thank you for your good will, and you may reckon upon our gratitude."

Vitry withdrew, and the king seated himself, until young Botru endeavoured to occupy his attention by conversation on all manner of subjects ; but the monarch made him no reply ; and to conceal the violent agitation under which he laboured, Louis XIII., busied himself with scraping a parchment with an ivory paper-cutter.

Laynes and M. de Vitry had made their arrangements the preceding evening, and it was agreed between them that the latter should take upon himself the task of getting rid of the Italian in the morning. He had posted several persons to watch the marshal's movements, and they were enjoined to inform him when the latter should arrive at the Louvre ; and he had stationed the Sieur du Hallier, his brother, with two or three men *d'exécution*, together with M. de Persan, in another place, with the same number of followers ; M. de Lachesnaye stood sentinel at the outer gate. De Vitry, after leaving the king, and while waiting for the signal, went and sat in the hall of the Swiss, on a soldier's chest, and chatted with the guards upon indifferent subjects. At ten o'clock, the marshal left his house to proceed to the Louvre, accompanied by fifty or sixty persons, who walked before him. He wore a doublet of cloth of gold in mohair, with a short cassock and breeches of a grayish and brown velvet, with large bows and rosettes of Milan. Few men of his age were handsomer than the favourite ; all his gestures were marked by grace and natural ease, and in the midst of the *cortège* which attended him he looked more like a royal prince than a courtier or an officer going to salute his king at his *levee*. Vitry, as soon as he was informed of the marshal's arrival, left the hall of the Swiss, with his cloak flung over his shoulder and his cane in his hand, and walked straight forward to the gate of the Louvre ; Du Hallier, Persan, and their men followed, and gathered round him, to the number of fifteen, in the passage between the lower court and the drawbridge. By degrees they worked their way through the crowd by which the marshal was surrounded, among whom were the Baron du Tour, Sardiny, Caisny, Lamotte, Bonœil, and others ; several of them stopped M. de Vitry to compliment him ; among others Caisny seized him by the arm, saying,

"Ah ! captain, you know the news ; the heretics have raised the standard of revolt in the south. The king goes to the chase this morning, does he not ? How fares his majesty ?"

"Very well," replied De Vitry, turning to his questioner, while the Marshal d'Ancre passed close by him without his noticing it. Continuing his progress, and not perceiving the object of his quest, he asked—

"My lord the marshal is ill, then, Monsieur de Colomby Cavigny?"

"Oh, no! M. de Vitry, there he is, right before you, reading a letter."

At these words Persan and Sarroque went and placed themselves behind the marshal, so as to separate him from his retinue. He was at this moment at the entrance of the inner bridge of the Louvre, and walked slowly onward, accompanied by the Sieur de Beaux-Amis Cavaigny, and was engaged in reading a despatch from the Sieur de Bétancourt, governor of the Chateau of Caen, apprising him of the assembly held in that city by the partisans of the reformed religion.

As soon as Vitry saw the marshal he went up to him, and took him by the arm, saying, "The king has ordered me to possess myself of your person."

"*A moi !*" exclaimed the marshal, stepping back a pace, and leaning against the barrier of the bridge.

"Yes, yes, *à vous*," was De Vitry's reply; then pressing upon him, he cried out, "Charge, comrades, charge!"

At that instant Du Hallier, Perré Guichaumant, Morsains, and le Buisson, rushed upon the marshal as they each discharged a pistol at him; two bullets hit the barrier, the others struck him in the head, between the eyes, in the throat, and in the cheek just below the right eye. Persan, Lachesnaye, Boyer, and others flung themselves upon the body, and Sarroque passed his sword through his breast. Taraud did the same, but the victim was already dead; at the first shot he fell on his knees and held by the barrier. Vitry, shouting *Vive le roi !* dealt him a blow on the head with his sword, which extended him on the ground.

Not one of those who formed the marshal's train thought for an instant of defending him; two only of his pages wept over his body, and for this act they were plundered of their cloaks and hats by the other pages and lackeys. Colomby, who had withdrawn at the report of the pistol-shots, had the curiosity, after the crowd was dispersed, to go close to the marshal's corpse, to ascertain whether he was quite dead, and actually handled the body; the face was blackened with powder and wadding, and the marshal's ruff was still burning like the lighted match of a firelock. The body was then carried into the guard-room, under the gate to the left as you enter the Louvre, and placed on the floor under a small portrait of the king.

The news of the marshal's death was quickly spread through Paris, where it was received with lively satisfaction. While the king and his confidants were busied in providing for the most urgent matters, and giving successors to the ministers who had been appointed by the queen at the recommendation of her favourite, and while Marie de Medicis employed every effort to regain with her son an authority which had slipped from her hands for ever, and perceiving her want of success, ordered the necessary preparations for her departure; the nobles, the citizens, the merchants, and lower classes, were occupied in discussing the downfall and death of the Italian; for his pride, his exactions, his avarice, his unlimited power, and, more particularly, his foreign origin, had united all classes against him. The sudden and

sanguinary catastrophe which had precipitated Concino Concini from the summit of grandeur, was the subject of conversation in every saloon, shop, and tavern ; but the popular hatred and vengeance were not yet appeased.

Very few persons had been witnesses of the marshal's death, and his body had been removed from the wrath of the people, who had not enjoyed the gratification of feeding their eyes with the sight of the punishment of their oppressor. Every one, therefore, made the most anxious inquiries respecting the place where the marshal's remains had been deposited ; but the most profound ignorance prevailed on this point.

A few days after this feat of De Vitry's, so boldly undertaken and so prosperously carried into effect, a couple of soldiers went into the church of St. Germain l'Auxerrois for the purpose of paying their morning devotions.

"Stop," said one to the other, "I think this must be the spot where we buried that rascal's body."

"Do you think so?" rejoined his comrade. "I am sure I should never know the place again, for it was such a dark night."

"I am certain," resumed the first speaker, "that this is the stone under which the devil is healing the brilliant Italian's wounds;" and so saying, the soldier examined with great care the spot where he fancied he had assisted in interring Concini.

"What are you looking for there, my masters?" inquired a cup-maker of the rue St. Denis.

"*Bourgeois*, I am searching for the stone beneath which the body of our Lord Concino is resting until the devils have settled their disputes about his soul."

"What! do you really know where the cursed Italian was buried?" was eagerly asked by a fishwoman, whose full and rubicund visage became still redder with anxiety and curiosity.

"Certainly, my beauty ; for I was one of those who buried him."

"My darling," said she, "if you will only show me the villain, you shall dine and drink to-day at my expense, and I will give you twenty kisses for your dessert."

"Thank you, old mother of frogs, but I won't tax your liberality so far. *Foi de Chrétien!* here he is—here he is!"

At this exclamation all the faithful who were at their devotions in the church hurried hastily towards the organ, surrounded the soldier, and plied him with questions. Some amused themselves by spitting on the stone, while others danced upon it, venting their rage by all manner of contemptuous and abusive expressions. The fishwoman, assisted by the soldier and other curious persons, scratched the cement of the pavement with her nails, until she laid bare the joinings of the stones. The priests, who came out of the sacristy to suppress the disturbance, and who bade them "avaunt, and not profane the Lord's sanctuary," were answered by the fishwoman, with "My lord the curé, and you my dear little abbés, we are the best and most pious of Christians, and we prove it by our desire to remove from this holy place the body of a sacrilegious sorcerer who was put to death by our good king's commands."

"Go hence, and respect the relics of the dead."

"Softly, softly, my worthy abbé; don't lose your temper. We have just taken the communion, and our soul is quite *en règle*. Leave us now, and go and join that procession; each to his work; so now, my friends, let us turn to ours. Holà, there! bring us some sticks to raise up these stones."

Instantly the benches and chairs were broken amid cries of *Vive le roi!* while a score of the bandits tore up the pavement, and began to remove the earth.

"It is all right, my darling, my love of a soldier. Victory! There are the wretch's feet. *Vive le roi!* Let's have some ropes to drag him out of his hole."

"There are just as many ropes as there are carts in this house," was the reply; to which she answered with a grin, "Run into the belfry, fools, and cut what you will find there."

The bell-ropes were soon cut, and before the body was thoroughly exposed, and the earth removed from it, they lifted it out by ropes, and each haul was followed by a shout of *Vive le roi!* At last they succeeded in dragging the body from its bloody grave. By this time the tumult had risen to such a pitch that it was altogether beyond the power of the clergy, who had returned from their procession, to repress it; and they were even prevented from saying mass in the church. The crowd increased every moment; and such was the anxiety to witness what was going on, that they climbed upon the tombs, and clung to the sculptured foliage on the capitals of the pillars. Several officers, who endeavoured to quell the riot, were compelled to desist by the angry glances of the mutinous multitude, and when the grand prévôt came up with his archers, he was greeted with hootings on all sides.

"What do you want here? Begone. Why should you wish to prevent our avenging ourselves after our own fashion? Keep off; if you stir a step towards us, we will bury you alive with your soldiers in the Italian's grave. Off, off! or follow us if you will."

"He made our dear little king suffer enough," exclaimed the fish-woman; "and he made us suffer too. The king is avenged; now it is our turn." She spoke true; the king had pulled down the stag; and the valets and dogs were now hurrying to the quarry.

At length they left the church, and dragged the body before the house of Barbin, the superintendent of the queen's household, where they stopped, and these brutal and ragged men howled out,

"Come, Master Barbin, come and see your worthy friend and patron the marshal. To the window, old scoundrel, come to the window!"

Barbin was forced to show himself, and some mischief must have happened to him, had not the archers who guarded his house protected him from the frenzy of the populace.

"To the Pont Neuf, to the Pont Neuf!" was now the general cry, and to that point the crowd bent its steps; but ceased not in its progress to insult the corpse with all manner of indignities—kicks, stones, and sticks. They stopped at the foot of the bridge before a gallows, which had been erected in that spot by the marshal's orders, to hang

up all those who should oppose his plans. Among the crowd now present were the lackeys of De Heurtevent, and of a gentleman called the Scotchman, who had been put to death by the marshal's direction; these men now came forward and proposed to hang the marshal.

"My fine fellows," called out a tall serving man, who had been in the marshal's household, and had only left it about three weeks, "*Monsiuro l' Italiano* threatened that he would have me hanged; permit me to have the honour of hanging the most glorious marshal; I claim the preference."

"That is but just," exclaimed the mob; and the body having been raised by the arms of the bystanders, and supported on their shoulders, the ruffian proceeded to suspend it by the feet.

"Comrades," said the tall lackey to a company of the body-guard who were passing over the bridge, "favour me with the loan of your belts, that I may bind the brigand securely."

Far from preventing the disgusting scene, the guards laughed heartily at the fellow's audacity, and one of them flung him the leather by which he slung his arquebuss.

After having hanged his old master, the tall lackey stood at the foot of the gallows; and, holding out his hat, asked the crowd to pay him fitting wages for so meritorious a job. They considered his demand so plausible, that in a minute or two his hat was filled with *sous* and *liards*, which every one, even to the poorest beggar, showered upon him; indeed, a mendicant, who had but one *sous* in the world, bestowed it upon him; so intense was the popular hatred of the Italian. During half an hour, the mob rushed upon the body hanging as it was, some of them striking it with their fists, many with bludgeons, knives, daggers, and swords; while others amused themselves by forcing out the eyes, and cutting off the nose, ears, arms, and finally the head. Tired of standing in one place, the ruffians untied the remnant of the body, and dragged it all through the city. The madness and intoxication of the people had now reached its utmost limit; and when they reached the *Rue de l'Arbre-Sec*, a man, dressed in scarlet, more furious than the others, flung himself upon the body, cut open the breast, plunged his hand in, and drew it out all bloody and dripping; he then put his fingers to his mouth, and sucked the blood and swallowed some of the flesh which he had torn away; while another monster, undeterred by the filthiness of the corpse, which had been dragged through every kennel of the dirtiest city in Europe, took the marshal's heart, cooked it upon some coals of charcoal, seasoned it with vinegar, and publicly ate it in the sight of many honourable persons, who witnessed the fiendish act from their windows.

From the *Rue de l'Arbre-Sec*, these monsters dragged the corpse to the *Place de Grève*, and hung it again upon a gallows, which had also been raised by the marshal; and there they tied to it a large doll, made out of his winding-sheet, to represent his wife, thus hanging her in effigy. Next they proceeded to the Bastille, where they tore out his stomach; from thence they ran to the *Faubourg St. Germain*, crossed the Pont Neuf again, burnt a portion of the body

before the statue of the late king, and then returned to the *Grève*, where they burned all that remained of Concini. The fire was made up of broken gallowses which they had met in their route, and which had been erected by the marshal's commands. When they perceived that the bones would not burn so rapidly as the flesh, they snatched them from the fire, broke them into small pieces, and flung them into the Seine. Some of the crowd, however, turned them to a better speculation, and next day sold the marshal's bones by the ounce, and at a very high price.

This was the end of Concino Concini, a marshal of France; and such were the frenzied ebullitions of a mob venting its rage upon the senseless relics of its master, before whom, but a few days back, it had grovelled like a whipped hound dreading a renewal of the scourge.

P*.

SONG.

WRITTEN IN THE GARDENS AT HAMPTON COURT.

BY MRS. CRAWFORD.

O COME with me, dearest! the daylight is fled,—
 Let us wander a while in this Eden of bloom,
 While the stars breathe their orisons over our head,
 And the night-gale is rife with the garden's perfume.
 O! 'tis sweet with the *one* that we doat on to rove,
 And to pause in a scene of Elysium like this:
 To mark the dear eyes that are beaming with love,
 And to win from the lip that breathes music, the kiss.

O come with me, dearest! the moon's tender light
 To fairy-land changes the landscape around,
 And the hush and repose of all nature to-night,
 Sheds a calm o'er my spirit, as soft as profound.
 Here forgetting the world, I could pass away time,
 In one pure golden dream of enchantment with thee,
 'Till our spirits together those bright hills should climb,
 And be blended in bliss with the holy and free.

THE EVENING VISION.

HERE are two letters which fell into my hands under rather curious circumstances, which it would take too much time here to relate; they were found, one in copy, the other in original, among the papers of a young German whom I knew well, and who died a year or two ago at Basle in Switzerland—that Basle in which Holbein lived a great many years ago, and in which he painted his ever-memorable Dance of Death, (the prototype of all subsequent “*danses Macabres*,”) upon sundry rough planks, combined into a kind of paling—a paling open to all the winds of heaven, and which, were it now in existence, would be worth its weight in gold.

This young German, Hermann Von G., was one of those earnest-minded men, of whom there are not very many in the present day—he was a long-haired, light mustachioed youth, with a tobacco-pipe sticking out of the front pocket of his extremely ill-fashioned coat, it is true—but these were mere conventional absurdities, which he could not very well escape, having been educated at Gottingen, and taken his decree in the *Burschenschaft* as other men of his age; but where he was unlike the common herd of bragging, swaggering, beer-drinking, *renowning*, students of his time, was in a certain quiet intensity of thought and action, which prevented him from ever leaving anything half done, and which caused him to follow up everything which he undertook, with a resolution that very generally carried him to the point at which he aimed. I have mentioned this peculiarity in his character, simply lest, after having read his letter, you should say he was but a dreamer and a visionary; if you please to think him such, I cannot hinder you from so doing, but at the same time you will have formed an extremely erroneous estimate of the man.

You must know, that after several years passed in the university I have before mentioned, during which he was much domesticated in the family of the celebrated professor Crump, (who had one only daughter, beautiful, I am told, as the *Blumine*, who so pleasantly yet wofully dazzled the intellect of Diogenes Tenfelsdröck, as Carlyle has told us in the most poetical of prose,) he was forced to retire for the sake of his health to the small town of Spangenberg, in the Lower Rhine, from whence is dated the epistle you are about to read.

“*Spangenberg, March 1, 1838.*”

“Lieber Freund,

“I have now been nearly three months in this town, and have pursued my studies with as much diligence as my health has allowed, never forgetting those lessons which were inculcated in me by you, during the pleasant time whilst I was under your care. I cannot say that the companions with whom I am here obliged to associate, at

all compensate to me for those whom I have left behind—more than all do I miss you, my dear friend and tutor, who, with an almost fatherly kindness, allowed me to consider myself as a son while under the roof of your hospitable abode—and also your fair and much esteemed daughter, the Fraulein Margaret, to whom I commend myself, by your permission, with all due sentiments of respect and regard.

“I must confess to you that my health has not of late improved as I could wish. I think the air of this place too keen for me. I have found also that, after long reading a kind of nervousness often comes over me—a feeling which I do not remember ever to have experienced until the last few months. During the moment of excitement which this nervousness produces, I have recourse to our old relaxation of smoking tobacco, which I find has a calming effect, and I also then solace myself with the perusal of those poets whom I was in the habit of reading aloud during those happy and bygone hours when I was seated by your fireside, with your deep-eyed daughter working at the little table before us. Apropos to your daughter, I must tell you, my friend, of a somewhat strange and startling incident which occurred to me the other night, and which I have examined by all the rules of philosophy, but which, nevertheless, I cannot explain. I mention it to you, as to one who has learning sufficient to search out those things which are hidden from the commoner race of men, and also as to a friend who, at all events, will not laugh at me, or call that folly, which is, however, strictly and uncompromisingly true.

“You must know, then, that on Friday evening last, it having been a very beautiful day, with an almost summer clearness of atmosphere, I was sitting in my chamber, reading Jean Paul, (being utterly fatigued by several hours’ hard study,) and inhaling a fragrant cloud from the *meerschäum* you were kind enough to present me with on the day when we parted at the gates of Göttingen; when coming to a certain passage descriptive of a shady garden at evening tide, where ‘the moon was sleeping as a dead one, and beyond the orchard the sun’s red evening clouds had fallen like summer rose leaves, and the evening star, the bridegroom of the sun, hovered like a glancing butterfly above the rosy red, depriving no single starlet of its light,’ I was not unnaturally carried away by my imagination, and transported in fancy to our little summer-house just beyond the walls of *Georgia Augusta*;^{*} when, letting the book drop upon my knee, I fell into a deep and unprofitable, though not unpleasing reverie, in which many mornings and evenings of pleasure were traced back in glowing colours upon my heart, and the memory of words, which will not be forgotten until my dying day, passed with a soothing influence over me, and I felt once more as I was wont to feel when, after wishing you and your daughter good night, I used to seek my quiet lodging over the good gardener Müller’s, there to slumber with scarce a dream.

I sat for a considerable time, having allowed my pipe to go out, whilst gradually the impressions I have described to you faded away from my mind, and a kind of vague and undefined sadness stole over my bosom, and usurped their place. The fire had burned rather low, and as I gazed listlessly upon it, the embers—(for you know, my es-

^{*} Georgia Augusta; i. e. the University of Göttingen.

teemed friend, that my early residence in France has inspired me with a hatred for stoves of every description)—the embers, I say, took all sorts of fantastic shapes, some of which were curious to a great degree, and struck me so forcibly that I cannot refrain from mentioning them to you.

"In the first place, I saw a form resembling that of a woman dressed in flowing garments, who, as the flame flitted and flickered about her, seemed to wave her hand as though beckoning to me, and while I looked with a feeling of curiosity and wonder at the accuracy of the representation, it suddenly fell away, and nothing remained but the dark mouldering logs of wood which hissed upon the hearth. I took the tongs and built the fabric up again, and presently a sprightly flame sprang up in the chimney; but while I sat with my eyes fixed on this, the cunning hand of fancy carved out for me other forms yet more singular and perfect than those I had seen before. This time I perceived a great many figures, all dressed in the same loose garments as the one I had previously seen; these appeared to be walking two and two, and holding each other by the hand, and to be following a number of men, four of whom carried something which I could not make out, between them, while first of all marched a priest who bore a cross. I will not conceal to you, my dear friend, that a species of nervous feeling came across me as this vision flitted, or I should rather say swept, slowly before my sight; I, however, attributed it to having remained too much at home all day, and so, rising from my chair, I determined, although it was late, to go forth and breathe the fresh air of the Market Platz, for half an hour or so, before I retired to my bed.

"With this intention I reached down my cap and cloak, and was about to open the door, when suddenly I felt a kind of *waff* upon my cheek, as if something had rapidly passed me. I paused and turned round, but could see nothing, and at that moment the only candle which was burning on my table went out, and I was left in total darkness; for, although it was a moonlight night, my window curtains were closely drawn around.

"I slowly walked across the room to the window, and put my hand upon the curtain to draw it back, when I heard in the direction of the fire-place what sounded to me like a faint sigh. I threw back the blind, and as the full rays of the moon streamed into the apartment, I distinctly saw a white figure seated upon the very chair which I had just left—it was a female figure; the face I could not see, for it was hidden between both the hands, but what struck me forcibly was, that on the forefinger of the right hand was a green ring, precisely similar to that which you, my dear professor, allowed me to place upon your daughter's finger on the day when I left your kindly roof.

"I may confess to you, although I would do so to no one else, that a thrill of fear shook me to the very heart's core. I tried to speak, and I called '*Gretchen!*' I know not why, but that name was the first which came to my lips: the figure moved—it did not take away the hands, which prevented my seeing the features, but it rocked itself to and fro, as though in grief, and by the convulsive motion of the shoulders and bosom I saw that she was weeping bitterly.

“ ‘*Gretchen!*’ said I again; and then she rose, and, dropping her hands, came towards me. She had the features of your daughter, but pale and attenuated. I was rooted to the spot. She came close to me, and laid her finger upon my arm. “My father will send you back this ring,” she said, pointing to it, “when I am gone. Give it not to any other, but keep it for my sake.”

“I tried to take the hand which was held out to me, but it eluded my grasp, the sound of the clock striking an hour made me start and turn my head; when I looked again, nothing met my eyes save the still smoking candle on the table, the empty tea-cup from which I had been sipping my evening beverage, and my book which had fallen on the floor. I shook myself, and tried to believe it was all a dream, a delusion of the heated imagination, and I partially succeeded. I went out and walked for a time, and the cool air was pleasant to my forehead; I felt, however, a strange dread of returning to my chamber, and I actually had the weakness to spend the remainder of the night at an inn in the adjacent street.

“The next morning I returned home, and smiled at the folly of the night before; but I will confess to you that I have sometimes since felt uneasy when, the studies of the day over, I have sat alone by my fireside, and memory (despite of my efforts) has retraced the scene of that evening.

“I must now apologize to you for having detained you by so long and so dull an epistle, but, knowing the kindness of your disposition, I do not despair of being forgiven. Place me, I beseech you, at the feet of your all-fair daughter Margaret, whom I hope soon to see in more real form than I did a few nights since. I am, my dear friend and professor, ever your devoted disciple,

“HERMANN VON G.”

REPLY OF PROFESSOR CRUMP TO HIS FRIEND AND PUPIL.

Göttingen, March 2, 1838.

“Weep with me, Hermann—I am bereaved of all that remained to cheer me in my old age. My daughter was taken ill last week, and, after much suffering, she departed this life on Friday night, the 27th ultimo. She died as the clock struck ten; with her last breath she spoke of you, and willed that I should return you the betrothal ring which you gave her at parting, and trusted that you would keep it in memory of her.

“Come to me, that we may weep together over the fair, the innocent, the beautiful—over her who is gone before, and who, in the empty dusk, remains a pure angelic figure, godlike, and mounting to the godlike, where she will hover, beckoning us to mount to her.

“Thy friend in sorrow,

“CRUMP.”

Z.

LORD KILLIKELLY.¹

BY ABBOTT LEE.

MORNING after morning found Wickham lolling on the yellow damask sofa in Belgrave Square, until there fell a visible shadow on the bright surface, gradually imparted from the dye of his dark coat, and something like a shade of the same cloudy colour might possibly have been seen by anybody who possessed good eyes, faintly contracting on comely Mrs. Hamilton's smooth brow. We know of nothing which more marks a man's acceptance with the ladies of a dwelling than toleration for sofa lounging; if this is permitted him, it is the climax of favour; he may do anything else in the wide field of impertinence which his heart can fancy; but woe to the luckless wight who presumes to elongate his limbs without the leave and license of the lady's smile.

For the first week nothing could be sweeter than Mrs. Hamilton's smiles, and nothing more cordial than Mr. Hamilton's shake of the hand, and nothing more agreeable than Arabella's sympathy; and whilst Wickham helped her to wind silks, and turned over the leaves of her music-book, it never came into his head that there were other things in the world worth doing. On the eighth day Mrs. Hamilton's smile was a shade less bright, and Mr. Hamilton's hand gave one degree of pressure less; on the ninth symptoms increased; on the tenth worse still; on the eleventh came inquiries, whether Wickham had not yet reconciled himself to his uncle; on the twelfth wonder: on the thirteenth no smile from Mrs. Hamilton of any kind or degree, and forgetfulness to shake hands at all from Mr. Hamilton; on the fourteenth "not at home!"

Wickham had hitherto been either blessed or afflicted with mental blindness, but a sort of sickening sensation came over him as he turned from the door that had so often opened joyously for his reception, and he caught a glimpse of Arabella kissing her hand to him, and with a handkerchief at her eyes, from an upper window. He turned away with a staggering step, and at that moment the veil was drawn from the face of the world, and for the first time he saw its features fairly. Alas for the blasted eye and the withered heart which follow that first searing glance!

Wickham went to his hotel: the waiters bowed as low, but he fancied that there was a supercilious impertinence lying latent in the expression of their faces, and he threw the door of his apartment to with a violence that made the room rock again. Wickham cast himself once more upon his sofa, buried his face within his hands, and then *thought*. Thought, the bliss of the happy and the torment of the lost, how entire is thy dominion over us! Who can escape?

Many dark imaginations passed across Wickham's mind: the blackest was a picture of himself, the spoiled child of opulence turned on a moment's notice loose upon a world, in which a peasant or a

¹ Continued from vol. xxviii. p. 441.

pedler was of more utility. He was here penniless and alone ; destitute and deserted, in something less than three weeks' time. He knew that he might still count upon the peer, not only for subsistence but for affluence, but then could he condescend to receive assistance from his hands? No, pauperism were far preferable. And was it possible he could pass from the ranks of splendid and luxurious idleness into the plebeian classes who have to earn the bread they eat? For a moment Wickham thought of shooting himself, and something like a feeling of demoniacal satisfaction passed across him at the idea of the anguish his uncle would feel, and the remorse that the Hamiltons would suffer. This train of imagination gave place to a more healthy frame-work; there came across his meditations a more vigorous energy, a wakening up of better purposes. Should he not rather strive after an honourable independence? Were his intellects worse, or his capabilities less, than those of other men? Why should he lie down and die, rather than live and force others to honour him? Why should he leave it to be said, that at the first strain his manly resolution failed him, and he was that poorest of all dastards, a mental coward?

That watchword to the spirit of a man roused Wickham from his couch, and sent the indignant blood up into his face. A change had passed across him, and he was no longer the trifler at a lady's elbow, or the nerveless slave of his own luxuries. Something like the pleasure of excitement entered into him; for the first time throughout his life, he breathed with a healthy energy, and was conscious of an honest and honourable purpose.

Wickham's dinner was announced: he had determined that it should be the last time he would sit down to so profuse a board. He remembered Abernethy's charge to his gouty patient, "Live upon sixpence a day—and *earn* it;" and he recollected how the poet peer had practised what the doctor had only preached. He now sat down to his three covers and his claret, with something like a calculation that, had their cost been divided according to one of the good old rules of arithmetic, it would have furnished him with the subsistence money of many days. Notwithstanding these considerations, Wickham took his seat with an air of self-respect, that, through some curious mental chemistry operating upon the minds of his attendants, was from them reflected back again, and the difference of his manner being noted, it was circulated through the establishment, just as Wickham dismissed his soup, that he was once more reconciled to his uncle, the right honourable Lord Killikelly, &c. &c. &c.

Wickham dined, took one glass more than was his average of his customary claret, and then retired to his dressing-room. There, being determined to look his enemies in the face, (what greater enemies can we have than debts?) he resolutely examined all those formidable bills which he had before so resolutely shut his eyes upon. Here he preached himself a little lecture on the folly of anticipating incomes, (people always do when it is too late,) which was rather a contradiction to his former views on the subject, having regularly before congratulated himself on his wonderful prudence in managing his income with such extraordinary economy as to make the incoming

quarter's allowance pay the outgoing quarter's debts, and leaving him thus never much more than half a year behind hand. Wickham having made himself tolerably well acquainted with the sum-total of his disagreeable involvements, laid them aside for future consideration, not being able, at the moment, to conjure up any mode of dismissing them summarily; he then wrote that short note to Lord Killikelly, which our readers have already seen, declining to subsist upon his generosity since he had forfeited his affection, and having very vigorously gone through these two tasks, braced himself up to an even greater effort for the third.

With his card-purse Wickham had found three or four valuable rings, which had been carelessly thrown into his dressing-case; these, with the diamond which he usually wore, his diamond studs which he happened to have on, and a watch and seals which had made him the envy of many a hopeful youth, he now formed into a little packet, and then, with a mixture of the feelings of shame and degradation covered over with an air of the most offensive pride, he sallied forth to the shop of some jeweller, where he hoped not to be known, to sell—ay, to *sell*, ugly word,—his bauble playthings for actual subsistence.

Nothing could have proved that Wickham, in the midst of his wide acquaintanceship, had not formed one real friendship, more convincingly than his present choice of action. So far from seeking the sympathy and assistance of any of his *clique*, his pride impelled him to keep entirely aloof from them. The suddenness of the change in the circumstances of the pampered spendthrift was the saving clause for his character; it was a blow from affluence to penury, rousing the latent energies of his character, and not debasing it by the slow process of gradual humiliations, in which, through feebleness, the mind sinks into meanness. Wickham was now placed in an essentially new position of life by a sudden revolution in his destiny, in which all his slumbering capabilities were loudly called upon to awake to his assistance.

Wickham's brow burned with his hot blood, as he forced his unwilling footsteps to turn into the jeweller's shop, and his spirit rebelled when he commanded himself to go through the beggarly office of bartering the toys of his prosperity for a sum so paltry in his appreciation. But the thing was done, and Wickham walked out of the shop with something rather better than two hundred pounds in his pocket, and mightily glad that it was over.

Wickham had laid his plans; he determined to enter himself and study law. He cared not how he laboured; his chief object was to withdraw himself from all society; he was now quite disgusted with the world; and, with that feeling strong upon him, he was resolved to find out its most disagreeable corner, and to become a martyr forthwith.

With this agreeable preference in view, Wickham wandered through some of the darkest courts in the Temple, and seeing, by the favour of the failing light, a half-faded and half-dirty pink embossed board, on the centre of which was shining forth, in letters of gold, as such things ought to be written, in only half-tarnished splen-

dour, the benevolent announcement that there really were "Lodgings to be let," he looked at the house, and seeing that some of the casements were blocked up, and some of the panes broken, and some of the bricks loose, and all the paint dirty, and that the steps had not lately been outraged by the audacity of a broom, Wickham thought that it exactly came up to his idea of a fit place for martyrdom, and accordingly knocked at the surly, black-looking door.

When we tell our readers that the fat, fair, and something more than forty, lady, who had the terrestrial honour and glory of presiding over this establishment, was none other than Mrs. Cavanagh, they will be prepared for the beauty of a maid that opened to him the door. Wickham was quite struck with the specimen, the class of slipshods and dirty caps being new to him. Having signified his wish to see the "apartments that were to be let furnished," the maid put him into the little back parlour, whilst she ran up stairs in a great hurry to put a few trifling things away that happened just at that time to be thrown about, and to wipe a few inches of dust from the tables, and Wickham was thus left to amuse himself with his own thoughts, and to admire the elegance of the threadbare drugget, and the broken network of the cane-bottomed chairs, until she returned to usher him to the greater splendours of the two-pair.

Things were going on differently in the front parlour. A small round table was standing in the centre of the room, and on it a fragment of Cheshire cheese, some coarse crusts of a quartern loaf, a mixture of crumbs, two or three plates that had done duty, of different sizes, an empty pewter pot, and a bottle of cognac. The tablecloth, being none of the whitest in the world, bore marks of industry in its calling, and, having seen many encounters, could not be supposed to have escaped without some of the stains of topaz-mustard spots and ruby pickled cabbage. Mr. Lucius Elphinstone was sitting on the right hand of Mrs. Cavanagh. The havoc he had made on the bread and cheese was as ample as his valorous assaults on the pewter pot; which having drained to the dregs, he relinquished for an encounter on the French brandy.

"Now, widow," said Mr. Lucius, "just this one thimble full, to tell me if the flavour is the thing. Just the weest little wee drop. I know you are a judge."

"O no, now, indeed I can't. *I* take brandy! La, Mr. Lucius."

"Only this little wee, wee drop, widow. Come, just 'kiss the cup to make it blessed,' widow. There now, there's a kind widow. My love to you, widow."

Mr. Lucius drank *l'amour*. "Well, it is very passable indeed. Don't you think it very tolerable stuff?—good stuff, I may say."

"Yes, indeed, you may say that."

"A drop of good stuff!" said Mr. Lucius, with an emphatic action of the lips.

"Where did you get it, Mr. Lucius?"

"Ah! are you there, widow? What, curious? Want to know everything. Curiosity, thy name is woman, as the old song says."

"I don't want to know any of your secrets, Mr. Lucius," said Mrs. Cavanagh, with a toss of the head.

"But you shall know them all. I tell you everything. Why, you must know it was brought over—hum—you understand me. To do those French fellows justice, they do make the thing capital—and it was got over by a friend of mine. Hark you, widow—I don't mind telling you—but I must whisper it—I shouldn't like anybody else to hear."

"Smuggled!"

"O fie, widow!"

"O fie, Mr. Lucius!"

"It is the thing, isn't it? Quite up to the mark?"

"Very fine flavoured indeed."

"You shall have just another thimble full."

"Stop, stop, Mr. Lucius. There now, you've nearly filled the glass."

"Don't be so squeamish, widow. It's only between ourselves; but you ladies are so nice. Come now, give it another sip, and then I'll show you something else. You have such a refined taste, that I want to ask your opinion—and mind you give it me candidly. Now here it comes."

Mr. Lucius dipped his hand into his pocket, and drew out a tailor's pattern card. "No, that's not it. But by-the-bye I may as well consult you about that too, you have such good taste. A sensible man always consults a lady about his dress. Women are by far the best judges; and, for my own part, I don't care how I look in any eyes but yours, my dear widow. So now choose me a coat, and then I shall know that there will not be another coat like it in the world."

Mrs. Cavanagh looked a little suspiciously at the pattern card; but on consideration, not being able to see how the coat could be brought to be fixed upon herself, she laid her finger upon the brightest plum colour, and gave out her fiat that that was the prettiest shade.

"And now, my dear widow,—you have such taste—just a little wee drop more of the cognac. Now do—don't say no—would you be so very kind—you have always such a sweet temper—just to order it for me of that tailor fellow? Do you know, my dear widow, that the stupid animal won't believe the immense value of my estates in the north—as if the word of a gentleman ought ever to be doubted. I have a great mind to cut him up into shreds with his own shears. But I won't—for your sake I won't. But *you* know that I wouldn't deceive him, widow. You know that I'd scorn it. So now, my dear angelic creature, will you just order the fellow to do his duty, and make me this coat? and you can put it down in the bill, and I'll set it all right with my first rents; that I will, you may depend upon it."

"Couldn't, Mr. Lucius, couldn't think of such a thing. I'm only a lone woman, and have nobody to care for me—nobody to help me."

"Don't wound my feelings in that way, widow, I can't bear it—I

can't indeed. You cut me to the soul. Nobody to care for you, whilst I am alive? O widow!"

Mr. Lucius took out his coloured cotton pocket-handkerchief, and had it ready to put to his eyes, wishing all the while that it had been a silk one, while Mrs. Cavanagh did not very well know whether or not she was particularly unfeeling.

"But it's no matter," said Mr. Lucius, with a sigh of resigned tenderness. "I wish you to take all I have, but I want nothing of you—no, nothing. And here is what I was going to show you before—a very trifling mark of the entire respect, to say nothing of my feelings, with which I do now, and always have, and always shall, regard you—let you treat me as you may. I hope that I am wholly disinterested. I should like to see anybody that would charge me with selfishness, and I'd show him—yes—that I would—that's all."

Mr. Lucius opened a red-morocco paper box, and held up a mosaic gold chain almost as large as a ship's cable.

"Is this pretty, widow? Is this the thing?"

"O beautiful! delightful! splendid!"

"You have such taste. Pray take it, and let it hang round your dear neck. It is a mere trifle—quite unworthy your acceptance—a mere thirty guinea weight—to be sure, they say that the fashion makes it worth twenty guineas more, but what of that between us, widow? If I could coin my heart, wouldn't it all be yours?"

"O Mr. Lucius, what a splendid present! And is it really real gold?"

"Do you think I would insult you with trumpery mosaic? I hope I have the spirit of a gentleman, and when I get my estates in the north, you shall see. Be so kind as lift your elbow from off the patterns of that fellow who is himself made up of shreds and patches—that bit of a trumpery tailor. I want nothing of him—nothing from anybody. Take the chain, and be so kind as to lift up your arm, widow."

"No, you may leave the patterns, and I'll see about it, Mr. Lucius."

"No, thank you, Mrs. Cavanagh; I don't wish to be under any obligations to anybody. I hope that I have the spirit of a gentleman, and people will believe that I am one when I come into my estates in the north."

"I'll order the coat, Mr. Lucius."

"No thank you, I won't trouble you. I want a whole suit, and I may as well order them of somebody else altogether. I only thought to patronize the man, because you recommended him, widow. But I hope that I have an independent spirit—I hope I am above mercenary obligations from any one—I *hope* I am."

"I'll *choose* them for you, Mr. Lucius; the whole suit."

"Ah, you dear widow! Well, if you will *choose* them, that is quite another thing. I could not be so ungentlemanly as to refuse submitting to a lady's choice. I know you have such good taste, widow. I know you have, so I leave it all to you. But mind, every farthing of it is to go down into the bill—every farthing; mind that I have an independent spirit of my own, and I'll show it."

Meanwhile the maid having shown Wickham the two-pair-of-stairs apartments, which were to be let furnished, and they having received his approbation, being really quite as disagreeable as he could desire, now ushered him down again, and introduced him into Mrs. Cavanagh's presence, who, being rather struck with a certain air of style and fashion which marked his manner and appearance, thought that she might fairly ask him half as much more than she might have done a less pretending looking personage, and Wickham, never dreaming of making bargains, only negotiated for immediate occupation.

Mrs. Cavanagh immediately acceded, descanting on the perfect good order as well as elegance of the apartments, and on the good airing in which she always kept her beds; and Wickham, having listened as long as he had patience, and something longer, departed.

"Should have had a reference, widow—should have had a reference—something suspicious about that young man."

"I had no reference with you, Mr. Lucius," said Mrs. Cavanagh.

Mr. Lucius Elphinstone was silenced, and the "suspicious-looking young man" went back to his hotel.

Wickham's first act was to discharge his bill; his second was to summon his servant, to pay him his arrears of wages, and to dismiss him also. A month back Wickham would have thought it impossible that he could have dispensed with the services of this faithful and affectionate creature, but the change in his fortune had acted with a curious degree of soberization upon the ardour of the man's attachment; and if Wickham did heave a sigh at their separation, it was rather one of disappointment at poor human nature, than of regret for that one individual instance of mortification.

These things being done, Wickham directed his carpet-bag, his dressing-case, and his portmanteau, to Mrs. Cavanagh's house, and despatched them there; after which he walked somewhat slowly, sadly, and proudly down the noble flight of the grand staircase of the hotel, received the final bows of the waiters, passed through the hall, descended the outward steps, and in a few moments more was mingling in the stream of busy life that rushes through our streets, with a feeling of such loneliness as those who dwell in deserts can never know. There is no solitude like that of being among a crowd, without the notice or the care of one of its single souls.

CHAPTER XXVII.

Night sits in judgment over the actions of the day. Our bed is but a nightly grave, where the soul, in all its consciousness, reviews the doings of the day. Just such a difference as there is between walking over the mangled and the gory field of the slain, and the mad fury of the combatants in the full tide of the battle, exists in the contrast betwixt thinking over our actions and doing them.

Walter Wickham laid his head with loathing and disgust upon the pillow of his French bed, on the first night of his domiciliating at Mrs. Cavanagh's. If anybody wished for a good wholesome purgatory, in which they might think over their sins without danger of falling asleep upon the subject, certainly a disagreeable bedroom is the place. Walter Wickham having prescribed the

sort of discipline for himself, and being particularly desirous of achieving martyrdom, felt that he had abundant occasion to congratulate himself on the efficiency of the means which he had chosen to attain its honours, and there he lay pondering over the past, nauseating the present, and soul-sick at the prospect of the future.

The hours dragged on as if Time had hardly strength to move their ponderous leaden weights along with him, and morning broke in smiles of mockery over the pyramids of red chimney-pots, and hills and dales of vulgar tiles, and the rivulets of leaden gutters, just when Walter Wickham began to conclude that some fresh prodigy of nature, some other Joshua-like arrest upon our planet, was keeping the dear sun out of sight; the sarcasm of its smile convinced him of the contrary, as it glanced over the walls and garniture of his chamber. Everybody knows what an excellent appraiser is the sun, showing up everything at its true worth. Wickham saw at once that he was even worse housed than by candle-light had seemed possible: the black worm-eaten floor, the jaundiced paint, the ceiling interlined with miles of meandering cracks, his dislocated rush-bottomed chairs, his cracked looking-glass, his broken ewer, his snapped water-bottle, his wash-stand with three-quarters of the paint rubbed off, the dirty slovenly carpet laid all awry, the torn and faded hangings of his French bed, and the clothing of his couch, suggesting as forcibly as possible the idea that it had been washed in mud;—all these various agreeablenesses of accommodation, embellished by layers of dust which had been precipitated in the fourteen days during which Mrs. Cavanagh's second floor had remained empty, presented themselves to Wickham's eye in all the honesty of daylight; upon which he, not liking the inventory, and being unable at that moment to run away, could think of nothing better than shutting his eyes, which he did; and, lo! worn out by his own thoughts, he actually fell asleep, after all, without the least premeditation.

How long Wickham slept, of course he never knew, being minus his watch, but he was woke by a very emphatic knocking of knuckles against his door, and a "Please, sir, you haven't put your boots out," in the sweet cadence of Mrs. Cavanagh's maid. Wickham's first impulse was to put out his hand to ring his bell, but not being able to find a cord very readily which did not exist, he began to come to a sense of his condition. He glanced once more around his room, but it was with something like a renovated energy.

"Poor, despicable—well, then, I will despise it," muttered Wickham. "I will work my own own way out of it all. Stowell, Lyndhurst, Brougham—yes, they got on—and I will be one of the law lords yet."

This resolution enabled Wickham to dress without his servant, and gave him quite a soldier-like courage in his attack on his breakfast: that, however, baffled all his bravery. He could neither coax himself nor bully himself into swallowing a second mouthful. The tea must have done duty before—the water had never boiled—the butter was execrably salt and rancid, and the whole thing unpardonably abominable; neither was the aspect of the equipage more inviting;

his cup was cracked and creased; his teapot of black, uncleaned, discoloured metal that had lost its shape and symmetry, as well as being battered, sunken, and one-sided, and with a dislocated handle; his teaspoon had once been plated, but the silver had all departed; his green-handled hack of a knife might by good luck have carved butter, but it certainly could not have dissected anything more caoutchoucish, whilst the tablecloth, on which these elegancies and luxuries reposed, was of a very chaste, soft, no-colour, such as artists praise in painting, but likewise exactly such as good housewives hold in abomination.

The power of custom, by that might of law with which a merciful Deity has invested it, brought Wickham down, in the course of a fortnight's time, to something like a toleration of the manners and horrors of his bachelor's establishment. At the end of that period he began to sleep in his disagreeable French bed; he became accustomed to his own distorted visage, as he looked upon it in the ugly cracked glass; experience told him on which of the broken chairs it was safest to sit, and he sometimes forgot to notice the mutilated condition of the appurtenances of his toilette. He had learned to put out his own boots to be cleaned, and to tie up his own linen to be washed, and he had been brought by starvation to eat the mutton-chop cooked by Mrs. Cavanagh's *cuisinière*, and to drink the cup of coffee which he had substituted for his infusion of double-dried tea-leaves, and to swallow his roll unpolluted with the offensive butter; and as more of the blessed days of life passed on, he was becoming more beaten down into his destitution, more cast into his state, more moulded into his condition. A something between doggedness and apathy, and a stolid determination to persevere in his pleasureless course of life, occasionally broken up by some sudden burst of the loathing spirit in which he was, startled into a deeper and more abhorring consciousness of disgust against everything that surrounded him, and despair of future amelioration or deliverance; seasons in which the spirit was almost broken down, and the soul drooped, and the heart fainted; in which the world seemed a prison-house, and life but the galling, corroding chain.

Still, through all, Wickham persevered. He worked on through the seasons of the grinding down of his mind; and though the clouds and tempests of his excited passions sometimes hid the object he was striving to attain, and the motives which were impelling him on, yet when the storm lulled into the stagnant calm, he laboured on again in the doggedness of unshaken resolution. He surrounded himself with law-books, and in the perusal of their dusty pages Walter Wickham, the man of fashion and refinement, the gay companion of the dinner-table, the ladies' favourite, and the flutterer through every festive scene, gradually lost his style as well as his buoyancy, the change of mind operating on the body with its own unerring power; his complexion faded into sallowness, his hair grew into neglected wildness, his eyes became glassy and sunken, his hands thin and bony; he acquired a stoop in his shoulders, and his walk was languid and listless. He spoke seldom, and his words were few and his voice low; and

his garments, keeping pace with his bodily depression, grew threadbare and rusty: altogether poor Wickham might well be said to be "out of suits with fortune."

We wonder if any of our own readers have dragged themselves through the perusal of a certain number of musty, fusty, dusty, jaundiced, time-stained, yellow-faced, wrinkled, worm-eaten, old law-books. If they have, they will know that reading without interest, when the understanding is obliged to brace itself up for the task, and does it on compulsion, is the most fatiguing of all labour. The slave in the burning field of his toil knows no such weariness, the thong at his back does not cut half so deeply as the lash of necessity. Wickham had been thus studying; he had looked upon the six-and-twenty signs of our being a thinking people, until they had trooped themselves into every grotesque combination, and danced before his eyes like little Bedlamites; and with a throbbing and a heated head, and fluttering and palpitating heart, accompanied by a certain difficulty of breathing, Wickham leant back in his hard and uneasy chair, and desisted from his labours through sheer inability to continue them.

"Please, sir, missus's compliments, and will you come down to tea?"

Thus broke in Mrs. Cavanagh's maid upon Wickham's interregnum.

Now Wickham had hitherto declined all his obliging hostess's invitations, as well as all Mr. Lucius Elphinstone's advances to intimacy and friendship; he had recoiled from these associations as much as he had been disgusted with the accommodations of his dwelling; but as sheer hunger had starved him down into eating, so now something like the discipline of solitary confinement subdued him into an idea that any company was better than no company at all, and he therefore, to the great wonderment of the maid, signified his intention of descending into the lower atmosphere of the regions of Mrs. Cavanagh's parlour.

The annunciation of this piece of condescension being conveyed to Mrs. Cavanagh's front parlour, affected the congregation there in different ways, though we suppose that we should first have intimated the different members who were forming the female parliament there assembled. The lady hostess had been taken quite by surprise by her company, and had, therefore, only had time to slip on another cap, and tie on a dress apron ornamented with pockets and trimmed with lace; and her company consisted of fat Mrs. Phillicody and her daughter Phœbe, together with Sophy Snookes and Veronese Rowland, these ladies being out on a shopping expedition, for the purpose of purchasing wedding finery for the fair daughter of the Phillicodys. There had been a question among the committee, whether it would be wise and well to have city or west-end fashions, and the matter was most sagely considered if so be the style of the bonnets in St. Paul's Church-yard could possibly be equal to those in Regent Street, and whether or not Ludgate Hill could emulate Piccadilly; Mrs. Phillicody voted strongly for the city, secretly opining that it was cheaper, while Sophy detested the vulgarity of the city, and thought the rival dynasties on the opposite sides of the Regent Circus the *ne plus ultra* of fashion. Veronese was perfectly passive, and the bride elect

gave the casting voice in favour of the city, for all sorts of robes and ribbons, and muslins and millinery, and silks and shoes, with the few trifling etcetera of laces and flowers, and fans, and fine linen, and frills, and dimities, and parasols, and nets and gauzes, and satins and satinets, and satin turks, and palmerines, and pomeranias, and Scotch cambrics, and French cambrics, and Swiss cambrics, and gros-de-naps, and gros-de-zans, and levantines, and lutestrings, only reserving the honour of supplying the crown-matrimonial bonnet for the west end; and the quartetto had accordingly been rummaging over the whole of Ludgate Hill and St. Paul's Churchyard in search of these few indispensables towards making married life as happy as possible; and Mrs. Phillicody, being always a manager, had thought it an exceedingly good idea to pop in upon Mrs. Cavanagh, and beg a cup of tea on their road home, as they were all fit to drop into the earth with fatigue; and Mrs. Cavanagh had been of course most delighted to see them, and had got out her best china tea-things, of which only the sugar basin and two or three of the cups were broken, and a few of them cracked, and running out; of course nobody would see if the places of the absentees were supplied by the every-day ones; and though the teapot had lost its nob, and was otherwise most grievously battered and handled, yet if it were turned with its fair side to the company, nobody could—how should they?—find out its crippled and service-beaten state. All this had been done, and Mrs. Cavanagh had sent the maid out for sixpennyworth of sally-lunns, and some more milk; and the maid, feeling the exigency of the case, had only stopped twenty minutes on the road to speak to a friend or two, and the kettle really was boiling for a rarity, and Mr. Wickham had, for a great wonder, promised to come down; and fat Mrs. Cavanagh was sitting all in great state, and quite ready to pour out the tea on one side of the table, and fat Mrs. Phillicody was declaring herself quite comfortable, only tired to death, on the other side of the table, and the young ladies were sitting all in character in other parts of the room, Phœbe haughtily, and with that air of dignified reserve which became a bride elect; Sophy rather envious of her cousin's good fortune in being married before her, and wondering why and how it could be; and Veronese, with her usual air of proud resignation, which nobody would have supposed to be resignation at all.

"Well, and so Miss Phœbe, you really are going to be run away with," said Mrs. Cavanagh flatteringly; "mind I shall expect a famous piece of bride-cake, and you must send Mr. Lucius a piece too. You don't know Mr. Lucius—he's quite the gentleman. Now I see that you are going to laugh at me, but I declare it's no such thing; but by-and-bye, when he comes into his great estates in the north, then perhaps Mr. Lucius may get married too, and return you the compliment—who knows? Now, girls, what *are* you laughing at? I shall never have any cake to pay you back with—not I! how should I? Don't think that Mr. Lucius is anything to me! Not he, indeed. I assure you I wouldn't have him if he were to go down on his knees to me—on his bended knees—that I wouldn't."

"My cousin Phœbe said the same the very night before she accepted our cousin Harry," said Veronese.

"*Did I?*" said Phœbe, indignantly, as if she had received some great injury.

"Some people, who pretend to think nothing of him now, would have been very glad to have accepted him too, if they could have got him," said Mrs. Phillicody, in a fit of maternal indignation.

"Then you think I would have Mr. Lucius, do you, Miss Rowland?" said Mrs. Cavanagh, as if the supposition were not at all disagreeable to her.

"Veronese thinks that anybody would have anybody," said Phœbe, spitefully.

"Perhaps she judges from herself," said Mrs. Phillicody.

"I should like to see Very's choice," said Phœbe; "he is to be a perfect paragon. Very will not allow him to have a single fault—he is to be six feet high, and as handsome as an angel—quite made on purpose for her; and he is to be a poet, and a painter, and a soldier, and a philanthropist, and a member of the House of Commons—or of the Lords would be better; and he is to be poor and proud and rich and generous all at once, and he is to do the most magnanimous things, and have all sorts of sense except common-sense; and he is to serve two apprenticeships to love-making; and then, when he has been vowing and promising and speechifying, for I don't know how long, and given up eating and drinking till he is wasted to a shadow, and not had any sleep for a twelvemonth, excepting just a very little light sort of dose for the sake of dreaming about her, and just when he is in the last stage of the disorder, with his eyes turned up, and at the finishing gasp—why then Very will just accept him at last, as she might have done at first without having a quarter of the trouble."

"Veronese will go round the wood, and round the wood, and pick up the crooked stick at last," said Mrs. Phillicody.

"Veronese desires to meet with a kindred soul," said Sophy Snookes, turning up her eyes, "and I am sure I can sympathize with her."

"Yes; but you've found your kindred soul, and Veronese is only looking for hers," said Phœbe.

"O Phœbe!" exclaimed Sophy, deeply injured; "how can you trifle with our feelings in that way!"

"Why you know that you find a kindred soul once a month, don't you?" said Phœbe.

"To love once is to love for ever!" said Sophy. "Isn't it, Veronese?"

Veronese replied, with some scorn, that she knew nothing about the matter.

"Sophy knows very well that her last flame was a red-coat," said Phœbe.

"I don't know any such thing," said Sophy, almost in a passion.

"And the one before that was a tall fellow six feet high, that Sophy took to be a marquis in disguise, but we found out that he was a servant out of livery, and out of place."

"You don't care what you say," said Sophy, her passion getting fast on towards red-hot.

"And now she is in love with the new curate, and he is rather a nice young man."

"*Rather* a nice young man!" exclaimed Sophia, deeply scandalized.

"What is he like, Miss Phœbe?" asked fat Mrs. Cavanagh. "Now we shall find you out, Miss Sophy, though you are so sly."

"He is very fair, with long silky light hair hanging over his shoulders, and a long nose, and a long chin, and a lack-a-daisical expression of countenance, and he has beautiful teeth and hands fit for a queen, and the loveliest diamond ring; and then he is so gentlemanly, and dresses so well, and has such pretty boots, and such nice gloves, (the ladies always buy him the finest French kid gloves they can find,) and he has such a lot of them, enough to set up a shop—and then he casts down his eyes and lifts them up again, and speaks very seldom, but when he does open his lips it is in the softest voice in the world, and he does say such pretty things—and then looks so handsome in his pulpit, and preaches so poetically, that all the ladies are in love with him."

"How can you go on so?" exclaimed Sophy, not very well knowing whether to be pleased or vexed with Phœbe's portrait of her admired.

"You know that it's all true," said Phœbe, "and the ladies have all subscribed together to make him a present; and they have bought him such a beauty of a black gown—it cost thirty guineas—and the silk is so thick that it quite stands by itself."

"La, only think!" wondered Mrs. Cavanagh.

"And so then there was an opposition set of ladies started up, and they clubbed for a surplice, and because they did not like to be outdone by the other set, they had it made of the finest French cambric that could be got, and they all say that the young curate looks like an angel in a cloud, the cambric hangs in such beautiful graceful folds, and is so clear, and so pure, and so transparent; but the black side—I mean the portion of ladies who bought the black gown—will have it that he looks much better in the black; but the white faction persist that the surplice is the most interesting and becoming."

"And what do *you* think, Miss Rowland?"

"Nothing about it," said Veronese, unsympathisingly.

"And what does Miss Sophy say?" inquired Mrs. Cavanagh, who always sympathized in everybody's love-affairs.

"Sophy's one of the white faction, of course. She helped to make the surplice, and almost bored her eyes out with it. Ah, there's work! you should see that for a pattern of needle-work, Mrs. Cavanagh."

"Perhaps I shall some of these days," said Mrs. Cavanagh. "Miss Sophy will show it to me when she gets to be the parson's lady: won't you, Miss Sophy?"

"Oh, that will never be!" said Sophy sentimentally.

"Why now, Sophy, how can you say so? You know that Mrs. What's-her-name told Mrs. What-do-you-call-her that the young curate was tired of making tea."

ΕΠΕΑ ΚΑΙ ΠΡΑΞΕΙΣ,

OR,

SAYINGS AND DOINGS IN THE UNIVERSITY OF
OXFORD.

LETTER V.

The union—Benefit of debating societies—Classmen—Dogs—Sunday question—
Aperients and constipants—Tom Sherrington's last, or the biter bit.

TO RICHARD VIVIAN, ESQ., THE GRANGE, ATHERLY, NOTTS.

X—x. Coll., May—, 18—.

DEAR DICK,

Proposed by young Hetherington, a most hard-working member of committee, and seconded by his university influence, I have, in technical alias slang language, "flared up and joined the union." The luxurious ease of its reading-room, the journal-covered, magazine-weighted tables, well filled bookshelves, multiform, omniform, soft-cushioned, caudal recipients, "vulgo dicta"—vide statutes, cap. x. tit. i.—easy chairs, render it one of the most enticing time-devourers for a non-rowy, semi-idle, rather crazy undergraduate, such as I have very little doubt you have ere this decided that your old chum has been, is, and will be *usque ad finem capituli*. Many, very many, are the occupiers of those couches and chairs, of whom it might be sung, that about the hours of eleven and three of a humid summer day,

Slow sinks, more slowly, ere its race be run
Adown yon padded couch, the Evening Sun—
The Post, less swift than bolt from archer's bow,
Glides from yon fingers melancholy, slow;
See there a Chronicle or Times' broad sheet,
A Globe's cramp columns, or a Courier fleet,
Slips from yon chair, and seeks its master's feet.

The debating-room, our House of Commons, where, it may with some justice be said, the bachelor and undergraduate part of our population is represented, offers a weekly evening attraction to the ardent dabbler in politics, the clever speaker, the future M. P. for the honest borough of *Takeafée*, the sucking lord of the Treasury. Two-thirds of the speakers favour their auditors with diluted Quarterlies *versus* Edinburghs; Blackwoods *versus* Westminster's; Times's *versus* Chronicles; their authentic facts are newspaper facts; their sharp hits a solution of some monthly; their aphorisms, pleasantries, and perorations, the plums of their own quarterlies. With this view of the case, bad as it is, much benefit is to be discovered when we consider that from the Oxford University come the majority of our clergy and our squirearchy. Such a practice will not permit the embryo squire or curate to sink into a soul-less apathy respecting the conduct of the

great political parties, on whose respective merits he may soon be required to decide; and all must now see that it is not the innate strength of revolutionary principles that causes their increase, but the careless indifference of their opponents. Such a practice accustoms the speaker to the sound of his own voice, enables him to clothe his opinions in respectable English, and not in confused hum's and ha's and other half-begotten phrases; inspires confidence; prepares him for the public meeting, whether in his own vestry-room or his county hall; and affords him the power of all but annihilating the local influence of the radical orator of the grand jury, the sessions, or the vestry, who always rises and falls, not so much in the direct proportion of the justice of his cause, or his ability in advocating it, as in the inverse ratio of the ability of his opponents to contradict him.

But as yet but a portion, though undoubtedly a large portion, of our speakers have been mentioned, there still remain those chosen spirits, that chosen few, who turn the debate to the very best of purposes; who, instead of debating night after night, as some do, in a ready off-hand nothing-in-it style, are content to work up a few subjects in each term, trace them out into all their bearings, and then come down and fight their battle with all the ardour of a cabinet minister on a non-confidence vote in the Commons. The great benefit which such as these derive, besides those which are common to all who practise speaking, is the having their attention drawn to a few choice points in modern history, not so numerous as to distract their attention from their other studies, but sufficient to render those studies far more useful and far more interesting. The almost entire absence of modern history from the academical course, the evident tendency to discourage that study, the non-existence, practically speaking, of any authorised instruction in the history of our own times, renders the temporary yet careful study of the various points terminably called into existence by the debating, almost absolutely necessary. Of course, to all this comes the old answer—such habits are destructive to university honours. Now in these days of statistical arguments, when medicine, law, education, and even religion, are reduced to figures and averages, decimals and logarithms, a few statistical facts will assist the question. Now we have certain officers, and amongst them our speaker, who, as might be supposed, is generally chosen from those who have taken the greatest and most active part in the management and debates of the society—men whose names may be seen enrolled as committee men, secretaries, treasurers and librarians, and also as bearing the weight of many of the best debates;—now from the year 1826 to the year 1835, thirty-one presidents have sat in judgment over us. Well, what have they done? a reference to the calendar shows that they have gained among them fourteen first classes and eight seconds, four dean Ireland scholarships, three Newdigates, and the same number of Latin verses, Latin, English, and theological essays: and it is worthy of remark, that they generally served the office of president in the last year of their undergraduate career, the very year in which they had to undergo their trial in the schools. Among them is a Merivale, a Wilberforce, and a Gladstone—so much for statistics.

Since my election we have had two most interesting debates on

private business, the first as to serving an ejectment on the canine species from our reading-room ; the second as to closing the room on Sundays ; both were carried, the one amid cheers and laughter, the other amid hisses and groans. Term after term, motions had been made to evict the quadrupeds, but without a shadow of success from the very strong muster of the dog-owners and fanciers ; at last the nuisance became so great that the new committee determined on making the dog bill a cabinet measure. The muster on both sides was considerable, and the excitement highly amusing during the whole evening : at last the anti-dog leader rose to introduce his motion, amidst sundry well-defined barkings and melancholy whines. He dilated on the sportive and sometimes uproarious gambols of terriers, lurchers, spaniels, and mongrels of all ages, sizes, and tempers, over chair and sofa, between legs of members and legs of tables, over backs of peaceful sitters and heads of recumbent readers ; their amateur prize fights under the centre table ; their sundry misdemeanours in caps and hats, against legs and bookcases ; the violent rendings of *Times's*, *Chronicles*, and *Couriers* ; their constant habit of taking and keeping possession of the softest sofas, most retired corners, and most convenient resting-places, and their violent and even dangerous opposition to all notices of ejectment ; and, in fine, their total violation of the fundamental principles of the society, undoubtedly the affording the greatest possible amount of happiness to bipeds, and not to canine or other quadrupedal creatures.

"Mr. President," said the pro-dog speaker, the ex-secretary, a sharp-eyed, spectacled man, dressed for the occasion in a huge pocketed pea—"Mr President, I might dilate on the history of man's most faithful companion among the quadrupeds—trace its pedigree from the wild dog of the northern forests, through all its many breeds, half-breeds, and mongrels ; expatiate on the characteristics of each breed and each individual of the breed, from the dog that belonged to the friend of Mr. Alfred Jingle, the able and highly intellectual Ponto, to the judicious and discreet, though perhaps less externally attractive, follower of Mr. Sykes—from the black dog of Cologne to the black dog that ought to have saved the Capitol ; but, sir, it is unnecessary, (Hear, hear, hear !) because the intelligence, the fidelity, the good breeding, the elegant accomplishments, the affection for the human race, which one and all of these illustrations must have proved, are common to the whole race of dogs, from the tail-less hound of Siberia to the curly Blenheim of Park Lane—shall we, sir, break forcibly and violently, and unwarrantably sever that natural tie between man and his dog ; shall we virtually stultify and vote a liar that ancient Sage, so ancient that his name has not come down to us, who first developed this principle in the proverb, 'Love me, love my dog, (Hear, hear !)' Think of the painful separation of these faithful animals from their respective friends, when, on the return from their peaceful walk along the sedgy banks of the Isis, or the beaten track of the trade's high road, their biped companion turns in to scan his newspaper, and leaves his quadrupedal friend 'in solitude to pine.' Shall we, sir, be able to withstand the whinings and

pinings, the howlings and scratchings of the excluded tribe, their plaintive supplications for admittance to the tatbooed ground?"

Here the orator stopped, to see what had been the effect of his appeal; the applause which arose was evidently that of a minority; so, as a *dernier resort*, he plunged his hands into the pockets of his pea, and from either pannier drew forth a minute specimen of a Blenheim, his well-known pets, and ere he sat down with his mute babes, held them aloft like Rolla, and asked his auditors if they could part him from his children. A majority of twenty cut short his pathetic appeal, and evicted his anti-white trousers friends. Far, very far different was the other debate, that on the Sunday question, the bitterest question that had ever been agitated in the union. The room was crowded, our oldest and ablest speakers came down, and talent seemed nearly equally divided; sound reasonings, religious appeals, tart replies, and smart sayings, passed rapidly from side to side.

The president kept up a continued call of "Order, order!" One party cheered, the other growled and roared, and tried to make up by noise what they wanted in argument. At last the division came; both sides seemed nearly equal; the tellers walked up and down, consulted together and marched up to the chair; whereupon the chair rose, and, instead of declaring the numbers, requested the assembled members to sit down in their respective pens and be counted—down went the members, amid the cheers of the now evidently nearly equal parties—up they came again, up rose the chair.

"The motion is carried," said the chair—(Confusion, confusion, confusion!) "by a majority of four," (Cheers, growls, bawling, hisses,) "there being eighty-four for it, and eighty against it."

And then there arose a cry as if ——— like ——— nothing save that which the learned Dunderheadius has described.

Ἦντε Τομκαττων κλαγγη περι γαρρετα σουνδει
 Ὡς ἐπει Ὀλδμαιδην ἐφυγον βροομαν τε μελαιναν
 Κοιμωνται ροοφοισι δομων τερπναισι γυναιξι.

The following brochure has obtained considerable circulation.

Omnibus quos concernit, aut quibus concernere possit.

Hic habes veram narrationem
 Et particularem explicationem
 Duorum Mirorum
 Medicamentorum
 Nondum graduatis
 Universitatis
 Et Baccalaureis
 Nuper adhibitorum.

Aperiens.

	Johannis Tauri Lectoris . . .	Gr. xii.
Hominis	Altissimæ Ecclesiæ	Gr. xx.
Hominis	Whatelianî	Gr. viii.
	Ætatis patroni	Gr. xxvi.
Hominis	admodum rapidi	Gr. xiv.
Fac. pilulas octoginta pro re natâ, quam celerrime capiendas.		

Constipans.

Hominis	Albi cravati	Gr. xv.
Hominis	Nil-nisi-T-iani	Gr. xxii.
	Recordii lectoris	Gr. viii.
Hominis	Imæ ecclesiæ	Gr. xiv.
Hominis	Tardissimi	Gr. xxv.
Cap. coc. mag. octoginta et quatuor quâque die solis.		

Apropos, Dicky, of aperients and constipants, I must make room for Tom Sherrington's last. You remember Tom Sherry, our senior by some four years, who did more mischief in one day than all the rest of us in a week—shaved old Dr. Dolbery's cat—gave the pigs castor oil, and painted the old ones like a New Zealand chief—ensconced a fine hedgehog in mother Perkins's bed, and then recommended his Pantohygeistic lotion of oil, vinegar, pepper, and sugar, as a cure for scarified soles. Well, this beau-ideal of a mischief came here, and having done only not enough in one way to get expelled, and just enough in another way to get through, has determined on the medical line, and entered himself as a sawbones at our infirmary.

About a week since he was returning with Mostyn of Jesus from a dinner-party at an old tutor's of theirs, who has shelved himself with a spouse in the vicinity, a little the better for some good port.

"Mossy," said he, "how should you like to be doctored for nothing at the infirmary?"

"Not particularly," said his companion.

"Ay, there we differ—I should like it uncommon—and hang me if I won't be a patient this very night," muttered Sherry.

"Bet you, you don't," said Mostyn.

"Done," said Sherry, "for a Henry Hase, and that you shall help to carry me in for another."

"Very well—done," replied his friend. On they strolled towards Oxford, talking about the last bottle of port and a particularly good devil. Just before they arrived at the lane that leads to Port Meadow, Sherrington begins to stagger and look stupid, and just as two farmers are within sight, and a clear patch of grass near at hand, flops down on his anticaput, and performs sundry epileptical twistings, contortions, and groanings, bites furiously, and gets up a respectable foam at the mouth.

Poor Mossy, not the wisest of the wise, entirely forgetting the bet, sings out for help, lays hold of one leg, gives the other to one chaw-bacon, and the head and shoulders to another, and marches him off at quick time to the infirmary.

Ring, ring goes the bell—down comes the nurse followed by the resident doctor, and in march the bearers in due procession. Once within the house, the contortions rapidly increase, and get worse and worse until the patient is deposited on a bed in one of the private rooms. As fate would have, just as Sherry was thinking of letting the cat out of the bag, in walked Greenwood, the cleverest, shrewdest and most stern doctor in the hospital.

"Bad case—bad case," Mr. Perkins.

"Very, doctor," (a violent kick) "cannot quiet him," (two kicks and a bite.)

"Humph! place him in the strait bed."

The kicking ceased, and Sherrington was quietly deposited in a place where he could move neither hand nor foot, and, ere he could speak, found himself in a fix.

"Nurse," said Dr. Greenwood, "fetch Wilson."

In came the barber, prepared his instruments, and looked delighted at the prospect of curtailing such a wig.

"Hang it, doctor," muttered the patient, or rather tried to mutter, as a tight strap rather restrained his words, and added a certain indefiniteness to his utterance, "it's all a hoax."

"Poor fellow, poor fellow, evidently delirious; be quick, Wilson; raise his head, Mr. Perkins."

And in about five minutes Tom was as bald as the back of his hand, and swearing like a drunken trooper.

"Now, nurse, that plaster," said the cool doctor,—“there, from the bottom of the skull to the nape of the neck.”

And on went the ever-sticking blister, whilst a compulsory medicine spoon sent a good rattling dose down the patient's throat, and a patient he now was, as quiet—not as a lamb, but a tiger that has missed his prey, and begins to think very small beer of itself.

On the following morning Sherrington was dismissed as cured—congratulated by the whole medical staff—obliged to sham thanks in return, and pocket his affront, his ten pounds, and his new wig. He has forsworn Oxford practice, bolted to London, and entered at —, whither I hope his unfortunate illness may not follow and incapacitate him from attending to those professional studies for which he has shown his attachment in volunteering to be blistered and dosed for the good of all practical jokers. "*Omnia vincit amor*," said the poet; add thereto "*scribendi*," and refer for information to a certain person who signs himself

Your affectionate friend,
EDGAR HAMILTON.

LETTER VI.

The young Oxonian and his father's fire—Captain and Mrs. Curling—Messrs. Rupee, Catchem, and Moidore—The sacrifice and the reward.

TO MISS EMILY HAMILTON, THE BURY, AMERSHAM, BUCKS.

X—x. Coll., Oxford, May —, 183—

MY DEAR EMILY,

Whilst staying for a few days at the Hôtel de Flandre at Brussels, and enjoying the amusements of the thrice frivolous capital of "Les Braves Belges"—a name justly merited by their Waterloo exploits—and the cuisine of Monsieur Proft, (I beg his pardon, Mons. Le Baron Proft,) I joined company for an expedition to "the battle-field" with three of my fellow-countrymen. Two of the triumvirate were an M.P. and his son, the former big with all the glories of a successful contested election for the independent borough of Chisel,

and full of little else than abuse of the foreigners, of his thirty-seven independent constituents and the outs ; and praise of himself, his son, and his own party—that is, “the inns.” The son was a lanky sappy youth, just entered at Christ Church, and full of his college, of which he had seen the inside, and of the dean, of whom he had seen the outside, and particularly confident of his power of speaking French, both grammatically and conversationally. It was this exquisite knowledge of the language that first tempted me to invite him and his ‘chere papa’ to take part of my vehicle, that he might contribute to our amusement by acting as interpreter, and give me so much employment in laughing at him, as to save me from being laughed at myself. As I was wandering up a few dozen stairs in search of my bedroom, I heard a door open “au seconde,” and the following conversation took place between a gruff voice in the room, a shrill voice on the landing, and a still shriller and more squeaking waiter in the hall.

“Always the case with these foreign gentry. Tom, make a motion,” said the gruff voice.

“Immédiatement, mon chere papa,” replied the shrill voice.

“Why the deuce is everything foreign here? Can’t they have English things as well as these—French kickshaws? Why, the very coals —

“Garçon—garçon,” cut in the shrill voice over the balustrade—

“Are French—them, they know I’m an Englishman—them!” grumbled old gruff, in a very shotted language.

“Oh vergogni padre mio,” replied the son, with his last scrap of Italian, picked up at the Opera House on Signora Shrilpipino’s benefit, and then, “Garçon, garçon!”

“Oui, Monsieur,” shrieked the waiter, flying up the stairs.

“Le feu de mon pere est allez dehors,” shouted the son.

Such a delectable putting out of his father’s fire rendered it necessary for me to form an immediate attachment with “monsieur with de book,” as I discovered he was called from his constant reference to his pocket dictionary.

My third companion was also of Oxford and of Christ Church, but far different from his fellow-collegian ; he was a man of some standing, that is, an M.A., my senior by some ten years, quiet and unobtrusive, and even reserved in his conversation, until drawn out and warmed with his subject, and then overflowing with apposite facts and appropriate reflections, couched in pure unadulterated Saxon. With the young man I am still upon speaking terms, and no more, as, though he is warranted harmless, yet he is very tiresome, and particularly positive. With the M.A. I am on terms of friendship, and believe me, my dear sister, that if on my return you discover an improvement in your Edgar, it is mainly due to his close and constant intimacy with William Curling, the friend whose history he is about to write you.

If you will refer to uncle Godfrey’s file of the Bengal Hurkaru for the year 1795, you will find, on the 14th of June, the marriage of Captain William Curling of the H. E. I. C. native infantry, and political resident at Benares, to Maria, only child of the late Colonel

White of the —— Light Dragoons. Maria White, unless Lawrence has misrepresented her, though very far from being a perfect model of beauty, must have been an eminently fascinating girl. Her features, perhaps, would not have borne individual discussion and examination; but so sweetly did they agree, that few, at least of the younger of the males, could have decided which was in fault; and when those features were lighted up with her peculiarly arch smile, few would not have confessed that she was near enough to perfection for a human being. In the year 1801, soon after the birth of William, their first and only son, the junior to four sisters, Captain Curling fell a victim to a subtle poison administered to him by a black servant, whom he had struck for some fault, and his widow and her children retired to England, enabled to maintain a high station in society from the income settled on her at her marriage, and the shakings of the then rich pagoda tree which had come to the hands of the captain. The whole of the captain's savings, about three thousand per annum, were settled on his widow until William should be of age, when a threefold division was to be made, one part to her, another to her son, and the third between the daughters. As the heir of no mean property, William was sent to Eton, and afterwards to Christ Church, where he maintained his proper rank, and lived as became him, being neither idle nor very industrious, yet no bad model of an heir to a competency, free from the necessity of making his head or his hands contribute to the support of his body. The entire property of the family, from the marriage portion of Maria to the last rupee of the captain, had been realized in India, and placed in the hands of some of the old friends of Colonel White and his son-in-law. The enormous interest at that time allowed by the Indian agency houses, the intimate connexion between the partners of the leading firms and their correspondents, and the general credit so largely reposed in them, rendered these houses the depositaries of nearly all the hard-earned savings of the Anglo-Indian, and amongst them of the entire property of the Curlings. Ere William came of age, death had dealt heavily with his sisters; three had fallen victims at early ages to the ravages of England's black death, and but one now remained, his favourite Mariamne, who at your interesting age of seventeen fell in love with an Etonian friend of her brother's, her senior by some four or five years, the younger son of a poor baronet, destined for the church, and ordained to the small curacy of Collingham in Wiltshire about four years before the law declared William Curling to be no more an infant. Soon after his ordination the reverend curate brought his young wife to his little cure, enabled to play the part of a wealthy patron to his poor villagers through the very liberal allowance made to him by the widow until such time as Mariamne should be enabled to receive her portion of the family wealth.

On his coming of age, William, on the advice of a friend who had great distrust of Indian houses, called in his portion from the Indian securities, and, content to have seven hundred sure rather than eleven insecure, vested it in the English funds. Earnestly did he beseech his mother and sister to do the same, but, unfortunately for him, the four hundred per annum was too great a temptation, and in two short

years everything was lost through the breaking of the house of Sir Arthur Rupee, Catchem, and Moidore, in whose hands the property was. Few there were who would entertain a thought of the breaking up of such an house as Rupee, Catchem, and Moidore, the oldest and richest house in Calcutta, except those who did think that the profits even of an Indian house could hardly support Sir Arthur's house in Cavendish Square, his shooting-box in Sutherlandshire, his castle of Canonbury in Wiltshire, and his marine villa and fast-sailing brig at Cowes; or even the villa belonging to Mr. Catchem in the Regent's Park, and Mrs. Catchem's Post-recorded soirées, her fêtes champêtres, her diamonds, and her ecarte; his hunting parties at Melton, his racing stud at Epsom, and his chicken hazard at Crockford's. As for Mr. Moidore, he lived quietly in Calcutta, had but one bungalow at Chigoree, and a palace at Dacca, and possessed an ardent admiration of five guinea shorts, and twenty-five on the rubber. Be it as it may, they did fail for 20,000,000 of sicca rupees, and had assets, when all was sold, of about 2,000,000.

Such a bad cutting up was only to be accounted for by the facts that the house in Cavendish Square, and the castle in Wiltshire, had been some years before conveyed to trustees for the "sole use and benefit" of Lady Rupee, and that 150,000*l.* had been cautiously drawn out and settled on her ladyship, "out of love and affection," about the same time; whilst a similar caution had secured the Regent's Park villa to Mrs. Catchem, and the sum of 20,000*l.* three per cent. consols. As for Mr. Moidore, as the bankruptcy was purely accidental, and as in all stage-coach accidents "no blame is attached to the coachman," he was allowed 1000 rupees per month to wind up the affairs, and the creditors were left to look for their debts.

Amongst the many, the Curlings were ruined; the widow fell back on her annuity of 100*l.* from the military fund, and Mariamne, now the mother of six little Bartons, was reduced to her husband's curacy of 60*l.* a year, and the very little that his father could do for him. The suddenness of the shock would in all probability have bowed the widow to the grave, had not her dear son succoured her. As soon as he was well assured of the completeness of the loss, he conveyed away all but a seventh of his income to trustees, to pay two-thirds to his sister as long as she or her husband should live, and the rest to his dear mother for her life. This done, and every power of revocation studiously taken from him by the act of the law, he called on the censor of his college, one who could well appreciate his merit, disclosed so much of the facts as were necessary, and asked for a servitorship. The request was granted, and he surrendered his former high estate, and sank, as far as external circumstances went, to the lowest grade in the university. Some few, who were acquaintances, and used to call themselves friends, fell away from him, and he was happy in their departure. Every one who had aught of feeling became his friend. He now turned his attention to Eastern languages, that he might fit himself for a situation in one of our libraries, which he much desired; he worked on day and night, aided by every one who could contribute aught; and having passed his examination for his degree with credit, and been raised by his college to a chaplaincy,

he succeeded to the situation which he so earnestly wished for, and for which he was eminently qualified.

Such, my dear sister, is the history of my third companion to Waterloo—of my dear friend and adviser. Will you prepare the white chamber, as, with my father's permission, which I depute you to obtain, I wish to make an inmate of the Bury, for a few days that can be spared by him, of this dear friend of

Your affectionate brother,

EDGAR HAMILTON.*

LETTER VII.

College practical jokes—The peerage supper-party—The navy—and the black inquisition.

TO RICHARD VIVIAN, ESQ., THE GRANGE, ATHERLY, NOTTS.

X—x. Coll., Oxford, Oct.—, 18—

DEAR DICK,

You must not suppose, from my silence on the point, that I have (oh rare fortune!) been exempted from the usual practical jokes so freely bestowed on new comers, as well at the university as at school. Too well initiated into the healthful school practice of wet beds, or no bed clothes, cold pigs and roasting, I have taken this my university portion with as few grimaces as a hypochondriac of fifty years standing at his two thousand five hundred and first black dose. On the morning after I took possession of my new rooms, a Sunday morning, when non-attendance in chapel is considered misprision of treason against the president, I was not a little astonished at the non-appearance of my scout previous to the conclusion of the chapel bell, and the entire absence of all fire, or attempts at a fire, in my sitting-room; however, innocent of the cause, I dressed, and having reviewed myself in the glass, prepared to start for chapel. To the door I marched; the oak was shut, and through the letter-slit several greenish dips smiled graciously upon me; I pressed the bolt, it moved not; again I tried—no go, for the better part of a Britannia metal tea-spoon had been melted into my new Bramah. A broken pen-knife, two ditto forks, and a bent dinner-knife, proved to me the necessity of retiring to my rooms, until the united efforts of self and scout might effect my release. On the Monday the hated bluelman, as our president's valet is designated, delivered the presidential message. Up I went; there stood the wretch in his usual antefire position, pursing up his thin lips like a frost-bitten keyhole. I think I have already mentioned his ugly habit of hissing during a jawbation. Not a finger, no not even a little finger, was extended—he bowed and motioned me to a chair—a pause, then a hiss, preparatory to this speech.

* This indeed is an over-true tale, and many of our readers will recognise the individual. Let them not fit the cap too quickly in these sketches, as they are not individuals, but classes who are painted.

"Sir, it grieves me that your attendance on divine service is far from regular." (N.B. had missed once in three weeks.)

"I was unavoidably detained from keeping chapel by ——"

"Keeping chapel, sir, (a violent hissing;) it is exceedingly bad taste, and very disgusting—attending divine service, sir."

"But really, Mr. President, I could not help it, for ——"

"Could not help it! If, sir, you, were not by nature idle, lazy, and indolent, you would contrive to rise in time for morning service; and pray, what did prevent your attendance?"

"The want of a screw-driver," I replied.

"A screw-driver—what do you mean, sir?" (Three more hisses.)

"Why, Mr. President, I broke my penknife and two forks in trying to pick the lead out of my door-lock."

This he could not stand, so the interview terminated with a semi-hiss, semi-laugh, and a caution for the future.

Thus began and ended my first college joke and lecture.

A few nights after the leading up, on retiring to my bed, I found it preoccupied by one whose head was my couch pillow and my nightcap, and whose body and legs were my Scapula and the tongs. My hasty temper, too, was made to contribute to my discomfort. When on returning late one afternoon from a constitutional, with only five minutes to dress for dinner, I found the door of my minute bedroom resist my entrance. I gave a violent kick, and, *væ miserum*, emptied my large stone water-jug into my new portmanteau, placed conveniently for the reception of the bountiful stream. Such are a few of my early miseries.

But now, to make you shudder with horror, list to my account of our last college shindy, an event which has developed the true bias of our worthy head. My sub-neighbour, Jack Armstead, now the Honourable John, determined on celebrating his father's successful appeal to the Lords, for the Highflyer Peerage, by an "omnibus" supper. Every inmate of the college, not a furious don, was present. Fast and slow, readers and non-readers, saints and sinners, all helped to fill the Honourable John's rooms, eat the Honourable John's supper, and drink success to the House of Lords. From nine till midnight tolerable order prevailed, not above a dozen of glasses had been knocked off their bottoms through the enthusiasm of the company, nor more than three decanters dropped from defect or increase of vision. Soon after midnight the very steady bolted, chairs were drawn closer, and the evening fairly commenced. After several toasts, the "Navy" was given with the usual honours, and two men, who rejoice in the nautical names of Howe and Duncan, rose conjointly to return thanks; side by side, linked, Siamese-like, they mounted on their chairs, and addressed the party.

"Gentlemen," commenced Howe.

"No, d—— it, ladies first," cut in his brother admiral.

"Ladies and gentlemen, (Hear, hear!) I rise."

"So do I," sang out Duncan.

"We rise to return thanks in the names of our respected——"

"Respectable, Tommy."

"Respectable namesakes."

"Relations, Tommy."

"No, namesakes, Howe. I tell you old Bill Glorious was my great grandmother's aunt's niece," hiccupped forth the semi-blind Duncan.

"Well, then," continued the more sober Howe, "my namesake and Duncan's ancestress."

"That's right, Howe, isn't it—'Hurrah!' shouted the admiral, as he waved his glass over his companion's head. The motion was destructive of all equilibrium, the chairs tottered, and down rolled the united brethren in most admirable unanimity, two portly babes, strewn not with leaves and boughs, but napkins, broken glass, and deviled biscuits. From this moment confusion became the order of the night, and was carried without a division.

Jenkinson would not be persuaded but what he was the Duke of Wellington, and, under that impression, stood for a good half hour the incessant storm of biscuits and orange peel, that flew around his head as he endeavoured to return thanks for his, the duke's, health. Physical force at last compelled him to abandon the room, but not his notion, for when Hetherington and I had stowed him in bed, he still muttered his thanks to the assembled party. We, the bearers, took this opportunity to retire to our own rooms, Hetherington to cultivate sleep, and I to re-read *Guy Mannering* over my fire, until such time as it should please my sub-neighbours to disperse for the night. For the next hour a snug room over a coppersmith's would have been preferable to my apartment; however, the noise gradually decreased, and at last ceased so suddenly, that I opened my window to see whether or not the whole party were meandering homewards. In the middle of the Quad. six precious specimens of humanity, having found the room too hot, and clothing unnecessary, were dancing the Highland reel, not, indeed, in buff, but in shirts, drawers, stockings, and boots. This assembly was soon dispersed by the rude interference of the porters, and the Honourable John, their leader, retired to his room, grumbling and reeling. About ten minutes elapsed ere I heard his door bang, and, on reconnoitering, discovered the veritable John zigzagging across the Quad., with his cap on, and gown thrown over his light and airy attire, a white tie and long bands being the only addition besides the academics. Ere I could get down to stop him, he had rolled up to the president's door, and was dragging most violently at the bell. Move he would not, see the President he would. At last down came Philip, in his night attire, bearing a dim rushlight.

"What's the matter, sir?" screamed the doctor.

"Matter, old boy; why, is the president at home?" hiccupped John.

"What do you mean, sir? Go to bed, Mr. Armstead," hissed the president.

"Why, hang you, old Blue, tell Dr. Kingston I want him."

Here a slight struggle ensued, Armstead trying to get in, the doctor to close the door, and I to keep John back; the light was flooded, and with it the aforesaid company; at last, with the help of

the porter and his man, poor Jack was borne off sighing, muttering, and swearing.

On the morrow seven several writs summoned to the president's lodgings the six dancers and poor Pill Garlic, the former to be walked into, and the latter to be made to peach, or to be blown up, as the case might be. There sat the black inquisition, the president supported by the bursar, senior tutor, and two deans.

"Mr. Hamilton," said the Bursar, "were you at Mr. Armstead's last night?"

I assented.

"Who were there besides?"

"Every one in college," was the reply.

"Can you favour us with any particulars as to the disgraceful riot of last night?" inquired the senior dean.

"No, sir."

"Did you see any disgraceful conduct in any of the party?" continued my examiner.

Another negative.

"Pray, sir," said Dr. Kingston, "what do you call disgraceful?"

I could not resist the temptation of replying—"The endeavouring to make a gentleman turn informer."

The doctor winced, and, having made nothing of me, sent for Admiral Howe, and took him in hand *con amore*. After a few preliminary questions, he was asked to state particularly the time at which he left Mr. A.'s rooms.

"Exactly the same time as Mr. Perkins (that was the senior dean) returned from the common room," was the reply.

"And pray, Mr. Howe, what did you, what was the last thing you saw, before leaving Mr. Armstead's rooms?"

"Sir Andrew Buchanan casting up his accounts," growled the admiral.

"You are rusticated, sir, for two terms," replied the President, in a most hissing hot passion—"for two terms, for insubordination."

Here Armstead cut in, with "Dr. Kingston, I acknowledge the whole offence, and am very sorry for the freak. I tried to make the rest drunk, and having succeeded, found myself in the same situation: all who were able tried to keep me quiet, but it was no good, and as such occasions are not often recurring, perhaps you will rusticate me, and let the rest off."

This rough speech did good; the reason for the supper was required, and the effect of the communication was wonderful, the clouds cleared off, and sunny smiles succeeded. The peerage had done the work, and the Honourable John saved plain Jack's university life. The conclave consulted together—and after a most gracious speech from the doctor, in which the Honourable John occupied by far the greatest space, we were all dismissed with a reprimand, and Howe's impertinence passed over. To-day the taking of the gold tassel is to be celebrated by a large dinner for which I must prepare, and, consequently, finish this letter with the following brochure, lately extensively circulated throughout the college, and

particularly in the don's rooms, and which is attributed to young Hetherington.

"Omnibus hujusce Collegii sociis et commensalibus.

"STATUTUM EST,—Quod si quis hujusce collegii socius aut commensalis Bacalaureus aut nondum graduatus, in hoc collegio cœnam donet, et per hanc cœnam horridum damorem faciat, aut in Quadrangulo exteriori sive interiori Scoticam choream saltet aut domicilii Præsidis tintanabulum exagitet ante nonam noctis horam, aut sine vestibus gallicis vulgo dicto "breeches," aut sine veste caudatâ post eandem horam ambulet, in perpetuum barniatur—exceptis autem omnibus ducibus, marquissis, vicecomitibus, baronis, aut baronorum filiis ætate maximis.

"Datum, Coll. X—x.

"XV. Kal. Julii, MDCCCXXX."

We dine at six; so no more at present from your affectionate friend,

EDGAR HAMILTON.

P.S. I am very busy collecting and collating information concerning the thrice honourable doings of the Oxford tradesmen, which shall be sent either to you or the squire, for the information of all persons interested therein, as soon as the digestive process is completed.

E. H.

LETTER VIII.

Allowances—School-boys and University men—Society and seclusion—Cramming and repletion—Paradise and Little Goes.

TO THE REVEREND ROWLAND MUIRHEAD, RECTORY ALLERCOMB CUM SMITHERTON, YORKSHIRE.

X—X Coll., June, —, 18—.

MY DEAR ROWLAND,

How could you think of expecting an answer to your question from one still such a novice in university matters as your present correspondent. The necessary allowance at the university is, indeed, a most vexata questio, and seems to range from the one thousand pounds per annum, wasted by the rich but often low-bred gentleman commoner, to the mere pittance of a poor scholar, or poorer bible clerk. The result of my inquiries is all you can look for from me; but were I to disclose the names and titles of my authorities, I cannot but doubt the effect would be most convincing. If a man is on a foundation, the numerous advantages obtained by him of free tutorage allowance in battels and other inexplicable matters, may enable him to live as a reading gentleman on about one hundred and sixty pounds per annum. If a commoner, two hundred ought to cover every expense. These allowances must, however, be committed to

the actual care and keeping of the student, and not doled out as the bills come in; pay the money quarterly, or when you please, but when once paid pry no further; never ask for a bill or query as to how the metal has gone; but at the same time let the man know that the sum is to cover all things, that no ticks are to be paid off by the governor, and that his father does not intend to act as his house steward, and pocket all he can save out of the allowance; let him know that if he spends more, he makes it up the best way he can; if he spends less, the profit is his, not his father's. You talk about confining one's society to fellow collegians; this is a most short-sighted policy. Do not flatter yourself but that the freshman, if so inclined, will be able to pick up among the members of his own college, among his own school-fellows, plenty of companions quite as fast and idle as in any college in the city. We all have our own black sheep, and though disease spreads by herding together, it is always the same disease. When our young tutor, Hetherington, first came up to college, he found his future home isolated from the rest of the university, like a house in the new town in Edinburgh, self-contained, its inhabitants uncommonly contented with themselves, and regarded as something of savages by the rest of the gowned world. The consequence of this was, that as the majority of the members came from the same school, as happens on such foundations as ours, the admixture of a few foreigners was not enough to overcome the too familiar habits of the school-boys. Early prejudices were perpetuated, former follies, faults, and nicknames treasured up against each unlucky wight; the rude, free-and-easy habits of the boy usurped the polish of the man; and one of the greatest benefits derivable from a university life, its gradual training for society, was entirely lost.

Against this anti-improvement system Hetherington determined to wage war even to the knife. Well connected by birth, and well acquainted with many of the leading families of his country, he kept up with their representatives at the university, gradually and cautiously mixed with them the least bearish of his fellow collegians and old school friends, and after a hard struggle and much abuse about pride, and thinking himself too good for his old associates, succeeded in laying open his college to the rest of the gens togata, and proving to them that though far removed by local situation, yet there were amongst the savages some few, at least, who might associate with the civilized. Raised, on account of his high abilities, to his present station, he still continues his warfare against the more bigoted adherents of the system, the dons of the common room. His brother keeps open the campaign in the undergraduate domains, and now one among a class helps to prevent a recurrence to old habits.

"Take these two cases," said young Hetherington, one day, during a constitutional up Cumnor Hill, "the one, the crack boy of his school, the idol of the masters, the winner of all its honours, looked upon as some great one, as one who would astonish the natives; up he comes to Oxford, on some foundation, or by carrying off a Trinity or Balliol scholarship from some thirty or forty competitors. Place that man among his old friends and admirers, the former standard of his abilities continues uncorrected, everything seems ready to fall into

his mouth, if he will but condescend to open his lips; work is neglected as unnecessary, he becomes self-opinionated and careless, and in the supremeness of his former studies and honours stalks boldly into the schools, exhibits his self-confidence before a crowded audience, and falls below his real standard,

‘ *Amphora vini
Institui cepit, currente rotâ—urceus exit.* ’

Had he been thrown into the intelligent society of the university, had there been jostled with his equals in abilities, his superiors in energy and hard work, he would soon have found his own level, and perceived it must depend upon his own exertions to gain a higher place in the world of talent. The dullard, too, retains his old school character, his old nickname; do what he will, he meets with no encouragement; his first attempts at establishing a new character are greeted with laughter, he shrinks within himself, falls yet lower in the intellectual scale, and is a lost man. Place him among strangers, among those who, instead of having old recollections of him, have to form their opinion of him from present conduct, his own mean opinion wears off, he trusts to his own resources, and in the end becomes a man of respectable attainments, and if not a high class man, at the least a useful and practical member of society. Society rubs off the rust from dull surfaces, and increases the polish on the brightest. Look,” said he, “at my brother; at school he was considered a good boy, who would never disgrace his school, but from whom little could be expected in the way of honours. You know what he has done in the way of society as well as classes. Two of his contemporaries were school geniuses, who, feeding on their former fame, dropped into thirds, whilst the other has attained the highest honours. The two latter stuck to the old anti-society principle, the former mixed more in the university world than most men of his time.”

“But how can working and visiting hours be carved out of the same day?” I asked my companion.

“Why, by taking the early part of the day, when the rest of the college are snug in bed, determining to read so many hours in the twenty-four, fair or foul; and more than all, by continuing the same system through the long months of our vacations, instead of wasting the two first years in idleness, and then working yourself into a consumption in the last.”

Slow and sure, is a reading man’s best motto, if he will but remember that the animal whose achievements gave rise to the sentiment, never stopped in his course until the goal was reached.

“Shall I have a tutor for my last term?” asked a friend of mine of our tutor Hetherington.

“By no means,” was the answer; “to have read with one two years ago might have been profitable, but now that you have made up your own views on all your subjects, worked out your own ideas on your history, your ethics, and your logic; to go to some one who has opinions of his own on the subject, as well founded, perhaps better than yours, is to unsettle all you have learnt, and leave no time to resettle the new information; and then, when you go into the

schools, you favour the examiners with quotations instead of thoughts, or parallel passages instead of explanations; and they favour you by running their pen through the whole matter, and vote you a bore. When examined *vivâ voce*, you treat them to Coleridge, Cudsworth, and Dugald Stewart, when they want to see your own ideas; and if asked to explain a hard passage, run off with an equally hard parallel sentence, like a jack with a trolling line."

We possess, among our highly-prized curiosities, the first man who was plucked for his little-go. Poor Captain Featherless was sent to college in the palmy days of private examinations, by private friends, in your own private room, and out of your own selection of books, over your own fire and bottle of port; being an exceedingly good bottle he expected to be well filled, and to pass muster with the rest. Ere he had been in Oxford a month, out came a new statute; tit. x. cap. x. How he hated that "*statutum est*," and the convocation of men free from all the shoals and eddies of examinations, who thought they had done their duty to posterity, in giving them a chance of being less ignorant than themselves! Out came the statute, up went Featherless, back he came as smooth as Baron O'Grady's pig, that was shaved to make the learned baron's inaugural wig. Captain of the implume regiment, he remains a monument of the wisdom of our ancestors, the prime pigeon plucked by the ruthless operators in Parviso. "Parviso, says Wood, doth derive its name from Paradiso, a fair garden, on the which were built the schools of examination which do now delight our university." Poor Anthony! to think that Paradise had aught to do with the scene of the many labours of little-goes, the narrow pass, the straits, the gut, the bumping point of half the flats caps of Oxford. Paradise!—what a quaint sort of a paradise where two men sit behind a long table, and do their best to frighten, puzzle, and confound one innocent babe of ignorance! *Parvus eo*, a little-go, so says the tradition—"Who shall decide when critics disagree?" Could that table which stretches its long frame adown that room, reveal the many questions and answers that have passed over its cold surface, what novel systems would be developed of criticism, history, scholarship, construing, logic and mathematics; of contraries and sub-contraries; A's and B's; angles and sides; $\tau\epsilon$'s and $\gamma\epsilon$'s, mountains and dells, oceans and rivers, unknown to Schweighenser, Heeren, Dawes, Ireland, Whately, or Euclid!

Excuse this olio, my dear Rowland,

From your affectionate pupil,

EDGAR HAMILTON.

LOVE.

BY LEIGH CLIFFE, ESQ.

Love! What is Love?—The soul's imaginings,
 Worship unutter'd, felt most fervently;
 Life's sweetest dream, from whose soft influence springs
 The first faint gushing of the purest joy!

Love's the mind's mirage, 'tis the vap'ry spring
 That tempts the thirsting palate, yet deceives;
 A troublous joy,—a sad but pleasant thing,
 A paradox in bliss,—it glads and grieves.

Whence hath Love life? Full oft a word, a look,
 A sigh, nay, e'en a frown, can give it birth;
 It germinateth in the eye,—a book
 That speaketh all the tongues of all on earth.

We love we know not why, and yet the heart
 Is willing captive to soft speaking eyes,
 Tho' Prudence whispereth, as she stands apart,
 That brightest dreams prove basest forgeries.

Why doth Love court the coy? The answer's plain,
 Coyness assureth conquest. Why flies he
 The loving one, that languisheth in vain,
 Pining in secret o'er the mystery

Of the soul's passion,—e'er most passionate
 When most opposed or slighted? There
 Comes the grand question, always asked too late—
 Love *wearies* of the *ever-loving* fair!

He loves those less that love, than those that scorn,
 For scorn's the fuel that doth feed the fire
 Of the ignited bosom. Love was born
 To bless, to curse; to torment, and inspire.

Imagination's mint stamps half the ore
 That passes current for the coin of Love:
 Yet, miser-like, the heart will prize the store,
 Fearing, nay, knowing that it false must prove.

What then is Love? A lure to snare the heart;
 An insect's carpet, spread from branch to bough,
 Which e'en the rushing of the wind can part;—
 Such 'twas in bygone times—is it such now?

LEAVES FROM MEMORY'S LOG.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "NELSONIAN REMINISCENCES."

BILLY CULVER.

THIS most eccentric being prided himself on being the oldest midshipman in the royal navy, which he thought preferable, by great odds, to the youngest lieutenant. He was well connected, and a nephew of Lord Hood's, who once undertook the liquidation of his debts.

"I am amazed, Mr. Culver, really lost in astonishment at the extreme length"—unfolding a bill equal to the proctor's displayed by Lord Cochrane in the House of Commons—"and at the items of this extraordinary bill; to grog, one shilling; to ditto, ditto, ditto; there seems nothing but suction, not a meal mentioned."

"Why, my lord, some people like eating, and often kill themselves by gluttony; I prefer drinking, and avoid such a catastrophe." Lord Hood smiled, and paid the bill.

During his lordship's presiding over the Admiralty, Mr. Culver made his appearance, in obedience to an order of their lordships issued a calendar month back.

"Before Sir Evan Nepean can see you, sir, he desires to know, through me, why you have so long delayed complying with their lordships' order?"

This interrogatory from the Admiralty messenger threw a thoughtful shade over Billy's open brow; and, after a slight consideration, he replied, "I got under weigh the very instant I could command a clean shirt to appear before their lordships in, and cruised in a lubberly leathern convenience, drawn by four half-starved horses. I kept the quarter-deck, with a good look-out ahead, and at times conn'd the consarn, by desiring coachee to starboard, or port, as occasion required. At the half-way house he shortened sail, and hove-to, and ordered a glass of grog; this made me call for two, or perhaps three, and I remained in the same house till the day previous to yesterday; when finding the tide ebbing fast out of my money-locker, at nearly low water I again got under weigh, and made all the sail I could carry for the Admiralty, and here I am."

"You are a rum one," said the messenger, "but a shorter yarn must be given to Sir Evan."

"Why, then, if it must be concise, say I was drunk."

"If I do, your commission as lieutenant will be cancelled. Be advised by me, and say you were taken very ill on the road; and we must cook up a sick certificate."

"What?" said Billy, looking sternly at him; "tell a lie, a cowardly lie, at my time of life. Look you, sir, as man or boy, I

never wilfully told a lie, and at the age of fifty it is too late to begin. Tell him I was drunk." And Billy returned to the Royal William at Spithead, still the oldest midshipman in his Majesty's fleet.

On my alighting from the heavy coach, early in the year 1795, at the India Arms, Gosport, the first person who noticed me was this most eccentric midshipman; he was seated on a low settle, by the large kitchen fire of that respectable house, with an outside rummer of darkish liquor.

"What cheer, young squeaker; and what ship are you bound for?"

"The Barfleur, sir."

"Do you like grog?"

"I don't know, sir; for I never tasted it."

"Here, then," said he, kindly getting off the settle, and putting it to my lips; "take a swig, and let me know if it is stiff enough. Old Mother does not make good nor-westers this month, the last score not being paid up."

All of this was lost on my comprehension, and the only thing I understood was, that I must give an opinion on its merits, and accordingly swallowed some with great difficulty, for to me it was nauseous.

Billy contemplated my wry faces and aversion with astonishment and indignation; "You must alter very materially to make a sailor, young squeaker." And he resumed his seat on the settle, where I am told a gentleman once left him basting a roasting goose, with a glass of grog beside him; made a voyage to the East Indies, came back, and found Billy in the same place, employed in the same manner.

Billy Culver, to the best of my recollection, was a short, thickset man, with rotundity of body, and a red, well-pimpled, or grog-blossom face; and long, long ago, might invariably have been found on the settle by the kitchen fire of the Indian Arms, Gosport, busily employed in superintending bird or beast, revolving on the old-fashioned spit; and if it required basting, Billy was nothing averse to perform that part of the culinary duty.

A greenhorn of a lieutenant, who had recently been entered for provisions on board the Royal William, as supernumerary waiting for a passage to the West Indies, at one P.M. disagreeably surprised Billy in his usual avocation of basting a fine goose. As the day was warm, Billy sat without his coat, his shirt-sleeves tucked up, and an oversized ladle in his hands.

"Mr. Culver, I presume," said Greenhorn.

"I am called Billy Culver," said our friend, removing the little three-cornered hat from his capacious cocoa-nut.

"I am extremely sorry to announce to you, Mr. Culver—"

"Billy, if you please, sir."

"Well, then, if it will soften the unpleasant information, Mr. William Culver—"

"I answer to no other name but Billy Culver," replied our old friend; "but I see you are heated, sir, try a swig out of my rummer;" and he presented his large glass, with the reddish liquor, to

the young officer, who thankfully drank till Billy called, "Belay there," and the officer, after drawing breath, in a courteous manner said,

"It is my unpleasant duty to arrest you, as absent without leave, and convey you, as a prisoner, on board the Royal William guard-ship."

"This is very *mal-à-propos*, as I was to dine with some friends on the fine bird before you; but I will put on my coat and attend you to old Grimsby, who is very harsh, as I am only a few days over my leave of absence granted by him. May I beg the favour of you not to let it burn till I can send the cook in?" So saying, Billy slipped on his coat, and slipped out of the back-door, and very soon reported himself as come on board to first lieutenant Grimsby.

"Mr. Culver, you have overstaid your time three days, and I have sent Lieutenant Greenhorn to bring you off under an arrest; have you seen him?"

"Dear me, how strange!" said Billy, endeavouring to look very innocent; "after taking our nooner together, (by this he meant a glass of grog, a bad custom in vogue among seamen, even in these days of refinement and reform,) I left him in full uniform, basting a goose roasting by the kitchen fire of the India Arms, Gosport; and if you will please to allow me to fulfil an indispensable engagement this day, I will, on my passage, make known to him your commands."

"Send him off instantly, sir; such conduct is particularly unbecoming in an officer or a gentleman."

And our acquaintance Lieutenant Greenhorn was ever after facetiously termed Goose Gibbey. I believe Billy's objections to being the youngest lieutenant were in course of time conquered, and that he died in a rank I never expect to obtain, that of post captain.

SIR SIDNEY SMITH.

This chivalrous Knight of the Sword has been removed, I trust, to a better world. I remember him well, and have him in "my mind's eye" as he stepped on the quarter-deck of H. M. frigate "Ell Carmen," lying in Aboukir Bay, Egypt, in the latter part of the year 1801. He was then of middling stature, good looking, with tremendous moustachios, a pair of penetrating black eyes, an intelligent countenance, with a gentlemanly air, expressive of good nature and kindness of heart.

"Captain Selby," said the hero of Acre, "if you will do me the honour to be guided by my advice, we will make a passage that shall astonish the world."

For we were ordered to England to announce our success over the French army in Egypt, which by convention, were to be sent as prisoners of war to Toulon; and Captain Selby did follow Sir Sidney's advice, and did astonish the world, but it was by the length of time we took to accomplish the passage. A sloop of war, which sailed a fortnight after us with duplicates, arrived exactly that time before us, by which *contretemps* Captain Selby lost knighthood and five hun-

dred pounds, the usual reward of bearing such news as we were freighted with.

"It is not the lot of mortals to command success," said Addison, but we did more in "*Ell Carmen*;" we endeavoured to deserve it, for by the advice of Sir Sidney we hugged the Barbary coast close, in hopes of receiving the land-wind at night. Alas! everything turned out the reverse of our expectations; the land-wind disdained to fill our sails, but the lee-wind blew hard upon us, and nearly wrecked the old tub off Cape Dern. She was a Spanish frigate, captured and brought into the service in the late war with that afflicted nation, the fairest portion of the globe, so long a prey to intestine divisions and external war. Their conduct to the aboriginal inhabitants of the southern continent of America has surely drawn down the vengeance of a God of justice for their nefarious and blood-thirsty treatment of a mild race of inoffensive people, whose last heroic chief stretched by these hell-hounds on live coals, his patient suffering under torture, his magnanimous saying to this fellow-sufferer ere his tongue with swelled, fervid heat, refused its power of utterance, "Am I then on a bed of roses?" Who can contemplate these diabolical deeds, and wonder that they are so afflicted? "Vengeance is mine, and I will repay, saith the Lord," and behold in them His words are fearfully fulfilled. Look at this once far-famed nation, not long back the first in rank and power, when the gallant Francis I. of France wrote as their captive from the field of Pavier, "Madam, we have lost all but our honour;" or when their proud "*Armada*" swept the British Channel, and their gorgeous ensigns overshadowed the union jack, intending, by their thumb-screws and hellish devices, to bend our free necks to bigotry and slavery's chains. It was then Britain's hardy sons and England's iron-bound coast defeated, by the help of God, their ambitious project—But my feelings are running me off my course, and, with this admonition, England, look to thine acts in India and Africa! I will return to my tale of what happened long, long ago. Behold this Spanish tub, (age unknown) under close-reefed topsails and reefed courses, going one foot ahead, and two feet to leeward; a thick haze—no observation for two days previous—wind blowing dead on shore—a sneezer and no mistake—first lieutenant fidgety, and with the gunner securing guns with hammocks, hausers, and cleets, for the heaviness of the sea made her roll gunnel to, and great apprehensions were entertained of the bolts drawing, and setting our eighteen-pounders free, the consequence of which would be instant destruction.

Sir Sidney's good-humoured countenance acquired a very sedate cast, and Captain Selby gazed eagerly to leeward and evinced great anxiety, for we only guessed at our situation, which, by our dead reckoning, was sufficiently near the horrible coast of Barbary to justify more apprehension than was openly displayed.

"Get a cast of the deep sea-lead, Mr. Mowbray," said the captain, addressing Old Soundings, the master.

"Ay, ay, sir."

"Men in the weather chains, and pass the line along; all ready,

forward from the weather cathead; heave without shortening sail, Mr. Mowbray, for fear we have no room to spare; look at her wake."

"She falls to leeward like a sand-barge, fifty fathoms up and down," called the master, "and no bottom."

"Examine the arming, master," said Sir Sidney, "the ship labours much."

"It has not struck bottom, Sir Sidney. I believe it a bold shore and an iron-bound coast, steep and inaccessible."

"You were wrecked in a sloop commanded by the Hon. Courtney Boyle?"

"Yes, Sir Sidney, near Arab's Tower, a very different coast to the one directly to leeward."

The short autumnal day was closing in; the sun had set in the midst of heavy clouds, nearly obscure with heavy mist, but casting a red and threatening farewell glance at us, who still plodded on one foot ahead and two to leeward, pitching bows under, and nearly burying herself in water.

Soundings and myself had charge of the middle watch, though few got any sleep on this dreary long night. I had nominal charge, Mr. Mowbray *de facto*; the captain did not think a boy quite competent to the serious duty that might devolve on him for making Cape Dern suddenly in such a sea as was then running. Ensconced under the weather bulwark, being tired of listening to the groaning and creaking timbers of the "Ell Carmen," as she laboured and strained through the mountainous waves that frequently broke upon and half filled the waste, added to these melodies the clanking of the chain pumps, gave every tone but a lively tenor.

"Mowbray," said I, "cheer me with a short yarn of your adventures among the Monsieurs, when wrecked with Captain Boyle."

"Agreed, my boy; and as Sir Sidney and the captain have (tired of watching) gone down for their middle watches, send the youngster to forage."

This produced salt junk and a glass of grog, which animated Soundings sufficiently to begin his short yarn, after having again cautioned the look-out men to look well for the land to leeward, and taking up a position in the topsail halyard rack, he commenced as follows:—

"MOWBRAY'S YARN."

"I think I have described our reaching the shore on rafts, and being saved from the tender mercies of the Bedouin Arabs by a French party of cavalry, who arrived very opportune; I imagine you have heard me speak of these things." "One hundred times," I was on the point of exclaiming, but checked myself, for the master's tale was a standing dish in our gun-room, and came with the wine on the dinner-table daily, the name of the Hon. Courtney Boyle always producing the following yarn.

"I have a recollection of having told you how hard we fared in Alexandria, even during the time of 'Kleber;' but when that excellent general (the very best and most skilful Frenchman in Egypt) fell beneath the assassin's dagger, our treatment was abominably

cruel. His successor, Menou, (whom many people suspected,) chose to throw the suspicion on us, the English prisoners of war, and, to give publicity to his suspicions, placed us in a circle round the stake that the wretched youth was impaled on. Never, no never, shall I forget the bloody and brutal sight. The French army formed three sides of a square near the palm trees on the Desert side, and close to Alexandria; the open space was to allow the ingress of the Bedouin Arabs, who flocked in countless numbers to see their countryman die by the dreadful death of impalement. The drums beat to arms by daylight, and our ferocious guards urged our immediate march; we were then placed, with scoffs, jeers, insults and curses, close around where the stake was intended to be planted immediately. The garrison had formed, on came the advanced guard, the prisoner, and the executioner bearing the stake. The misguided youth, clad in a loose frock, such as carters wear in England, and bareheaded, walked to the scene of his torments with a firm step, head elevated, and eyes expressive of a mind at peace, stored with undaunted courage; his guard now reversed arms, while the bands struck up a solemn dirge, and the youthful prisoner, for I do not think he had reached twenty-five years, was conducted into the centre of the guard; the slight covering was then removed, and a better proportioned, athletic youth never stripped: he was then forcibly thrown on his face, his hands and feet secured, and the stake, which was hard wood pointed, driven by the executioner along his back-bone. A horrid yell of anguish announced the commencement of his sufferings. He was an enthusiast, and conceived his Koran advised him to be a murderer. Poor youth! he expiated such misconception by suffering torments that the ingenuity of the Indians could not rival. The wretched youth was then raised, and the stake placed in the socket of a shaft sunk deep in the sand, with his face and naked body turned to the sun, that fiercely glared upon him. Although protected by light clothing from its rays, I felt melting beneath its intense heat, greatly augmented by reflection from the white sand on which we stood. O God! it was a pitiable sight to see that manly form, in the image of his Maker, so borne up, the muscles and veins standing out like cords on his body, throat, and legs, while every nerve quivered with excessive anguish; but his face, that expressed manly courage and resignation, now was flushed with agony; while the eyes, protruding from the sockets, looked up for supplication for aid, as he loudly invoked his prophet, intermingled with cries for water, water. To these dreadful heart-rending cries we were compelled to listen, and our sight was shocked by the unutterable agony that convulsed his body till the hour of noon, when we were marched back to our caravansary or prison—the crowd of Arabs driven out of the square—the troops dismissed to their quarters, leaving a strong guard round the victim of cruelty, who writhed upon his stake with undiminished power of suffering. That night I could not sleep, for his dreadful cries still rang in my ears. Again we had to march at daylight and circle round the stake, where the wretched youth still retained life, with power to utter hollow groans that nearly congealed my blood; but when my sight beheld the effect on his manly form from that night of agonized sufferings, I closed my eyes, nor would I open them again to be blasted by such a

sight of horror. The eyes and lips had been torn away by the birds of prey, who, disturbed at their banquet on his body, still wheeled in circles above our heads, uttering loud discordant screams, while clouds of insects were eating him alive.

"But hold on, lads," shouted the master, "for here comes a tapper."

The frigate, from having little way, had fallen off in the trough of the sea, and a mountainous wave rolling on the beam seemed determined to swamp us; onward it came in its resistless might, breaking over the frigate, and sweeping away the boats and spare spars.

"Hold on, good sticks," said Sir Sidney, who, with the captain, being roused by the concussion, came running on deck.

"Land three points on the lee-bow," called the cat headman; "wear the ship, Captain Selby."

"It is Cape Dern," said Sir Sidney, "and I fear we are embayed. All hands wear ship."

After a shrill whistle from the boatswain and his mates, and "tumble-up there,—tumble-up," sounded through the decks of the "*Ell Carmen*," "take the mainsail in, Mr. Langden, weather clue first;" but although our first *Luf* proceeded to shorten sail in a seaman-like manner, the mainsail blew to ribbons as she came to the wind on the other tack; and fortunate for the old frigate it so happened, for we were taken flat aback in a heavy squall, and, had the mainsail still remained set, we most certainly should have gathered stern away and foundered. There is a guiding hand in all these events, which are not left to chance,—"no Christian should mention the word," he cannot believe in it; from forty-five years experience at sea, I have no doubt of a particular Providence in all these escapes, and God help us, if it did not exist, the foresight of the cleverest seaman would avail but little; for

"There is a sweet little cherub that sits up aloft,
To look out a good berth for poor Jack."

In the preceding part I have said very little of the hero of my tale; I now beg leave to introduce him to my readers as he appeared to me: no passer by of observation, however hurried, but would stop to get a second glance of this heroic prince of chivalry, whose manners would have done honour to Lord Chesterfield's tuition, and whose heart was the seat of kindness, good humour, and hilarity. He was the life of the ship, composed songs, and sang them; full of anecdote, so well told that you lost sight of the little bit of egotism they smacked of.

"I have some knowledge of that man at your weather wheel," said he to me one morning, as we paced the quarter-deck of his Majesty's frigate. "In what ship have we sailed together, my man?"

"No ship, Sir Sidney; but your honour will recollect that bit of a scrimmage with mounseer in Ancona."

"I do perfectly recollect that I owe my life to the courage of you and your companions, and here is a guinea to impress it on your mind." And Sir Sidney resumed his walk.

"At the time he alluded to, I commanded a frigate lying in the little port of Ancona—it was just previous to our declaration of war—and

in the midst of the French revolutionary fury I gave a dinner in their best hotel to the royalists, both ashore and afloat; and in the height of our hilarity the Jacobins of the town, headed by the crew of a French privateer madly intoxicated, surrounded the house for the purpose of exterminating the aristocrats. The chairs and tables were converted into weapons of defence; as my uniform sword was the only warlike instrument it rendered the party good service by letting out the life's blood of two leaders of this sanguinary band; but we were sore pressed and outnumbered, as three of my friends had been torn to pieces by the infuriated mob, when by God's good providence the crews of the English ships lying in the port came to our rescue, and barely in time to save me from dangling at the window sill, through which they were forcing me with a hempen cravat, more useful than ornamental, when the hearty British cheer stopped their proceedings, and obliged them to use their legs as their best mode of defence and only means of safety. I need not tell you that my friend at the wheel behaved well at the rescue."

Sir Sidney, who shortened his moustaches daily according to our run made in the night, fully determined to get rid of them by our arrival in England, was to me an object of great interest from the anecdotes my messmate, Dick Janverin, who served under him in the *Tigre* at the renowned defence of Acre, used to tell us. Apropos of my friend Dick, who merited and obtained a post captain's rank previous to his early and much lamented death. This officer, whose unequalled adventures I hope some day, by the permission of his friends, to give the public in my reminiscences, was despatched by Sir Sidney at Acre to give his Sublime Highness at Constantinople the interesting account of his defeating Buonaparte, at the head of his conquering legions, by the simple aid of a British seventy-four and his own great skill. Captain Janverin travelled through the Desert with no other protection than an Arab guide, his own strong arm, and dauntless heart. He was overwhelmed on the passage by the sands of the Desert, raised into mountains by their awful simoon, or fiery wind, extricated and tenderly nursed by the Bedouin Arabs, who are ever roaming its pathless track, and conducted by them safely through its solitary waste. But I perceive the name of my friend Janverin has caused me, in nautical language, to take a broad yaw; therefore, to return to the hero of my tale, who, Janverin used to tell us, was the best runner he ever met with, for when reconnoitring the French army before Acre, his companions would point out to Sir Sidney that the sharpshooters had been thrown forward with a great wish to make him their target, for Syria and Acre depended on his life.

"I see them lying down under the ridges of sand in front, Sir Sidney, and they will put a ball through you before you can say Jack Robinson."

"Now, boys, the devil take the hindmost;" and Sir Sidney would enter the breach in the walls, where Jezza Pacha made his bed every night during the siege, before his companions were half way. In course of time, but long over due, we made Gibraltar, and there landed General Sir Edward Paget, and several military officers, who were heartily tired of us. On our passage down, we one night fell

in with a frigate, and taking her for an enemy from not answering our signals, prepared for action, when Sir Sidney appeared on deck in the costume of Robinson Crusoe.

"I will head the boarders, Captain Selby, and only advise one broad-side with the muzzle of your guns touching the Frenchman's."

But the Frenchman turned out to be an Algerine frigate, and Sir Sidney detained her two hours while he wrote instructions to the Bey of Doria, should the French again attempt a landing on his frowning coast, and among his savage subjects, to whom we had the pleasing prospect of becoming hewers of wood and drawers of water if we escaped the impending shipwreck, which the sudden shift of wind so providentially saved us from when embayed on that dangerous coast, taking in fresh water, and landing some nobs of passengers, among which was the before-named general, who was without exception a perfect gentleman and an excellent officer. I think I read of his death a few days back, and grieve much that such ornaments to society should grow old and die off like the common clods of this earth, who in many instances vegetate like cabbages, and die unloved and unknown, superior to the brute creation only in speech, which gift is too often abused by blasphemous oaths and dreadful revilings. But a truce to moralizing. A few hours again saw us through the straits, and in the vast Atlantic. Sir Sidney, among his many peculiar eccentricities, asserted that rats fed cleaner, and were better eating, than pigs or ducks; and, agreeably to his wish, a dish of these beautiful vermin were caught daily with fish-hooks well baited in the provision hold, for the ship was infested with them, and served up at the captain's table; the sight of them alone took off the keen edge of my appetite. Some days previous to striking soundings it blew so hard, with such a sea, as was conceived dangerous for the old tub to scud in; accordingly she was made snug by getting the topgallant masts on deck, and we hove-to under a close-reefed main topsail. I only saw Sir Sidney once during the gale, when he jocosely remarked that he was only a passenger, and therefore should return to his cot, which he deemed the most comfortable place in the ship. On the following morning, the wind having moderated, we bore up and shook a reef out of the topsails, dropped the foresail, and stood under the stern of a large ship labouring heavily with topgallant yards across in a topping sea, with American colours reversed.

"I am in a sinking state," said brother Jonathan, "and I calculate I shall only be able to keep her up two hours or so; the people are frightened, and I am in a bit of a shake; therefore, Britisher, I will take it as a compliment if you will send your boat, (mine are washed away,) and save us from being drowned like rats in this tarnation leaky hooker."

"I will stay by you," said Captain Selby; "but no boat will live in this sea."

Upon this declaration, Jonathan Corncob spat twice as fast as ever, and observed, "You might oblige us with a boat, captain."

His passengers and crew did not take it in the same cool way their master did, but raised a great outcry, and threw up their hands to a

superior power for aid. While despairingly they tried to induce us to send a boat, Sir Sidney's kind heart was touched by the scene.

"Captain Selby, if you will risk your lee-quarter cutter, I will save, by the help of Heaven, those despairing creatures. Give me choice men, good boatmen, Mr. Langclose, and, with your captain's permission, I will take you in the boat."

This speech relieved me from a heavy weight of care, for, as officer of the watch, it was my duty to share the risk with Sir Sidney; but I had not the slightest inclination to be drowned even in such good company, and his choice of the first lieutenant (there is no accounting for taste) set both heart and mind at rest; for I fully concurred with my captain in opinion that no boat could live.

THE LAY OF THE MAGNETIZED PATIENT.

BY MRS. ABDY.

SLEEP falls upon my eyelids—gentle sleep,
 Long, long the object of my eager quest :
 How have I waked through feverish nights to weep,
 How vainly sought to shroud my pains in rest !
 The scenes around me now appear less bright,
 And dim faint clouds veil gradually my sight.

They tell me that a deep and potent trance
 Shall wrap my senses, as sleep shades my eyes ;
 That I shall seem to turn my inward glance
 On images of strange and wondrous guise ;
 That I may utter words of startling power,
 Unbreathed, unrecked of, till that mystic hour.

Well, be it so—I feel my fervent mind
 In all its wonted vigour humbly bends
 Before the God and guardian of mankind,
 Who daily works his will by human ends,
 And bounteously, from Nature's healing store,
 Deals us rich benefits unknown of yore.

I feel that, in the remedy I seek,
 Presumption holds no part—I do not crave
 Unlawful aid—although my frame be weak,
 I am not Superstition's cowering slave ;
 I only ask relief from wearing ill
 That yet has baffled the physician's skill.

And should I walk in joyous health again,
 Deem not my sudden and mysterious cure
 Shall harm with idle phantasies my brain—
 No, rather shall it make my faith more sure,
 Teach me how God directs man's doubtful ways,
 And bids me give to God alone the praise.

HISTORY OF THE JEWS,¹

FROM THE DECLINE OF THE MACCABEES TO THE PRESENT DAY.

BY M. CAPEFIGUE.

Galba reigned no longer. Neither the inflexible justice of his government, nor the adoption of Piso, sprung from the most ancient families of Rome, nor the rescuscitated forms of the republic, had availed to save him from the caprice of the soldiery: the pretorians had saluted Otho, a young voluptuary, lately a favourite of Nero, while Vitellius, invested with the imperial purple by the semi-barbarian armies of Germany and Gaul, advanced by rapid marches into Italy. Titus, on hearing this news, suspended his journey; he felt that he should have to choose between Otho and Vitellius, both equally contemptible, and a secret presentiment already revealed to him the future greatness of his family; he determined therefore to return to his father. "Some pretend," says Tacitus, "that his love for the sister of Agrippa was not one of the least powerful motives for this resolution; in truth he had no dislike for Berenice, but the business of his heart never interfered with the duties of his station; and if his youth were given up to pleasure, he was also remarkable for a self-control which he never practised under his father." Titus visited the most remarkable places of Greece and Asia Minor, the islands of Cyprus and Rhodes, and disembarked in Syria. At Cyprus, curiosity led him to visit the temple of the Paphian Venus; and while its priests promised him that he should yet wear the consular robe and the laurel of the Cæsars, he was apprised that the legions of Palestine had saluted his father with the title of Emperor and Augustus.*

As soon as Vespasian knew of the melancholy end of Galba, and the success of the pretorians, he thought it expedient to suspend his military operations in Judea. After having ravaged the neighbourhood of Jerusalem, and made himself master of all the difficult positions, he encamped round about Cæsarea, until the senate should have decided as to the empire of the world. But the Syrian legions loudly protested against the privilege arrogated by the pretorians, a lazy band at Rome, and the semi-barbarians of Germany, to impose an emperor on the other armies and on the state. "Galba deserved all honour for his services, but what respect could an Otho inspire, drowned in debt; or a Vitellius, who had more cooks in his tent than soldiers?" Groups of soldiers were to be seen collecting in Cæsarea. The veterans showed their wounds, and recited their services. Were they to devote them henceforward to a Vitellius? and they spoke of the glory which would accrue to the legions of Syria and Palestine, if they proclaimed an emperor from their ranks. The centurions exalted the virtues and achievements of Vespasian and his son. In an

* Tacitus, Hist. lib. ii. chap. ii.

instant the resolution is taken: they run to his tent, conspicuous by its golden eagle; they beseech, they implore him to accept the purple, but he rejects the offer, either from feelings of timidity or of modesty. Some of the veterans draw their swords and menace him; their reproaches make further resistance impossible. Vespasian accepts the title of Imperator, and soon after, Egypt, Roman Asia, Mutianus and the legions, acknowledge him as the successor of the divine Augustus.*

Titus arrived at Cæsarea in sufficient time to assist at the solemnities of the new elections. Vespasian, according to Josephus, in those military proceedings, attributed to the God of heaven all the greatness which the legions bestowed upon his head. Remembering then the predictions of the Jewish priest, he sent for him to his tent, and declared in the presence of the soldiers, that he could no longer keep in imprisonment the man who had foretold that he should enjoy the honours of the purple: the whole camp approved of this generous step, and the circumstance itself gave such an idea of the wisdom of Josephus, that all were inclined to put implicit faith in his predictions. Vespasian lost no time in the vain display of his new dignity. By his orders, Mutianus marched towards Rome, across Cappadocia and Phrygia; Antonius Primus advanced against Cecinna with the legions of Mæsia; and before setting out himself, Vespasian charged Titus, who had accompanied him to Alexandria, to continue the important expedition into Judea, and to march direct upon Jerusalem.†

The ancient capital of Israel, which had for some time been free from the apprehensions of a siege, owing to the civil wars which agitated the empire, had itself become a prey to disorders and public dissensions. When the eastern provinces had acknowledged the authority of Vespasian, the high priest Ananias and the moderate party earnestly insisted that the holy city and the temple of Jerusalem should make their submission to the new Cæsar, and that they should thus, by a spontaneous act of adhesion, endeavour to allay the exasperation which had naturally been excited in the breasts of the Romans by the lengthened opposition which they had encountered in Judea; but the populace, delighted at any prospect of confusion, together with the zealots and sicarii, would not hear of such a proceeding, and boastfully proclaiming an independence which was to be so fatal to Israel, threatened with approaching ruin *the empire of Edom*, now torn to pieces by the conflicts of rival princes. The struggle of opinions, deplorable even in quiet times, in these days of commotion assumed all the violence characteristic of civil war. The zealots and sicarii, not satisfied with pillaging the public treasury, and sharing the spoils of those Israelites who did not choose to enter into their mad schemes and expectations, either imprisoned or executed some of the most influential men in Jerusalem, on the pretext that they were

* Compare Josephus, who describes with great detail the elevation of Vespasian, *de Bello Jud.* lib. iv. chap. x.; Suet. in *Vespas.*, chap. vi.; and Tacitus, *Hist.* lib. i. iv. 74.

† Josephus *de Bello Jud.* lib. iv. chap. x. Tacitus says:—*Igitur validissimam exercitus partem Tito tradit, ad reliqua Judaici belli perpetranda.*—*Hist.* lib. iv. chap. li.

favouring, either by their actions or by their treasonable desires, the triumph of the Roman cause. Even the temple was not exempt from their violence. "They dared to insult God," says Josephus, "by entering with unwashed feet and guilty minds into the sanctuary of the holy of holies." *

So long as the zealots and sicarii confined themselves to plundering the rich, and persecuting the upper classes, who always create some degree of jealousy in the lower grades of society, the multitude, generally participating in their measures, had applauded; but the people of Jerusalem, even in the midst of their unhappy revolutions, had ever maintained a profound regard for their national religion; and when the high priest Ananias, driven from the temple by the zealots and sicarii, exhibited himself in public, his head covered with ashes, and declared that the sanctuary had been violated by ungodly men, and that blood had even been spilt on its threshold, the mob, which had but lately aided the designs of the factious, rose as one man against them. Sad and unparalleled events in the annals of Israel! The temple was then besieged by the sovereign pontiff; the priests and the levites expelled from the holy abode; the zealots and pharisees on one side, and the priests and populace on the other, disputed for the possession of the sacred dwellings,†—"And in those places where Israel had but lately beheld the pious offering of the paschal lamb and the doves for purification, nought was now seen," according to the expression of a commentator of the Michna, "but swords and staves; while the horrible whirling of stones, and the cries of the wounded, succeeded to the hymns of rejoicing and the song of thanksgiving."

The number of the besiegers increased every instant, and the waves of the populace pressed fearfully against the second court. The zealots despaired of resisting much longer the attacks of the populace thus excited by the priests, when John of Giscala proposed that they should summon the Idumeans of the Desert, those ancient enemies of Israel, to their assistance. During the wars against the Romans, the Idumeans had sometimes carried succour to the city of David and Solomon, and the imperious necessity of mutual defence had in some degree associated these two nations, whose laws and traditions had tended so much to alienate the one from the other:‡ but in their alliance, whatever was the reason, there had always appeared some of that 'spirit of religious animosity and of hereditary aversion which animated their ancestors. The Idumeans therefore gladly accepted a proposition which would make them masters of Jerusalem, while it would foment the civil discords of a rival city. In a few days, more than twenty thousand horsemen had collected under its walls, ready to maintain the cause of the zealots and sicarii. In vain the

* The history of the dissensions of Jerusalem and the struggle of parties has been given with considerable detail by Basnage, lib. i. chap. vi. Tacitus says:—*In duas factiones civitas discessi, donec, propinquantibus Romanis, bellum externum concordiam pareret.*—*Hist. lib. v. chap. xii.*

† Josephus de Bello Jud. lib. v.

‡ Chebron was the capital of Idumea. Abraham dwelt near it after he left Mesopotamia. In the time of Josephus there were still some marble inscriptions to be seen there, commemorating these events in the Jewish history.—*Josephus de Bello Jud. lib. iv.*

high priest Ananias, and Jesus, the eldest of the priests, urged them to desist from prosecuting a measure so fatal to all the people of Palestine, and which would assuredly entail upon them the swift vengeance of the Romans. They spoke to the winds, and the Idumeans, on their part, were not less zealous in the support of their new allies. In the midst of a terrible tempest which spread alarm on all sides, and the flashing of lightning and the roaring of thunder, the gates of Jerusalem were opened. More than fifteen thousand warriors, hostile to the Jewish people, poured along the streets and entered the precincts of the temple; and so great was their national hatred of the inhabitants of the holy city, that on the morrow it was computed that more than eight thousand five hundred Israelites had fallen by the edge of the sword.

On the days following this dreadful night, the Idumeans sacked the houses of the priests and of the richer inhabitants. Their rage was especially directed against the priests of Jehovah: the high priest Ananias was slain in the streets, and Zacharias, son of Bareuth, of the illustrious blood of the prophets, was put to death on a vague accusation of having conspired to deliver up the city of Solomon to Vespasian and the Roman legions. Mournful and helpless spectators of these frightful excesses, many of the peaceably inclined inhabitants quitted their abodes to seek refuge in the towns already under the protection of the Romans. At length, the Idumeans themselves, wearied with ministering to the atrocious enmity of the zealots, abandoned Jerusalem; and the rival factions thus stood opposed to each other as before.

During this time, Titus was collecting in Alexandria the legions destined for the new expedition into Judea.* The whole of this country, except the capital, had been subdued by Vespasian, and the holy city was, as it were, blockaded by Roman garrisons. Titus had been informed by deserters of the state of affairs in Jerusalem, and, like an able general, he was in no hurry to expedite the departure of the legions, being rather desirous that these intestine feuds should have full scope for action and developement, so as to exhaust the religious fanaticism and patriotic enthusiasm of the Israelites. Besides, it was well known that Rome was gaining fresh adherents in Jerusalem every day; and the tribunes who commanded at Joppa, Ptolémaïs, and Ascalon, had sent word that "a vast number of Jews of all ranks and conditions are seeking shelter, under the wings of our victorious eagles, against the horrors of civil war." It was not, therefore, before the ides of February that Titus announced to his soldiers that they must hold themselves in readiness to march upon Salyman. Similar orders were issued to the legions of Syria; and the whole army was to concentrate at Cæsarea, where the accession of Vespasian would be celebrated.

Titus quitted Alexandria with two legions, the third and the twenty-second, lately arrived from Britain. Taking the land route by Nicopolis, he there embarked his soldiers in long boats, and descending the course of the Nile, on the side of Mendessina and Thamnis, he landed at Thamnis, on the road to Heraclea. The legions next

* Tacit. Hist. lib. v. Dion. Cass. lib. 66. Suetonius in *Tit.* sect. 14

reached Pelusa: beyond that the Desert, and the Temple of Jupiter Cassius, where they pitched their tents. They left on one side the sterile Ostracina, engulfed as it were in the sands, and Rhinocolurus, celebrated for the waters of Isis: in the ides of March they had reached Raphia, the first town of Syria on that frontier, and rapidly traversing Ascalon, Jamnia, and Joppa, they arrived at Cæsarea, the general rendezvous of the Roman army. Around this city were encamped the three legions who had served under Vespasian in the late war in Judæa: the twelfth legion burned with a noble desire to avenge the defeat of Cestius, for its shrouded eagles no longer glistened with the laurels of victory: and the kings Agrippa and Sohemus had conducted thither their bodies of light horse and auxiliary troops. Among these forces were seen three thousand Syrian soldiers, weakly troops, but animated by an ancient hatred against "that temple where no incense was burned to Venus, the protecting goddess of Syria." *

After having celebrated the accession of Vespasian, Titus announced his departure for Jerusalem. The fifth legion was to proceed to Emmaus; the tenth marched on Jericho; while Tiberius Alexander was to invade Judæa by the frontiers of Syria. Titus took the road by Samaria, Gophna, Acantho-Naulona, and encamped near the village of Gabaoth-Saul, or the Hill of Saul. There he was joined by the fifth legion, while the tenth moved up to within six stades of Jerusalem, near the Mount of Olives.†

At last the holy city appeared in the sight of Titus and his legions. Jerusalem was built upon two hills, separated by a valley covered with houses; the former, being the loftiest, was called the upper city, and was surmounted by the fortress Antonia; the other, of more gradual ascent, was called Acra, the lower city. Jerusalem with its square built houses, its esplanades, and its beautiful sycamores, so extolled by the prophets, is surrounded by a triple wall. The first wall, the ancient work of David and Solomon, began at the tower called Hippicus, continued towards the east by the marble palace of the elders, and finished by the gate of the temple: but westward it began at the same spot, and extended through a place called Bethro to the gate of the Esseniaus; and after that, it went southward, circling round near the fountain Siloam, where it also bends again towards the east of Solomon's pool, and then joins the cloisters of the temple. The second wall took its beginning from that gate which they call Genneth, which belonged to the first wall: it only encompassed the northern quarter of the city, and reached as far as the tower Antonia. The beginning of the third wall, lately built by the tetrarch Agrippa, was at the tower Hippicus, and extended till it came over against the monument of Helena, the mother of Izates: it then passed by the sepulchre caverns of the kings, and joined to the old wall opposite the valley of Cedron. This triple wall was defended by ninety towers. That of Psephina, of an octagonal form, was seventy cubits in height, and looked like an immense mountain: equally remarkable were those of

* Josephus de Bello Jud. lib. v.; Tac. Hist. lib. v.; and the dissertations of Basnage, lib. i. chap. 8.

† According to calculations easily made, Titus must have arrived before Jerusalem about the time of the passover, and consequently in the month of April, A. D. 70.

Hippicus, Phasaël, and Mariamne, memorials of the affection and gratitude of King Herod, raised nearly a century back: they were built of large stones, and in the words of a Rabbin, when the sun's rays shone upon them, they looked like burning coals.*

The most remarkable edifice, without dispute, was the temple of Solomon, which Tacitus describes to have been the most formidable part of the fortifications of Jerusalem. It stood on the crest of the upper city, protected by a double wall; it nevertheless had numerous gates and entrances, which the patient zeal of the Hebrews had multiplied in honour of Jehovah. The fortress Antonia, situated in an angle of the galleries, protected the temple, as the temple protected Jerusalem, and so the Roman legions, whenever they had attacked the city, took care invariably to occupy this military position, which so completely commanded it in every direction.

By a singular hazard, at the very moment when Titus sat down before Jerusalem, a vast multitude was collected within its walls. According to the ancient custom of Israel, the celebration of the Passover, and the legal observances, had drawn Jews from all parts of the world to the land of promise.† The Israelite who dwelt on the Euphrates, and he who lived in Greece or Italy, had a little previously resorted to the temple. The sacred ceremonies and the rites of the synagogue were being duly celebrated, when on a sudden the trumpet of the Levites announced that the army of the Amalekites was seen advancing from the side of Emmaus and Jericho, "*and that the time was come when Israel would have to rise as one man.*" From that moment the defence of Jerusalem and of her temple became the first duty, and the only consideration of the assembled population; the doctors and the pharisees stirred up a credulous zeal by holding forth the pious exhortations and the ancient promises of a conquering Messiah. A warlike fanaticism inspired every heart, and awakened mutual courage, and the Jews already dreamt of unbounded prosperity and of universal dominion.

However, if numerous defenders would make the taking of Jerusalem more difficult, and a more tedious operation, it was much to be dreaded, on the other hand, that their presence would create a deficiency of provisions. The rains had plentifully supplied the wells and cisterns, but the fact could not be concealed, that the corn, which would have to be distributed during popular tumults, and the small quantity of sheep and oxen, would hardly supply the Jews then congregated in the city, with their domestics, their wives, and families, for two months: nevertheless this sad reflection did not in the least degree diminish the warlike enthusiasm of the Israelites; and as the Roman army approached Jerusalem, it had more than once a proof of what the patriotic devotion of the Israelites was capable of achieving. Titus had advanced from Acantho-Naulona, at

* The most complete research which has been made with regard to Jerusalem, is unquestionably that of d'Anville, in his dissertation "*sur l'étendue de l'ancienne Jerusalem.*" The researches of the Abbe Guenée in the "*Mémoires de l'Académie des Inscriptions*," though less minute, contain some important details. Tacitus and Josephus, however, will always be the best authors to consult.

† According to the calculations of Basnage, the population of Jerusalem, during the Passover, might amount to two million seven hundred thousand persons.—Lib. x. ch. 8.

the head of a cohort of cavalry, to reconnoitre the military positions. He had nearly made the circuit of the walls without being molested, when a signal was made from the tower of Psephina by an old man holding up his robe, and a vigorous sortie was made into the plain, and Titus and a part of his cohort were presently surrounded; the Roman horsemen had barely time to draw their swords, and cut their way through the closing ranks of the Jewish warriors. A few days afterwards the tenth legion was attacked in its own camp, as it was beginning to dig the ditches and fortify the tents: taken by surprise, unarmed, the soldiers retreated in confusion, until Titus, to whom word had been sent, came up to their support.*

As the Jews began to exhibit great boldness and energy, the tribunes and centurions increased the prudence and precautions of their offensive movements. Titus had early given orders that all the woods and houses in the immediate neighbourhood of the city should be destroyed. The Rabbins, in their works, deplore these superb buildings, their gardens planted with cypresses and sycamores, where the doctors went to teach the law to their numerous disciples. In the space of a few days they were all levelled; and the materials, carefully collected, served for the erecting of platforms, and of those formidable engines of war which battered walls, or hurled enormous stones. As soon as these machines were finished, Titus moved them towards the wall; a plummet and line being first thrown to measure the distance, a tribune of the twelfth legion made the signal of attack.

The historian Josephus, who was in the camp of the Romans, has left us a minute description of the terrible effect of these wonderful machines. "Each legion had several of these fearful instruments in front of its tents, which carried death and destruction into the city of Judah: the stones they hurled were of the weight of a talent, and were carried two furlongs, and farther, and struck even those who thought themselves secure behind the walls. To save themselves as much as possible from the effects of such projectiles, the Jews placed some watchmen on the towers to give them notice when the engine was let go; and when they saw these enormous square stones of a dazzling brightness, they cried out, 'Israel, the son cometh,' upon which the besieged threw themselves down upon the ground, and, by thus guarding themselves, the stone fell down and did them but slight harm. The Romans, discovering this stratagem, blackened the stones as they were brought from the Mount of Olives, and thus the sentinels not being able to distinguish them in time, they struck down whole ranks at one blow.†

Some days afterwards the battering-ram began to play in three different places. The hollow sounds from the tottering wall mingled with the fearful whizzing of the darts and stones. A burning sand overspread the horizon, and the rays of the sun could scarcely pene-

* The Passover was celebrated the 14th of April, in Jerusalem. The furious sorties of the Israelites suddenly ceased. The Rabbins and the people, according to Josephus, had far more important duties to attend to than personal defence. Suetonius relates the courageous action of Titus.—In Tit. 5.

† Josephus de Bello Jud. lib. v. ch. vi.

trate through the clouds of dust which rose from the plain and within the city. In the midst of this dismal gloom, the burning shafts and torches which the Jews flung to set fire to the Roman machines, looked like the vivid flashes of lightning, which for a moment dispel the darkness of the storm. At uncertain periods the Israelites rushed out of the city to surprise the camp. In these furious sorties, religious enthusiasm on the one hand, and steady discipline on the other, produced tremendous conflicts, and the Romans and Jews, alternately victorious, strewed the ground with the bodies of their slain. At last, on the 5th of the ides of May, the besieged having abandoned the first wall, the auxiliary troops of Alexandria entered by the breach, and opened the gates to the Roman legions.*

The presence of a common danger had tended to heal the divisions in Jerusalem. Simon and John, leaders of the zealots and sicarii, who had long indulged in mutual hostility, suspended their bloody feuds; they had been reconciled through the influence of the pontiffs, and their soldiers, from that time, shared in each other's duties and fatigues. Ten thousand men, under the orders of fifty captains of the Temple, had entrenched themselves behind the second wall; and Sosa, the son of James, commanded there, also, five thousand Idumeans. A force of the bravest and most determined warriors occupied the temple, joined by Simon and upwards of ten thousand zealots, all bound by an oath to bury themselves under the ruins of the sanctuary. Nevertheless famine, gaunt famine, soon carried its terrible ravages amongst the population of Jerusalem. The corn had disappeared from the public granaries, and recourse was had to those severe searches which always increase the evil, by exciting feelings of fear and distrust. And now pious men were seen to sell the houses and gardens of their ancestors for a measure of wheat; or to rob the poor man by force of the few ears of corn he might have picked up at the risk of his life.† So frightful at last did the famine become, that three thousand Israelites expired before the celebration of the fifth sabbath of the siege. I dare not give implicit credence to the appalling account which Josephus has composed of the misfortunes of his country, and the destruction of Jerusalem.

There was a certain woman that dwelt beyond Jordan of the name of Mary, daughter of Eleazar, of the village of Bethesub, which signifies the "*House of Hyssop*." She was distinguished for her family connexion and her wealth, and her flocks lived peaceably on the banks of the Cedron; however, the zealots had robbed her of all she possessed, and her wealth was soon nothing but a name; she had solicited death, but perhaps by a refinement of barbarity they spared

* Hegesippus gives some details upon this part of the siege which are not in Josephus, though he has always copied him. *De Bello Judaico*. The Romans got possession of the first wall on the seventh day of the month Arteminius, which answers to the month of May. Tillemont, note 33, *Histoire des Empereurs*, (reign of Vespasian,) substitutes the 28th of April; this date agrees better with subsequent events.

† On contemplating this dreadful misery, the pious Crevier cannot refrain from quoting the prediction of our Saviour:—"For then shall be great tribulation, such as was not since the beginning of the world to this time, no, nor ever shall be."—Matthew xxiv. 21, and Mark xiii. 19.

both her and her child about two years of age. For three days she had not been able to procure food, and her limbs became paralyzed. In one of those intervals in which delirium lends a transient energy to the scattered senses, she snatched her infant from her breast. "O miserable infant," she cried, "what a time has Jehovah chosen to give thee life! I am dying with hunger; and if thou survivest, what will be thy lot? Slavery in a foreign land, or death by the hand of the ruthless soldier. Come, then, my burning body shall be thy sepulchre." And she plunged a dagger to its heart with one of those maniac smiles which Philo compares to the shuddering caused by the feel of a corpse; and with her own hands proceeded to prepare this hideous food, and to devour the yet bloody members of her child.*

This dreadful story, and the terrible state of Jerusalem, were soon known in the legionary camp. Titus took the gods of the Capitol to witness that he was blameless of all these horrors, inasmuch as he had frequently offered pardon and clemency to the rebellious city. The historian Josephus, who was in the camp of Titus, made a last endeavour to save his wretched brethren. He went close to the second wall, crowded with zealots and pharisees, and, in exhortations which he has left on record, he implored these men to have compassion on themselves, on the holy temple, and on their unhappy country; to listen at length to the voice of reason, and to submit to the glorious laws of Rome; that if they would consent to this, Titus would grant them the rites and customs of their ancestors; whereas, by a mad attempt for independence, they would entail certain ruin on their religion and their families, and a scene of carnage and destruction which would appal the most distant posterity. The zealots and Idumeans received all his threats and promises with insulting mockery. In vain the historian recalled to them the remembrance of former experience, and the victories and prowess of the Romans; the enthusiastic defenders of Jerusalem would hardly listen to him, and as he turned his back in despair to return to the camp, they discharged a shower of darts at him from the top of one of the towers, "because it was written that Israel should cast stones at traitors and apostates." From this moment Titus would not hear of terms, and determined on pressing the siege with the utmost vigour. By one of those miracles of art which the military skill and discipline of the Romans gave birth to, in less than three days the Jews beheld the city surrounded by a high bank protected by thirteen towers; immense platforms, and the most formidable machines were constructed with similar boldness and dexterity. The second wall soon fell into the power of the legions; the third yielded to the uninterrupted blows of the battering-ram; and at last the victorious Titus presented himself before the magnificent porches of the temple, and at the foot of those walls which had been raised by the munificence of kings, and by the piety of the Jews.† It was most important, in the first place, to secure

* Josephus de Bello Jud. lib. vi. chap. iii.

† Tacitus says that Titus hurried on the siege from an impatience to return to Rome, where grandeur and opulence awaited him. *Tito Roma, et opes, voluptates ante oculos, et ni statim Hierosolyma concideret, morari videbantur.*—Tac. Hist. lib. v. chap. 11.

the fortress Antonia, which commanded the temple and the city. Titus drew up the machines and opened a breach, by which at night some veterans of the twentieth legion entered and mounted to the top of the wall. The guards were asleep, and they made themselves masters of it with little or no resistance; they immediately sounded the trumpets, as though several cohorts had been present. The Jews abandoned all the ports in dismay, and when the first rays of the rising sun lit the plain, the Roman eagle was seen planted on the tower of Antonia, and overlooking the holy city of Jerusalem.* Titus would have taken possession of the temple the same day, but for the glorious resistance offered by the zealots and the Idumeans under the command of Alexas and Gyphteus of Malachi, of Judas the son of Jairus, and Jacob the son of Sosa, all of the faction of John. Buoyed up by a pious enthusiasm, these devoted troops retreated to the holy of holies, after having for the space of six hours resisted the combined attacks of the Roman army.

The temple held out yet for some time under the fanatic directions of the pharisees. The sight of the sanctuary, and the recollection of the power of Jehovah, who with his right hand exterminated the innumerable forces of the Amalekites, and brought up the waters of the deep against the haughty Pharaoh, rekindled the fiery zeal of the Israelites; and when Titus again, for the last time, offered them pardon and forgiveness, and entreated them to save the splendid monuments of the greatness of their fathers, the Jews rejected with pride and contempt his merciful propositions; in the spirit of reckless patriotism they resolved to withstand the whole force of the Roman empire under cover of the sanctuary. Without any further delay the tribunes and centurions received orders to marshal their men for the assault. About the ninth hour of the day, Cerealis, at the head of a division of five thousand men, attacked the first wall of the temple. The conflict raged chiefly at the gates, which the Romans were ultimately compelled to abandon. The Jews rushed out upon the camp of Titus with such fury that the legions were thrown into disorder, and retired. In the midst of this *melée*, and the interchange of impetuous charges, which the Rabbin, David Ganz, compares to the raging of a stormy ocean, the immense gallery which communicated between the fortress of Antonia and the temple burst forth into flames. Under one of the sacred cloisters the sulphur and bitumen destroyed three centuries of the third legion, with their tribunes and standards. At last the flames reached the temple, and huge flakes of fire streaked the sky. The tumult of the battle, which the despairing Jews nobly sustained on all sides, blended terrifically with this hideous conflagration. Successive onslaughts and repulses on either side distinguished the scene of action. The gates of cedar were driven in, and their brass hinges were violently torn from the walls. Titus entered the sanctuary; but while he admired its simple and majestic construction, while he viewed the golden can-

* Tillemont, *Ruine des Juifs*, No. 70, relates the taking of the fortress of Antonia, and the cessation of the sacrifices. Josephus says that they ceased for want of men. This would appear to me to be an error in the text; in place of "men," we should read "lambs."

dlestick, and the tables of propitiation, a troop of priests and levites, concealed behind the golden vail, rushed out upon his guards, and drove them back to the galleries. Ere Titus could return to the conflict, the flames had filled the temple. In the midst of the thickening clouds of smoke, and upon the pavement, choked up with the bodies of the slain, a few priests still bravely defended themselves. They were slaughtered. During the days which followed this awful catastrophe, the ungovernable legions spared neither age nor sex; every house had become a citadel, which the soldiers were obliged to take by assault. The few Israelites who escaped the swords of their enemies fell upon their own. The whole city, and the country for miles round, were covered with blood, and the waters of the Jordan were tinged with a lurid hue.

I turn my eyes from such a spectacle, and my pen refuses to describe the atrocities committed by an exasperated soldiery. It was in calling to mind this horrible destruction that the learned Rabbin Abarbanel exclaimed, in the accents of pathetic exhortation, "Weep, O daughter of Juda, thy house is desolate! The impious soldier has stained the pavement of the sanctuary with the blood of our priests. The blood of our fathers has flowed a foot deep along the valley of the Jordan, and our olives have been consumed by the raging of those flames which destroyed the hopes of Jacob! Where are now the glorious pageants of our festivals? Daughter of Sion, wherefore do thine eyes yet seek thy well-beloved spouse? Wouldst thou give birth to one who would not have a stone whereon to lay his head? Put on thy weeds, and fly the nuptial couch. Israel, cover thine head with ashes! The holy of holies is no more."*

CHAPTER IV.

STATE OF THE JEWS FROM THE TAKING OF JERUSALEM TO THE REIGN OF CONSTANTINE.

A.D. 71—313. The holy metropolis exists no longer. Its temple, the venerable witness of its piety, and of its public munificence, and its palaces of cedar, the beautiful construction of the kings of Judah, have fallen beneath the implacable vengeance of Titus and his legions. The daily sacrifices, the national ceremonies, everything which was wont to recall and to strengthen the ties of father-land, all have perished with Jerusalem. The songs of Zion no longer resound in the sanctuary, and in vain we look thither for the pious hecatomb and the festive pomps. Israel, scattered to the four corners of the earth, will no longer have a centre of religious attraction and political unity; a new captivity commences, far more durable, though not so fertile in miracles as those of Egypt and of Babylon, which beheld the birth of Moses and the prophets.

It was easy to foresee that such would be the result of that struggle so long maintained between the religious enthusiasm of the Jews and the power of Rome. A community subdued by conquests, which continually insulted the opinions of its conquerors by its prejudices,

* Abarbanel Commentar. in Esaiam; Lugduni. Batavor. 1631, in 8vo.

or braved their authority by revolt, must either have perished, or have succeeded by some fortunate attempts in throwing off the yoke.

However indulgent the masters of the Roman world might have been towards those nations whom they had conquered by force of arms, they could not long have borne with that wavering and turbulent obedience which, from the deference and independence it claimed, interfered with the uniform march of the Roman administration, if it did not indeed directly act as an example of discontent and impatience, which might fatally affect by its contagion those people who patiently submitted to their fate.

A secret presentiment had for a long time warned Israel that she had everything to fear from the Roman power; the prophets had threatened her with the "exterminating people of the eagle," and in the traditions of the synagogues we find these remarkable words: "At the hour when Solomon married the daughter of Pharaoh of Egypt, and polluted his bed with an idolatrous woman, Gabriel descended from heaven by order of the Eternal, and planted the tube in the sea, which drew up the earth whereon the great city of Rome was built; and on the day when Jeroboam lifted up the two golden calves for worship, Remus and Romulus raised two huts on the banks of the Tiber, which were destined in time to abase thy temple, O Jehovah!" This prediction was fulfilled, and Jerusalem fell beneath the sword of the Romans, never to rise again.*

In fact, the holy city had displayed such obstinacy in its resistance, that Titus and the chiefs of the legions could not resist the clamorous demands of the soldiers, who quoted the fate of rebellious Carthage, and violently insisted that the plough should be passed over the foundations of Jerusalem. All its houses were rased to the ground, as well as its palaces and sycamore gardens. From the wreck of the temple of this superb city Titus only preserved one flank of the wall, and the three towers of Hippicus, Phasaël, and Mariamne, (raised by the piety of Herod,) to serve as a memorial to the universe of the prowess of the legions and the vengeance of Cæsar. Nearly eleven hundred thousand Israelites, according to the somewhat exaggerated account of Josephus, perished by famine and the sword during this memorable siege, and ninety-seven thousand were distributed amongst the conquerors, like sheep in the pastures of the Jordan. The youngest and most graceful were kept to adorn the triumph of Titus and Vespasian on the Roman ways. All the males of seventeen years of age and upwards were shipped off to Egypt to be employed in the public works, or to appear in the combats of the circus, and the gladiatorial exhibitions. As to those Israelites who were under that age, they were sent to the markets of Rome to minister to the insolent luxuriousness and brutal caprices of the senators and patricians. John and Simon, the two chiefs of the zealots, dragged out from a common sewer, were reserved to be hurled from the Tarpeian rock after the triumph which awaited Titus and Vespasian at Rome.

* Compare, for all which relates to the opinions of the Rabbins on the Roman empire, Gemar. tit. Sanhed. c. 13; Abarbanel in Esaiam, chap. xxxv.; Aben-Ezra in Genes.

After having punished rebellious Jerusalem,* the young Cæsar turned his attention toward recompensing the bravery and perseverance of the legions during this long and sanguinary struggle. From his tribunal he praised the courage and discipline of the soldiery, and their unwearied constancy during the severest labours. "They had vanquished the most turbulent of nations, and had prostrated the divinity of Solyma before the gods of the Capitol. Jerusalem, surrounded by a triple wall, defended by a whole people, had succumbed. The veteran and the youngest legionaries had rivalled each other in their bravery and zeal, and had alike been animated by a noble emulation. He would not fail to relate to the senate, and to his father, their exploits and their sufferings; he would tell of all that the brave legions of Egypt and of Syria had achieved in Judæa, under the auspices of Vespasian and the Roman people."

After having finished this harangue, he went up to the tribunes and centurions, and accosting them individually, asked them about the behaviour of their men, and obtained equally glorious answers from all. One was the first to ascend the lofty walls of the fortress Antonia, another had scaled the third wall, such a one had pursued the priests and pharisees into the very sanctuary.

"Then," says the Rabbin Akkiba, "the tripods, and the vessels of brass and gold, which but lately supplied the offices and duties of the temple, were melted down in the camps, and shaped into military crowns, or brilliant collars, to reward the services performed against the temple itself; and the didrachmæ which we gave each year to our priests, were appropriated to pay those who had slaughtered them on its pavements, and within its sacred precincts."

Libations and sacrifices to the Capitoline Jove accompanied this military spectacle; and Titus announced that he was going to march through Syria, to strengthen and confirm this province in its respect for Vespasian, and in its obedience to the authority of the senate.

The tenth legion, which was formerly stationed on the banks of the Euphrates, was to be encamped on the ruins of Jerusalem; the fifth, which had been defeated not far from the city, was to proceed to the other extremity of Syria, where the remembrance of its discomfiture was not so fresh, and consequently less obnoxious to the Roman authority. The auxiliary troop next broke up, and their kings left the camp of Titus. Some cohorts of cavalry were posted round about Jerusalem.†

Titus went, in the first place, to Cæsarea, a town peopled entirely with Syrians and Jews, and then to Berythus, a Roman colony in Phœnicia, where he commemorated the birth of his father Vespasian, and of Cæsar Domitian. In the public exhibitions which accompanied these anniversary festivals, more than twelve thousand Jewish captives were brought into the circus to fight with gladiators

* Scaliger gives the text of the most ancient Jewish historians, who say that Titus ploughed up the foundations of Jerusalem, *Isagog. lib. iii. p. 30.* Tillemont thinks that it was only the temple that was rased, and that the total destruction was not till the reign of Adrian. See *L'Histoire des Empereurs, t. 11, note 5,* on the rebellion of the Jews.

† Josephus de Bello Jud. lib. vii. chap. i. Compare with the calendar of the reign of Vespasian, v. c. 822.

and wild beasts, and the majority of them expired in the bloody conflict, amidst the applauding shouts of the multitude. Antioch next received Titus. At a few furlongs from the city, the Grecian and Syrian inhabitants were assembled to implore the conqueror of Jerusalem to expel the Jewish population. Titus refused to answer their earnest requests; and when, on his return from the north of Syria, the people in the theatre repeated the demand, he replied, that the Jews had now no longer a country, and that it would be a most inhuman act to banish so unjustly those who had not even participated in the rebellion of Judæa. The young Cæsar then left the walls of Antioch to repair to Egypt. He traversed Palestine, and once more beheld Jerusalem. He paused to contemplate its ruins, and at the sight of this awful destruction shed tears, and invoked the vengeance of the gods on those heartless barbarians, who, by their bigoted resistance, had entailed so great a calamity on this once glorious city.*

Titus embarked at Alexandria for Rome, whither he had been called by most pressing letters from his father. Seven hundred young men, of the stoutest make and finest shapes, selected from the prisoners taken at Jerusalem, with Simon and John, the rebel chiefs, at their head, were enchained in ships proceeding from the Nile, and destined to adorn the triumph of Titus. Three remarkable individuals accompanied this fleet; the tetrarch Agrippa, ever faithful to the Roman cause; Queen Berenice, led by love to the shores of Italy; and the historian Josephus, who, during the voyage, began to record the miseries of his country and the victories of the legions. As the fleet entered the Tiber, the senate ordered "*a Jewish triumph*" under the auspices of Vespasian and his son.

On the third of the kalends of January, the Roman people thronged the triumphal ways. Titus and Vespasian having been purified by the blood of victims, and by a night of fasting and watching in the temple of Isis, advanced, clothed in purple, and crowned with laurel, towards the "Gate of the Pomp," where incense was burning before the guardian deities of Rome: there the gorgeous procession, with all its accompaniments, was formed in order. Surrounded by statues of the gods and ancestral images was seen the representation of the wars of Judæa, carved in wood. Here was exhibited the siege of Jotapata, where the valour of Vespasian and his son shone so conspicuous; there, in the distance, the ancient city of Jerusalem was borne along, with its temple and its triple wall. The skill of the artist had reproduced all the military achievements in Syria; fertile provinces ravaged, troops of soldiers massacred or put to flight; in one place captives loaded with chains; in another, solid walls battered down by the engines of war, or consumed by the devouring flames. But amidst all these numerous and varied illustrations of the dreadful catastrophe, that which chiefly agonized the feelings of the Israelites who were present at this triumph, was the sight of the temple's spoils polluted by idolatrous hands. They perceived in this profane procession the golden table, the seven-branched candle-

* The departure of Titus for Italy may be fixed about the beginning of spring, A.D. 71, and v.c. 822.

stick, representing the dignity of the number seven, as the day of the sabbath among the Jews; and, lastly, the book of the law, the only likeness of deity which the ignorant polytheist Titus could discover in the temple of Jerusalem. Then came the golden statues of Victory, and the captive Jews chained to chariot-wheels. A pretorian cohort preceded the senate and the victors, and another closed the procession, which had been hailed throughout by the tumultuous acclamations of the people.*

When the sacrifices and the ceremonies of the triumph were concluded in the temple of Victory, the people expected that the pretor, according to custom, would announce the death of one of the enemy's chiefs. Simon, the son of Gioras, the most seditious rebel in Jerusalem, was designated by Vespasian, and led to execution. The lictors whipped him with rods in the public squares; and while the Romans, in splendid repasts, drank to the glory of the prince and the prosperity of the empire, Simon received the fatal blow, not far from the Capitol and the Tarpeian rock.

The Jewish war thus concluded, Vespasian, now master of the Roman world, erected a temple to Peace in his splendid capital. Amongst the spoils which were consecrated to the goddess were the brilliant ornaments of the sanctuary, the golden table and seven-branched candlestick, which suggested to the poet Cæcilius that the God of the Jews, that God without form or feature, had at length become the captive of Capitoline Jupiter.

The remembrance of the destruction of Jerusalem was consecrated on bronze and marble. The majestic triumphal arch still exists in Christian Rome, as all the monuments of the people king. An inscription announces to posterity, "that under the auspices of the prince and of the Roman senate, Titus, directed by the orders and counsels of the divine Vespasian, had subdued the rebellious nation of the Jews, and destroyed the city of Jerusalem, which had until then been in vain besieged by kings, captains, and nations."† Beneath this high-flown inscription, which is supported by two crowned figures of victory, and on the sides of the edifice, bas-reliefs elegantly sculptured, display the scenes of the triumph which Josephus records. Besides flute-players, cars covered with dust, groups of

* Josephus has described with a melancholy enthusiasm the triumphal pomps which were celebrated at Rome for the destruction of Jerusalem, lib. vii. chap. 5.

† Here is the text of the inscription.

S. P. Q. R.

IMP. TITO CÆS. DIVI VESPASIANI
FILIO VESPASIANO AVG
PONT. MAX. TR. POT. X. IMP. XVII. XIII — P. P.
PRINCIPI SVO QVI PRÆCEPTIS PATRIÆ
CONSILIIS Q. E.
AVSPICIIS GENTEM JVDÆORUM DOMVIT
ET VEREM
HIEROSOLYMAM OMNIBVS ANTE SE
GENTIBVS AVT FRVSTRA PETITAM
AVT OMNINO INTENTATAM DELEVIT.

The assertion that Jerusalem had never been taken before Titus, is one of those vain-glorious flatteries of which inscriptions are full: it is not exact. Pompey, as we have seen, took possession of Jerusalem. See, on this inscription, Gronovius, *Tesaur. Antiq. Rom.* tom. iii. p. 111.

matrons and children, and bulls adorned with wreaths of flowers, led by priests and pontiffs, one sees the seven-branched candlestick, the table of propitiation, and a sort of square chest, which antiquarians consider to be intended as a representation of the Holy Ark, which, however, no longer existed in the Temple after the captivity of Babylon.

On the medals of that day, and which were probably scattered amongst the people in the triumphal festival, Judæa, in the guise of a female, sorrowing and dejected, reposes her head under a palm-tree, which rises solitary from the midst of a trophy of arms; a warrior, standing up in all the pride of victory, seems to watch over her: the reverse bears the image of Vespasian, crowned with the laurels of victory.* An inscription announces that Judæa is conquered, and that Cocceius Felix, pretor of Rome, ordered this bronzed memorial to be struck out of gratitude to the prudence and good fortune of the divine Titus, who had destroyed the most dangerous of the enemies of the republic.

The siege of Jerusalem, and the memorable fall of that great city, far from exciting a well-deserved admiration, or a feeling of compassion for a people who had buried themselves beneath the ruins of their domestic hearths, served but to increase the resentment of the populace. It only belongs to noble minds to appreciate valour in an enemy; the base-born only see in it a fresh motive to revenge and hatred.

Thus, the destruction of the Holy City, and the taking of the cities of Judæa, were not only a religious misfortune for the Jews of Jerusalem; it was a catastrophe which influenced the fate of the whole nation. Often, in fact, the brutal populace of Rome would break out into every species of contempt and contumely against the unhappy Israelites: often it would taunt them that their helpless God was a captive in the Capitol.

At the same time the Jews had an assured protection in the very palace of Titus. Queen Berenice yet governed the heart of young Cæsar; and the natural clemency of the prince, seconded by the inspirations of love, tended in some degree to control the excesses of public feeling against the unhappy Israelites in Rome, and throughout Italy.

But the sovereign protection which shielded the Jews against popular outbreaks, must necessarily have been weakened, when Titus, after he had assumed the purple, was constrained, in deference to the tumultuous demands of the circus, to dismiss Berenice from his palace, who had for so many years shared his bed and his love.

"The Cæsar Titus was accused of debauch," says Suetonius, "because of the excessive love he bore towards the Queen Berenice; but as soon as he governed alone, he was no longer the slave of his passion, and maintained his continency, though Berenice had returned to Rome."† "Berenice," adds Dion, "was in all the bloom of her beauty, and on this account came to Rome with her brother Agrippa, who obtained

* These medals, of different forms, are represented in the grand compilation of Schudt. *Judischen Merkwürdigkeiten*, etc., t. iv. p. 188, in 4to.

† Suetonius in Tit. 7.

the honours of the pretorship : she occupied the palace and gardens of Tivia, and had frequent intercourse with Titus. It was thought the young prince would marry her, for in public he behaved towards her as if she were already his wife; but perceiving that the Romans could hardly tolerate such a connexion with the queen of the Jews, he sent her away, to silence the rumours which were beginning to circulate both amongst the upper orders and the people.*

This expression of public opinion shows the aversion which then existed so powerfully in men's minds against the Jews. If the long-tried fidelity of Agrippa, the tender devotion of Berenice, and the praises lavished on the Romans by Josephus, availed not to save them from the general prejudice, the obscure multitude of Solyma would experience a much more degrading treatment.

* Dion Cassius, Hist. lib. lxvi.

THE GRAVE.

BY MRS. EDWARD THOMAS.

ARREST the careless step—pause pensive here,
And give the grave one meditative tear!
Say, art thou young and fair, with radiant eye,
And cheek where bashful roses blushing lie,
And bosom heaving with each hope-sped thought,
With life-enduring pleasures only fraught—
Rich, courted, happy, wise, sedate, or gay?
Behold! I point where all must pass away!
Or art thou one whom sorrow bows with care,
Lonely and sad, enamour'd of despair;
Whose best of life but tested hopes frail lie;
(The treacherous load-star of man's destiny,)
Approach—To thee I bring a glad reprieve;
Come to that home where woe no more shall grieve;
Thy prisoned soul from hence shall wing its flight,
Through space ethereal of eternal light,
To realms of bliss. But first thou must prepare
To lay each idol sin and secret bare,
Nor die impenitent—for in the grave
There is no prayer, “O Lord, in mercy save!”
But as thou sinkest in the voiceless tomb,
So must thou rise to meet thy final doom.
How worse than mad for him, crime-charged, to die,
And dare the fiat of Eternity.
Man may deceive his fellow-man—but *There!*
“God is not mock'd,” all must to all declare
Each dire offence—then trembling wait the fate
His justice gives—but mercy does abate.

ADVENTURES OF A GENTLEMAN IN SEARCH OF AN ESTATE.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "THE CORSAIR'S BRIDAL," &c.

IT was not my intention to remain in Dublin a day longer than was absolutely necessary. I proceeded to business at once, read all the advertisements of lands for sale in the newspapers, filled my notebook with the addresses of lawyers and solicitors, and the very unpronounceable names of sundry eligible properties. Cornelius P. Meehan, Esq., was the first solicitor I visited in Dublin. I found that gentleman in his office, surrounded with parchment and little japanned boxes, "chock-full of business," as he said himself. I inquired about the Killmoran property.

"Here is a sheet of particulars," said Cornelius, (commonly called Corney;) "may I ask who is your man of business in this city?" continued he.

I replied I had not employed a man of business, nor did I intend, till I had found something likely to suit me.

"I merely asked that question," said Corney, "as a matter of course. I don't want to force my services upon any man. Now just look here, sir," continued he, unrolling a map, not the cleanest in the world; "there I unfold before you Killmoran, three thousand acres, be the same more or less; look to the right, and you will see the bright green fields and arable land, two hundred and seventy-five acres, three roods, and nine perches, more or less; this swiipe of blue is the bottom, and under my fore-finger, and round, half-way round the table, that vast brown tract is bog—every bit improvable bog! There sir," continued Corney, drawing himself up, "there is a field, a surface for a young man of spirit to embark his capital upon. People talk of going to America, and spending their lives in pulling up roots of trees, as firmly imbedded in the soil as the molares in my jaw; when here, sir, at home, in our own native isle—I say native, though I presume you're not a native, but no matter, you soon will be, when you purchase Killmoran, and become wedded to the soil."

My objections to this property, and they were not a few, were met and combated by the potent Cornelius. I doubted the practicability of reclaiming the bog.

"Go to Chatmoss," said Corney; "look at that."

"But the railroad runs through it," said I.

"Won't we have railroads through our own bogs?" said he.

"Perhaps not," said I.

"Be easy on that score," said Corney; "won't we have the great Atlantic, and all its branches, passing within ten miles of Killmoran? I saw the line myself hanging up in the company's office, and, with our family interest, we might have a branch from the main trunk to Killmoran."

"But I mean to reside," said I; "where is the dwelling-house? the land is in the hands of tenants already."

"Tenants at will, every mother's son of them," said Corney; "you can turn them out, or leave that to me. I'll eject them forthwith; though if you like to give them plots in the bog, they'll burrow like rabbits, and be thankful to get leave; but as to the dwelling, let me see, there is one thumping big farmhouse, with a complete lawn in front of it; you could fit it up for a shooting cabin, make quite a romantic spot in a short time, till you thought of bringing your wife, but I see by your face you are not married yet; all in good time though. And now, what can be cheaper? we only ask twenty-one years' purchase of the present rental, three hundred and fifty pounds a year—seven thousand three hundred and fifty pounds. Now, sir, supposing I take upon me to say that I'll throw off the odd money, and leave it the bare seven thousand," said Cornelius, with an alluring smile.

"I am not prepared to conclude the bargain immediately," said I; "I should like to see Killmoran first."

O, as you please, sir," said he, very coolly, "it may slip through your fingers; meantime, however, don't mind what those tenants say about high rents; make no promises, judge for yourself."

"I mean to do so," said I, putting on my hat; and wishing Cornelius P. Meehan a good afternoon, sauntered towards mine inn.

Having secured the box-seat on the Galway coach, I set out in quest of this land of promise; but the strong southwester took away much of the pleasure I hoped to enjoy, as far as seeing the country went. Our road ran close to the Phoenix Park for a mile or two; on our left ran the Liffey, an insignificant stream; beyond it lay the wide expanse, a richly wooded, thickly inhabited, beautiful country, backed by the picturesque Dublin and blue Wicklow mountains.

"Look at the biggest milestone in the kingdom," said the coachman, as we passed the Wellington testimonial.

I believe it was George IV. called it an overgrown milestone, which, indeed, it strongly resembles; there is an unfinished boldness about the whole concern, but *tout les gouts sont respectables*. The coachman was an original in his way, a very Falstaff in his person, and one of the most loquacious whips I had ever shared a box-seat with in my life: he kept up a running conversation with the outside passengers, wayfaring men, labourers in the fields, pretty girls, when they showed their faces at the doors and windows of the houses and cabins we passed; in short every one knew him, and returned his greeting joyfully. He addressed his horses by name; and one team in particular were his favourites—he vowed there were not their equals in the United Kingdoms, nor this side Christendom.

"Now, sir," said he, "look at that off-leader, he's a cross-made, coarse garron, I own, to look at, but by my song the work is in him yet. Whewgh, cheer up, Daniel my jewel! I call him Daniel, sir, after our own great patriarch; he's a real liberator, able to pull all the rest after him. The cantering hack alongside of him I call the Spatterer; when the roads are heavy, she fairly blinds me. This off-wheeler I call Stanley. I like to have something showing the off-

side, and this steady gray horse I call the Peeler. I like to have a stanch tug under my hand, though he's always trying to catch the leader by the tail. Whew, clear the road, Daniel; keep to it, Spatterer; no capers, Stanley, keep in a good honest trot, or may be I won't be coming over your ears with the heavy end of the lash. You see, sir, before I got Stanley, they had him leader in the mail; they didn't know what he was up to, till one night, as he was going down the hill at Lucan, having nothing better to do, he began to cut capers, and then fairly bolted, upset the mail, and the passengers were all, more or less, inconvenienced, dirtied, and unseated; true for you, parson, one gentleman got his nose broke upon that occasion."

This last reply was made by the jolly coachman to a thin lath of a clerical prig, with a face like a hatchet, and a nose like a lobster's claw; he had taken his seat right behind the coachman, and made more rout at being disappointed in not getting an inside seat than forty old women. The coachman took him very quietly; told him he was better outside than inside upon a fine airy morning like this; assured him, with a vast deal of vehemence, that we were all Protestants, sound Protestants outside, but he could not answer for the inside at all at all. This jest seemed to be relished by the passengers on the back seats, though I afterwards heard they were Romans, as the Catholics were called in Ireland.

We passed the Duke of Leinster's Park, and the bleak-looking town called Maynooth. The famous old castle rises, in a ruinous mass, out of a brewery yard, and behind it stands the college, a plain-looking building, without the slightest attempt at architectural ornament or classical design since the time of Cardinal Wolsey to the present day.

"More beer has been brewing under the walls of that ancient fortalice," said the parson, as we whirled out of the town.

En route we passed two canals, and, according to the coachman, they were not happy speculations.

"But, for all that, the fly-boats have taken, and will take, the best part of your passengers from you," said the parson; "I intend to patronize the boats myself in future," said he.

This provoked the coachman's ire; he said, "There was a mighty great difference between travelling like a gentleman on top of a sporting coach, and sneaking up a bit of a ditch, like an old woman fishing for pinkeens."

But the parson declared the boat was preferable; "in it a man might stretch his legs, read his newspaper, write his letters, without being hampered with great-coats and nasty old women inside a coach; or exposed, as he was at present, to the cold wind and ribaldry of an ignorant fellow outside a coach."

There was no replying to this; but when the parson got down he remembered the coachman, and handed him half-a-crown, demanding the change immediately, one shilling and sixpence. The coachman quietly put the money in his pocket, exclaiming, "Long life to your reverence."

"Give me my change!" vociferated the parson.

"Protestants for ever!" shouted the coachman, handling the ribbons.

"Come, none of your nonsense, sir," cried the angry parson; "hand me down my change."

"I'll remember your reverence when you're returning to Dublin," cried the coachman; and exclaiming, "Protestants for ever!" we drove off, leaving the enraged parson, bag in hand, by the road side.

"Now he'll think more about that paltry one-and-sixpence," said the coachman, "than if he lost a year's tithe. I have whipped him up and down for the last twelve years, inside and outside, and I never get more than a hog at a time from him. He has a snug living down here, but it won't satisfy him, he wants to be a bishop; cook him up with a mitre and crook, like the swinging sign of St. Patrick. Indeed, to be sure, he has great interest, they say, at the castle always, no matter who reigns there. All the fat is in the fire, unless the parson, with the long nose, takes his share of the cookery. He's called, on the road, the castle hack, and a good one he is, too, for many a good pannier of game he carries up to the castle folks; I often wonder where he finds so much wild-fowl, but they say he keeps a score of pot-wollopers beating over other men's grounds for game, and begging every feather in the country; to be sure it must cost him a sight of money, but it's a good speculation, for all the time I hear he's feathering his nest."

"He don't belong to any particular party?" said I.

"No, by my song," said the coachman, with a laugh; "he would persuade a saint he was always on the right side of the question, as long as he was in the same boat with the governor. If you heard him, as I have, taking up the cudgels for the new man in office, whoever he happened to be, you'd say not a wink was on him. It's a good while ago since I heard him defending that little governor some fellow threw a bottle at in the theatre; he was all in all with him; they say that governor got the living for him; but when he went out, and another man came in, the parson was quite as useful to him. I have heard him say, 'We have now a man of sterling worth and wealth at the head of affairs.' But the sterling man went out, and made room for another, then sure enough I thought it was all over with my parson. I whipped him up to Dublin, and not a word had he to throw to a dog, for the new lieutenant was as different from the old as day and night; but three days after I took him up in Parliament Street as usual, so full of good news that he could not keep it to himself.

"'We have at last a gallant, generous, and enterprising spirit at the helm,' said he, to a bothered Connaught man, who sat beside him, who mistook what he said, and told him he never carried the like about him; but as the morning was cold, he'd join him in a naggin of spirits at the next public-house.

"But I took him up rightly; 'Your reverence,' says I, 'I don't think this man is as true blue as the last.'

"'He's a stanch supporter of the church, though a man of the

people,' was his reply; then he whispers in my ear, "Did you ever dream of driving a bishop's coach, you dog, you?"

"Well, sir, the man of spirit was obliged to walk off, and then some of the old hands came back again. How the parson had the face to face them I don't know, but when I whipped him down again, he talked of having been to the castle to congratulate his old friends upon their speedy return; but when their backs were turned, and a new man cocked his bonnet at us, we had the parson singing like a blackbird from Dublin to Kilcork, and from that to the Bridgie and down to his glebe. 'We are all right now; we have a man with a mind, and a heart, and a soul at the head of affairs; we must prosper.' But a Roscommon grazier took him up mighty sharp upon that.

"'Why,' says Michael Balff, 'this great man of yours must be no great shakes after all; for I never heard of anything that had neither a mind, nor a heart, nor a soul, barring a wheelbarrow with a screeching gudgeon. But when that governor showed us the back seams of his stockings, and was fairly gone, the parson was just as proud of his successor, for he now says, 'This is the man we were looking for—a great genius, a man of wit, a man of the people, a supporter of church and state, a philosopher, a field-officer, and—(calling to a man on the back seat,)—Jerry Mac Manus, what's this Lanty Doolan, the great schoolmaster in your town, calls himself?' 'A lithrary character,' was the reply. 'That's it,' continued the coachman; "so I suppose the lithrary character has promised him a bishoprick at last; but I'm afeard he won't make me his coachman, because I took the eighteen-pence from him; and the divil a pin I care, for I would rather die in harness, driving gentlemen on my own big coach, than be dog to any big man's coach in the castle, or out of it."

We now approached the ancient town of Athlone. I had been led to expect something very superior to any of the towns we had already passed, from the coachman's brilliant description of his native city; indeed, he waxed poetical as we approached it, bursting out into quotations from a poem, he called the "Battle of Aughrim, or Siege of Athlone:" according to him, Athlone was lost through the obstinacy of the Irish general, St. Ruth, who refused to advance his army from Aughrim to assist the besieged, when an officer from the besieged, on his bare knees, entreated St. Ruth to send immediate aid to the besieged.

"St. Ruth answers—'Tell them St. Ruth is here, and that will do.'

"But the messenger answers—'Your aid will serve much better than your name.'

"'Bear back my answer, friend, from whence you came,' replies St. Ruth.

"And now, sir, I lave it to you, wasn't that a pretty answer to send into a starving and unfortunate garrison?"

"Not very satisfactory," said I, "at all events."

"You may well say that," continued the coachman; "but when the town was lost and taken by the English, General Sarsfield gave

it to St. Ruth in prime style; he burst out into tears of anger, and exclaimed—

‘ O heavens ! Athlone is lost, that lovely seat,
The pride of empire, and the throne of state.’

“ I’m sorry I can’t finish it for your honour, for here we are at the turnpike of the town ;” and we rattled into a beggarly account of thatched cabins, half-thatched and slated houses, thrusting their gable ends fronts and rears upon the road, leaving barely room for our coach to pass between the bow windows, barbers’ poles, swinging signs, that adorn for ever the main street of that “ pride of empire and throne of state,” the antique borough of Athlone. Nevertheless, here I resolved to halt for the night, and being set down at the door of what he called the only decent house in the town, I remembered him, and followed a waiter into the hotel.

“ This way, sir,” said the waiter ; “ up stairs, if you please—all the parlours are full of gentlemen refreshing themselves, as it is market day ; but we will be empty enough before night.”

The waiter threw open a bed-room door, and was told to bring up materials for four jovial farmers sitting round a table.

“ Come this way,” said he, hurrying to another door, which he opened with the same success, and at another received a torrent of abuse from some ladies who were thus unceremoniously intruded upon. Another room was found occupied by the fashionable hairdresser of the town, who had caught a young squire from the country, and had enveloped the sufferer in a large patch-work quilt, pinned firmly round his neck, as he sat staring at the singular twists of his countenance in the wavy looking-glass.

“ Step through this room,” said the waiter, “ into the closet, until the gentleman gets his hair cut, and then, sir, you’ll have the whole room to yourself.”

I apologized, and begged of the gentlemen not to hurry themselves.

“ Very polite man that,” said the barber to his patient as I shut myself into the closet, and throwing open the window-sashes, looked down upon the crowded street.

The market was over, yet the people lingered about the public-house’s corner and gateways, drinking, laughing, and shouting ; while ever and anon rose high in air the dolorous scream of pigs homeward bound on cars, or urged through the crowd with blows and imprecations by their indignant masters ; while the bellowing of kine, bleating of sheep and goats, songs of ballad-singers, and the loud and long blessing of the beggars, made the welkin ring. My attention was soon turned to my next door neighbours, the hairdresser and squire, adding their quota to the general uproar ; indeed I might as well have been in the same room with them, as the slender partition between us, wood and canvass, and a door unconscious of a lock, did not at all prevent me from being almost one of the party. I had observed, *en passant*, that the hairdresser was an original in his way, an idle, slouching, yet consequential personage, with a physiognomy that at once reminded me of old Liston’s tragi-comical expression. The

squire was all impatience to be off, but the hairdresser was in no hurry to let him slip so easily. He had thrown open one of the windows, and frequently made his appearance, leaning very leisurely upon the window sill, speaking to his friends below, and nodding familiarly to the crowd, till the squire's rage rose; then would the hairdresser return and endeavour to mollify the hasty squire.

"Come out of the window and cut my hair," roared the squire. "I'll never be home in time for dinner."

But the barber still continued at the window. "Handsome day this, Corplar Dempsey—very."

"I'll tell you what—it is by the virtue of my oath, I'll throw you down upon the heads of the people you're talking to instead of minding your business!" cried the squire.

"Arrah—don't make a Judy of yourself, Master Thom. There, set quiet, and I'll finish you out of a face. Don't speak of throwing me upon the head of that orderly man, Corplar Dempsey; if he was killed, the people would say it was a barbarous action. Don't slap my head again, I say, in that impertinent manner."

"Stop, rascal—you have given me a clip on the ear; and do you mean to cut all the hair off the back of my head?"

"To be sure I do—better to be out of the world than out of the fashion, as Corplar Dempsey says."

"But I won't have my hair cut like a corporal."

"Not you, indeed; you must have it cut like Ensign Fubbs in rear, and curled up in front like Bluchers in my own bow window. Now, stop a bit till I regale my nose, as Major O'Flannagan says when I'm shaving him. Do you snuff, Master Thom?"

"Confound your snuff—you have let some of it fall into my eye."

"Bear it, child, bear it, as my grandmother, rest her soul, used to say when I burnt my fingers. Now I'll just look out of the window, and take the liberty of blowing my nose. There goes three officers of the deepot. Ah, the nice fellows gaping like three turkeys after one another with three chins in the air, because they can't link on account of the pigs and the people. There stands my old friend, Sir John B., commander of the forces; shall I salute him?—No. And why?—because he's not on duty, and it would be irregular in me to notice him. Drest his wig this morning, gave me four shillings for that same. Now he's talking to Sir James, the rich subaltern lately joined us. Sir John and Sir James, how fashionably they laugh!—the two sirs throwing back their heads and knocking their heels together. Easy to see they are nobility. If that musical ballad-singer would be quiet, and that farmer's wife just hold her pig's mouth, I might hear what they are saying."

Again did the squire protest he would throw the lazy barber out of the window, and again did the barber persuade him to sit quiet.

"Now stop. Ah, Master Thom, you're a wag. I'll put your hair in irons. I'll not singe as much as a cat's hair. There's a curl—keep that for Sunday, and it will be the making of you. Now for another!"

"You are burning my hair; I smell it."

"It's rashers you smell, child. I suppose the leedies are taking a whet in the next room."

"There, I knew it—you have burnt my hair—stop!"

"Change that tune, as your uncle Anthony said to the fiddler."

"Mind your business, and never mind my uncle."

"Well, but you're growing mighty cantankerous, Master Thom, though I never cut your hair but it reminds one of your uncle's bag wig. He was a quare man—so fond of music that he maintained a blind fiddler, whose occupation was to sit scraping his fiddle from morning till night outside the squire's door. Every morning while the squire was dressing himself, there sat Teddy, rasping away on the stairs; but one morning while the squire was shaving himself, he fell to humouring the jig, keeping time with the razor upon one cheek, and then upon the other, then upon his chin, and the faster old Teddy rasped the faster the squire rasped, till Teddy, thinking he was playing for dances, cried out as usual, giving a stamp with his feet upon the stairs, 'Right and left, set partners, whoo, my jewel!' With that the squire whips the razor from his right cheek to his left, and back again, forgetting that his nose stood like a fool in the middle; but by my sawkins he was long sorry, for he had whipped a good inch off the end of it, but he had too great a spirit to give in; so, 'Change that tune,' says he to blind Teddy, and went on quietly shaving his throat to the Kinnegad Slashers."

"I don't believe one word of it."

"Now, Master Thom, if any one else told you, you would believe it. But sit quiet for one minute, and I'll make you look like a lion. I say it, though I lost the best place ever I had by telling my master he looked like a lion. That was when I lived with the Roman Count O'Gauley, long before you were born. I was his wallet—though now they have Frenchified it into valet, but wallet it ought to be, because what has a single man's servant to do but take care of his portmanteau, as they call the wallet, but in my time I had to carry the count's wallet upon my shoulder after him. Wherever he went he rode on horseback, for he said it was the only way a knight should adventure himself from one country-seat to another; and certainly it was the cheapest way in the world, for the count adventured himself into many a snug dinner-party, and then I adventured myself with his wallet into the kitchen, and the old horse adventured himself upon the lawn at the first hay-stack he met, and so we got on in the country. But when we went to Dublin, times were altered, for we paid for everything at the Brazen Head, except the count's dinners, and he dined out every day; but I had a hard life of it, for the count became as cross and bitter as soot. He had the terriblest tongue I ever heard, and no wonder; for when he was by himself he whetted it upon French, and hardened it upon German, and case-hardened it in good old Irish, till he got the sting of all the languages upon the tip of his tongue. But before he was dressed in the morning he was quietly enough rolled up in his big banyan with a fur collar; but the moment he was dressed—ou wew! nothing was too good for him then—he became as proud and fine as Brim Borohme; in short, there was no speaking to him, so I took to humouring him like a cross child.

I compared him to Nelson's pillar one day, and he put his hand in his pocket and gave me a tenpenny pit. I took the hint, and every evening before he went out I compared him to something grand and handsome, till at last the old wasp began to think it was part of my duty. Well, I wore out all the church steeples upon him, from the round church that has never a steeple at all; and then, being hard run, I told him not one of the seven champions of Christendom could hold a candle to him, but not a rap he gave me for that, nor yet for the seven worthies. He boasted he was a better man of business than any merchant in Dublin, born with a pen behind his ear, because he forced the landlady to take some dittos out of his bill. He was very proud that evening, and no wonder.

"'Count,' says I, 'you beat the measurer,' and till now I thought he was the completest man of business in Dublin.

"'Who's he?' said the count, looking very mistrustfully at me.

"'He stands, sir,' says I, 'behind the counter in a grand shop in Dame Street, and indeed it would do your honour good to stop at the glass door, and look in at him transacting business—he'll take the yard,' so says I, taking up the count's cane, 'and he'll welt out a piece of dimity along the counter, till it looks like a running stream, reflecting all the roots, and posies, and branches upon its banks; and I defy any man to say how many yards he has measured when he stops, tears off the selvidge with a screech, rolls it up in paper, twists the ends, jingles the change, bobs his head at his customer, with "any thing else to-day, ma'am?" and all this while a cat would be licking her ear.'

"'Soo,' says the count, as if he smelt something unpleasant. 'He's some low shopkeeperish rascal—a cheat, I'll warrant, "a thing of shreds and patches.'

"'May be he is,' says I, and the next day I stood outside his shop door I watched the measurer closely. There he was, as brisk as a bee, throwing out mull muslin, like sleet to an easy country gentlewoman; then he flops down a roll of bombazeen upon the counter, and handles his yard.'

"'Now,' says I, 'I'll watch you, my man;' and away we pegged together, he measuring, and I counting out loud, for the bare life. 'One, two, three, four, ten,' says I.

"'Twenty-five,' says he.

"'Ten—it's only ten,' says he, bawling at him.

"'O, measure that again,' says the lady, 'I beg.'

"'Of course,' said he, 'anything to please, ma'am;' and in a pop he came over the counter, and made at me with the yard. 'Go along out of that, you blackguard,' said he, 'blocking up my door with your bandy legs and ugly face;' and he hits me upon the shins with the yard till I roared out "murder!"

"'O, you rascal,' says I. 'Till now I thought you were a complete man of business; but I agree with my master—you're a vile shopkeeperish rascal—a cheat, I'll warrant, "a thing of shreds and patches."

"'I despise the pair of you,' says he.

"'The Count O'Gawley shall hear of your disrespectful conduct,' says I.

“‘I’ll charge you on the watch,’ says he.

“‘Wait,’ says I; ‘you’ll sup sorrow for this,’ and away I ran to the count. ‘Count,’ says I, ‘for the honour of your family, take your sword, and skewer that rascally measurer behind his counter.’

“‘Why should I draw my sword upon the plebeian?’ said he, mighty sharp.

“‘Because,’ says I, ‘he spoke lightly of you, and snapped his fingers in derision at you.’

“‘And how dare you introduce my name into your low runcounter, your plebeian brawls,’ says the count in a rage; and with that he hits me a spiteful rap across the knees with his cane—it went to my very heart.

“‘Count,’ says I, ‘that’s the sorest touch of all—you beat the measurer.’

“But that’s true. I must tell you how we parted. The count was going to the castle ball one night, and I had been working like a slave for five or six hours before he was dressed to his satisfaction, for we had got a long swinging looking-glass in the room, and the count would stand squaring before it for half an hour at a time to see if his clothes fitted him to his liking; but at last I got him altogether—and indeed he was a picture to look at, from his shoe buckles to his knee buckles, his thin laths of legs in pink silk stockings, with yellow docks, his flowered silk waistcoat, the flaps drawn down convenient to his knees, then his mulberry and tan silk embroidered coat, between the long tails of which his slender court sword stuck out for half a mile behind; but his head beat all the rest—I had his hair frizzled out, and at the same time swept back from his face, and confined in a noble club at the back of his neck, then the three round patches upon his face to mark the beauty spots. He thought he had a sweet expression in his face; but any one with half an eye would think he had steeped his face in lemon juice every morning, and dried it again in a north-east wind; but when he was putting his cocked hat under his arm I stepped back and addressed him. ‘Count,’ says I, ‘you look like a lion.’ He liked that.

“‘Yes,’ says he, ‘squinting sideways in the looking-glass, ‘there is something royal in my bearing; but, apropos,’ says he, very briskly, ‘where did you see a lion, my good fellow?’

“‘I saw one,’ says I, ‘with the showmen in Sackville Street.’

“‘In Sackville Street?’ says the count.

“‘Yes, indeed,’ says I, ‘and by the same token he danced upon the tight rope when the band played Totallo Jack Welsh.’

“‘Why, that was an ape,’ says the count, growing as black as my hat.

“‘I ask your honour’s pardon,’ says I. ‘I heard one of the showmen say it was one of the lions of the European world.’

“‘It was an—ape, an ape!’ cried the count, grasping his cane, and cutting capers with fair spite.

“‘Well, it was an ape,’ says I, ‘and, barring your honour, I never saw a more outlandish and fine-dressed gentleman.’ With that the count became wild with anger.

“‘To my face to compare me to a rascally monkey—your benefactor—an ape, an ape!’

"I threw myself upon my knees, but the count made a blow at me, then up with the cane for another welt, and he smashed the big looking-glass behind him, and I dived under the bed."

"Come out, come out," says he.

"Spare my life," says I.

"Valet," says he, "you presume upon my leniency too far. I have the temper of an angel to bear with you."

"A saint, an apostle," says I, from under the bed.

"After all I did for you," says the count.

"True for you, count," says I, beginning to sob. "Barm of my existence, true for you, count."

"Pest to society."

"True to you, count."

"Sink of iniquity," says he; "but I wont ruffle myself—I wont derange my dress."

"Don't, count," says I, "remember your ruffles—don't derange yourself."

"I perceive you're more knave than fool," says the count, mad that he couldn't strike me without getting covered with feathers.

"Anything your honour likes for peace sake," says I.

"Then you confess you're a rogue," says he, drawing his sword, and striking an old boot from one end of the room to the other. "You have robbed me, confess the fact and die," says he.

"The chairman won't wait any longer," says the chambermaid outside the door; and the count went off, leering back at me like an old terrier pulled away from a badger.

"Is he gone?" says I to the chambermaid, tumbling out from under the bed.

"He is," says she; "they have carried him round the corner."

"And indeed I didn't come to myself for an hour after, till the landlady sent me a good glass of spirits to revive me, and then I took my bundle under my arm and quitted the count's service, and before he came back to the Brazen Head, I was at home in my own hotel—a house I recommend you to stop at when you go to Dublin, Master Thom, the Wig in Stoney-batter."

While the barber ran on thus, the squire frequently lost all patience with him, and at last started up, tearing off the quilt and putting aside the barber, prepared to depart.

"One moment more," cried the barber, "sit down till I put a drop of oil on your hair."

"You have no oil," replied the squire.

"Plenty," replied the barber.

"Then where is it?" cried the squire.

"Oh, here it is! I have it now; how cunningly Mike had it hid on the top of the press! You perceive, I always leave a depot with the waiter."

"That's not oil," said the squire, as the barber began shaking a large bottle.

"It's the royal vegetable curling fluid; there, now, your head is well soaked with it; depend upon it your curls won't go out till Sunday."

"Confound your fluid, you have burned my head," cried the squire ; "what have you poured on my hair, you rascal?"

"Well, there's no harm done," said the barber ; "it tastes like bitters."

"Bitters, you rascal—how dare you pour bitters on my head?"

"It's not bitters, Master Thom, but I'll ask the waiter ; it smells like black bottle."

A sudden bawl and outcry in the street saved the barber from the honest indignation of the squire.

"It's a row, it's a row," cried he, stretching out of window, "they are at it in Doolan's, fairly murdering one another ; there go three Connaught men looking for stones ; how they fly out of the house as thick as bees ; success to you, Pethereen Casey, you're a proper behaved man at the end of a two-handled wattle, flail them right and left, there will be wigs on the green ; I can't stand it, I must be off, whoo."

And the barber rushed out of the room, followed by the squire, who had been scrubbing at his head with a towel ; but the row drove his own grievance out of his head, and catching up his hat and whip, he made his exit also.

At last, bless my stars, I have got safe out of the borough of Athlone, though, at starting upon my hack jaunting car, I despaired of getting across that national grievance, the bridge, with whole bones ; indeed the outside car, commonly called bone-setter, because of the roughness of its motion, seems to court destruction on every side, presenting the legs of its occupants to each approaching car, cart, carriage, caravan, and projection likely to fasten upon, and rend off our lower extremities ; but he that crossed the bridge of Athlone,

"Where two wheelbarrows tremble ere they pass,"

upon an outside bone-setter, will not forget that bridge of both sighs and groans. The most expeditious way of crossing the bridge is practised by the young townsmen, who mount boldly and step fearlessly from Leinster to Connaught, and back again upon the heads, shoulders, and horns of countrymen, cows, sheep, swine, donkeys, corn-sacks, barrels, and baskets, wedged in dense mass between the parapets, struggling forward with might and main, or pausing in wrath, while the light-heeled and familiar townsmen trip over them at pleasure. We progressed some eight miles into Connaught, gradually leaving green fields, plantation, and civilization behind us ; we entered a waste of bog and swamp, enlivened with solitary potato patches, and cabins rivalling wigwams.

"Is it to Killmoran your honour's going?" said the Whip, pulling up his brown hack.

"Yes," said I.

"Because," said he, "it's ever forninst you now ; there ought to be a booreen (lane) somewhere hereabouts, but maybe they have broke down the bridge."

"Where is Killmoran?" said I.

"Don't you perceive it just before you?" said the Whip—"that little hill in the bottom, about a quarter of a mile across the bog?"

My first impulse was to return at once; but having come so far, I resolved to see it out—leaving the jarvey to follow as best he might upon the booreen. I leaped a wide dike or trench by the road side, and the next second found myself knee deep, firmly planted in the peat or bog, from which I extricated my legs, minus one boot, and experienced considerable disagreements in recovering said boot from the tenacious bog. Having regained my equilibrium, I adventured across the morass, hopping from one tuft of heath to another, eschewing the black and deceptive bog, the surface, forsooth, upon which a young man ought to embark his capital, according to Cornelius Meehan. I was soon hailed by a noisy pack of cur dogs; they scampered to meet me from the doors of smoky low thatched wigwams, built upon the rising ground or island in the bog; I kept them at bay with my walking-stick, and presently a wild-looking woman appeared at the door of one of the cabins; she screamed in Irish at a man who was digging in his potato patch, and pointed significantly at me; the man threw down his spade, and ran off into the bog as fast as his long legs could carry him. I now beheld a swarm of half-clad children emerging from every cabin; presently men and women gathered in knots, speaking with considerable vehemence in their native tongue, and gesticulating as wildly as a lazzarone in a storm; I observed, moreover, that they receded as I advanced, and, ignorant of the cause, I halted as soon as I had gained *terra firma*, accosted an old woman who showed her smoke-dried visage at the door of the nearest cabin, and inquired if this was not the townland of Killmoran.

The beldame answered with a sneer, "And well you know it is."

I drew the rent-roll and sheet of particulars from my pocket to refresh my memory.

"My good people," said I—for the tenants, men, women, and children, had advanced to support the old woman—"my good people, can ye inform me where is Phill Connor, and please to point out his house and holding. I"—An angry laugh and a shout of derision cut short my inquiries.

"My good people," said I, "I am surprised. Cornelius Meehan, Esq., informed me that (cries of go back again to sweet Corney) after coming so far," said I, "to see the place——"

"Well, sure you're paid for it?" said a brawny red-headed labourer.

"Paid for what?" said I, with unfeigned surprise.

"You know for what, and so do I," he replied—"for us to be sure."

"I mean to serve you all as far as lies in my power," said I, with a glow of philanthropic zeal, which was speedily checked and extinguished, when I observed the aforesaid men, women, and children, picking up handfuls of mire, clods, peat, and stone; then came the courteous invitation, "Make yourself scarce, and we'll give you a fair start across the bog."

Prudence is said to be the better part of valour—

"He that fights and runs away,
May live"—

The "may live" of that dry distich stuck in my throat. If I had found

it a difficult task to walk across that quaking bog in sober sadness, how much more difficult and impracticable to run for my life, pursued by a blood-thirsty crowd of regular bog-trotters and cur dogs! I loathed the thought.

"My good people," said I, "you think I am an enemy; if I was, would I trust myself alone amongst you? I don't understand Irish, but if you can read English, take this paper, and satisfy yourselves as to my intentions."

"Well, there's some sense in that," said the red-haired swain, but his movement in my favour was quickly overruled by his wife.

"Don't touch his paper," she screamed.

Matters now looked as bad as ever; I threw a furtive glance on the bog to see if my retreat was still open, when a tall sickly-looking countryman, wrapped up in his big coat, entered the crowd.

"What's the matter?" said he.

"Matter enough," cried a dozen of voices; "here's a Peeler in disguise, looking for Phill Connor."

"No, he's a rebellion officer," said another; "didn't you hear him say he wanted to sarve us a minute ago?"

"Show me the paper," said the tall farmer.

I handed him the rent-roll and sheet of particulars; he glanced over it, and then took off his hat.

"I ask your honour's pardon," said he, "but we never see a man in this part with a paper in his hand, but we sup sorrow long enough after it."

He now explained to the people that I was a real gentleman, come down to buy Killmoran out-and-out entirely: on hearing this, matters cleared up immediately; the woman who had been loudest in her abuse, slunk away, hanging down her head, and declaring she had ruined her man entirely. I followed her, and insisted upon her recalling her man from his hiding-place in the bog; and finding that I treated them and their demonstrations as a capital joke, confidence was restored, and I had many humble petitions for pardon, and pressing invitations to enter their cabins and take an air of the fire. I now requested the tall farmer, whose name was Jem Dillon, to walk over the lands with me, and point out how the marshes, the uplands, and arable lands were divided and subdivided into small holdings and enclosures, in crossing every ditch and dry stone wall. Dillon gave me a history of the nature of the holding, and the reason of the division of acres, roods, and perches. "The soil was worn out and exhausted; it wants rest," said Dillon, "but we have no time to give it rest; if it wasn't for the bog stuff, armed with a trifle of manuring gravel, we couldn't raise oats enough to feed a goose upon the whole of Killmoran." I now looked upon the bottoms and vast extent of bog.

"It's a grand place for snipe shooting and duck shooting in winter," said Dillon.

"But it might be drained and improved," said I.

"Ay, if there was fall enough for the water," said Dillon; "but it would take a power of money to open a canal through that bog all the way down to the river; and, after all, maybe it would be of no service to

the bottoms here; they would be good for nothing if they were dry in summer, and the grazing cattle is all we depend on for the rent."

"Why don't you plant a few trees," said I, "looking round in vain for a sheltering bush."

"Much encouragement we have to plant trees," said Dillon; "threatened with ejectments every day, why should we improve the appearance of the land, to have the rent raised higher and higher every day?"

"But if you had a lease, I suppose you would improve the place?" said I.

"Lease indeed!" said Dillon—"lease, how are you? when I had a lease I didn't keep it."

"Why not keep it?" said I.

"Because I was a fool," said he, shattering his stick upon a fragment of rock that lay before us; "but it's useless to talk about it now."

I begged to know how he lost his lease, and he replied, with a little hesitation—

"I wouldn't like to say anything that might prevent your honour from having any dealings with the man that wants to sell this place, for it's myself would be proud to see our landlord walking simply through his tenants like yourself; but there's no hiding, our landlord is no gentleman; a few years ago there was a great election in this county, and a contest; you heard talk of it of course: well, sir, before the election, down came the landlord himself, and it was the first and last time that ever he darkened my door. "Phill Dillon," said he, "you must register your vote."

"And welcome, sir," says I, "who'll get it before my landlord?" Well, sir, I agreed to meet him next day at the Court-house, and so did MacDermot and Phill Connor, for we were the only men that had leases on the lands: we went into the Court-house, and there we sat cheek-by-jowl with the barrister and the magistrates upon the bench; and when the master saw us he tapped an attorney on the head, and sent him over to where we were sitting, near the dock. 'Hand over your leases,' said the attorney; and, like three big fools as we were, we handed them to him; we waited long enough to be called on to register, but not a word did we hear about it; and that evening we just had time to say a word to the landlord as he was stepping into the mail; we asked him to return our leases.

"'Dillon,' says he, 'there's an informality and illegality about those instruments that must be looked into and rectified.' You see, though he set up for a gentleman, he wasn't above taking a drop too much; and seeing there was no help for it, and that he didn't know what he was talking about instruments and balderdash, we helped him into the coach—and that was the last sight I got of him—for after that he went off to France, and left everything in the hands of Corney Meehan—and the next rent day we asked Corney to return our leases, and the kennat up and tells us our leases wern't worth a rush; then says I, 'Jerry Mallowney's life is not worth a rush;' 'nor Judy MacQuade's,' 'says my brother; 'nor my own,' says Phill Connor; and we rehearsed the lives in our leases."

“‘Well, be quiet,’ says Corney in a soothing voice, ‘and I’ll do my endeavour to get your leases back again, if they are not lost;’ so we paid the rent, and the next rent day it was the same story, and then we went to father O’Brien and told him our story.

“‘Why did not you come to me at first?’ says he, very sharp; ‘no, you promised, you volunteered, to vote against your country and conscience; so go be hanged, and I hope you’ll never get what you’re looking for, and you’ll be examples in the country.’

“The last attempt we made was to hire an attorney: we clubbed better than ten pounds, and went to consult a very good head-piece in the town, attorney Skrewle. He asked us if our leases were registered in Dublin; and when we said not, he began to whistle; so he put the money in his pocket,—‘and I’ll not lose sight of you, my good fellows,’ said he, as he banged the door in our faces; and from that to this, everything has been going to the bad in Killmoran; we have no heart to make up even a gap in a stone wall; when we were served with ejectments we subletted and divided our farms as you see, because the agents find it harder to turn out whole villages than they did formerly with the sodgers at their backs.”

We now entered Phill Dillon’s bawn—a large farm-house in the last stage of dilapidation—a large dunghill before the door, and a pool of stagnant water.

“Why don’t you remove that abomination, and let off the stagnant water?” said I; “it’s enough to breed fever and pestilence in your family.”

“You know little about farming in these parts,” said Dillon, “or you would not say that, sir.”

I had seen quite enough of this wretched place; and having taken an air of the fire, and hot potatoes with my friendly guide, I wished him a better landlord, and resumed my seat upon the car, which the jarvey had had the prudence to keep upon the main road till I returned, not liking, as he said, to hazard passing up through the booreen, which was the father of all the bad old booreens in the country—and thus ended my first hunt after an Irish estate.

BOSCOBEL.

SONG OF THE PENDERELLS.

BY MRS. CRAWFORD.

On the merry old harper sings blithely by night,
 When I give him a seat at my warm cottage hearth ;
 As he presses the wine-cup his eye flashes light,
 And his hand wakes a strain of more exquisite mirth :
 But no strain that he sings has for me such a spell,
 As the deeds of my fathers at brave Boscobel.

They were *nobles* of nature, though peasants by birth,
 And the proud stream of glory that thrills in my veins,—
 I would not exchange with the princes of earth,
 No more than a Briton his freedom for chains.
 Oh the merry old harper ! I love his strain well,
 But there's none I delight in, like sweet Boscobel.

How often in boyhood I've climb'd up that tree,
 That so gallantly sheltered a hero and king,
 While the light breeze of May, as it flutter'd past me,
 Seemed to bear the proud tale on its courier wing,
 Till yielding my soul to the wild witching spell,
 I sang out the measure of fair Boscobel.

O the merry old harper sings blithely by night,
 And I'll give him a seat by my warm cottage hearth ;
 And the wine-cup shall waken his spirit to light,
 For there's darkness enough on this care-breathing earth :
 Then strike up the harp-strings, and let the strain tell
 Of the deeds of my fathers at brave Boscobel.*

* " Boscobel House is seated in Shropshire, upon the confines of Staffordshire, and lies between Tong Castle and Brewood. It stands in a very lovely grove, and was therefore so called from *Bosco bello*, which in Italian signifies fair wood. It was here, by the help of the faithful Penderells, that Charles II. was concealed in the royal oak, together with the brave Colonel Curtis. Upon this oak, being accommodated with two pillows and some mean fare, they continued all the day, his majesty leaning on the colonel's lap, and taking some slumbering rest ; and in the mean time some of the loyal brothers hovered near the place, while others went abroad to get intelligence. Humphrey Penderell, the miller, had been at that day at Shefnal, a town a few miles distant, where he was closely examined by a parliamentary colonel, and threatened with the penalty of concealing his majesty's person, which was death without mercy, and withal they informed him that the junto propounded 1000*l.* for a reward to any man that should discover the king. But this brave peasant, like his brothers, was proof against all temptations to disloyalty. Of the Penderells there were six brothers, born at Hubbal Grange, in the parish of Tong. John, George, and Thomas served in the armies of Charles I. Thomas was killed at Stow ; the other two, George and John, survived the war, and were employed as wood-wards at Boscobel. Of the remaining three, William took care of the house, Humphrey worked at the mill, and Richard rented part of the Hubbal Grange."

" After the restoration, the five noble brothers waited upon the king at Whitehall, on the 13th of June, 1660, and were graciously received, and dismissed with a princely reward. Richard Penderell died Feb. 8th, 1671, and was buried in the church-yard of St. Giles's-in-the-Fields, where a handsome monument was erected to his memory."

MEMOIRS OF AN ITALIAN EXILE.—No. III.¹

CHAPTER V.

An unwelcome visit, and an uncomfortable journey.

"Il Venerdì, 21 Ottobre, 1820, fui arrestato e condotto alle carceri di Santa Margherita."

I JUMPED from my couch, half dressed as I was, and made for the door. Notwithstanding those angry peals of the bell, the whole house was yet plunged into what is called the soundness of a first sleep. I then recollected how, in my pre-occupation of mind in the evening, I had left the street door unfastened—a circumstance, however, of no uncommon occurrence in houses tenanted by several families. I mentally but fervently thanked Heaven that I had first caught the alarm, and we should thus be spared the unpleasantness of an *éclat*. I threw open the door.

There was standing outside, wrapped up in a wide riding cloak, the dark, tall figure of a man, with the hugest pair of whiskers I ever remember to have seen in my life.

"Who and what are you, and what do you want at this hour of night?"

"I am an agent of the police," answered the dark man; "desire Signor Raimondo de Negri to come with me."

"Allow me time to dress," was my reply, "and I will be with you in a few minutes." The man bowed very politely, as I very unceremoniously slammed the door in his face.

Dressing has always been, and is always, a very long and complicated process with me. But for no grand dinner or ball do I remember to have ever so nicely and accurately attired myself as I did on this occasion, out of a wanton desire of putting my visiter's patience to some trial: he bore it heroically.

When finally all my preparations were over, and I issued from my apartment, brushed and combed and scented in all my blessed coxcombry of twenty, I crossed the drawing-room in the dark, stood by my Father's bed-side, and gently shaking his arm, "Father!" I whispered,—*"father, wake!"*

"What is it? who is it?" muttered the poor sleeper, startled by the unceremonious summons.

"'Tis only I, father, who am going to prison," I answered coolly; "so you had better get up and shut the door. Good-bye!"

"What? what? what?" stammered my loving parent, staring wildly in his fright;—but, pressing his hand with a heavy "God bless you!" I left the room without any further explanation, and without giving him time to come to himself.

The dark man was still in his place, tall, grim, gaunt, motionless,

¹ Continued from vol. xxviii. p. 288.

speechless. He exhibited no symptoms of impatience or spite, but drew respectfully back as I reappeared at the door, and beckoned him to show the way, with a haughty "Now, sir!"

We found a carriage at the street door, and other dark men equally muffled in sable cloaks, equally straight, erect, immovable as fate. The air was gloomy and still, and it froze bitterly. The street lamps were burnt to their sockets, their faint glare fell waning and fluttering on the silent pavement, and a thousand giant shades were seen flitting and dancing on the white-washed buildings, like a hideous legion of phantoms.

"He is a gentleman," (*e un galantuomo*,) had whispered my conductor to his comrades as they drew near. This was meant for an aside, but I heard it and felt greatly flattered by the compliment; I should have been much more highly gratified, had I known how that qualification spared me the decoration of a pair of manacles that one of these fellows held in readiness under his mantle to bring me to "reason," had I shown myself "a blackguard."

The carriage door was hastily thrown open—I was very kindly helped to my seat by those obliging footmen; one of them took his place by my side, the two others mounted behind, and the carriage drove off.

The dragoons of Maria Louisa were a body of men differing only in name from the French *gendarmes* of Napoleonian institution, and only in dress from *shirri*, or bailiffs of glorious renown, in whose functions, rights, and privileges, these worthies had been, by the wisdom of our modern governments, recently substituted. It was a body of about a hundred thieftakers on horseback, well armed, well equipped and mounted, and twice that number of thieftakers on foot. In mien, in garb and discipline, they were meant to constitute a military corps. No pains were spared to make their thievish business a reputable trade. In all parades and marches they had the precedence of all other regular troops; in all public assemblies they might be seen mustering and marshalling in great pomp and splendour, their gleaming blades bristling round the holy host in religious processions, their black steeds prancing around the state carriage of their august mistress, whenever she set out on her journeys—all this would not do—their system of *espionnage* and inquisition, their continual intercourse with every kind of degraded beings, their petty tyrannies and extortions, and, in many instances, their venality and connivance, had raised against them an odium, which their colonel, a rash old soldier of despotic manners and dispositions, seemed most obstinately bent on increasing. The scene of the exploits of these blood-hounds was, however, more essentially the country; whilst the police of the capital was entrusted to the care of another pack of greyhounds, called *guardi di polizia*, and exactly corresponding in office, in dress, and in ugliness, to the new metropolitan police of London. It was only in cases of political offences, and whenever gentlefolks were to be dealt with, that the police resorted to the more "gentlemanly" instrument of the ducal dragoons; and it was to this kind consideration on their part that I now owed the honour of riding under the respectable escort of a party of them, by whom I was safely deposited at the door of their barracks.

I was shown into the guard-room and offered a seat on one of the benches, which alternately performed the office of sofa or bedstead, and was soon half smothered with the foul atmosphere of the apartment. The valiant supporters of public order and peace, the knights-errant of our sober and intellectual age, the redressers of wrongs and champions of orphans and widows, were gradually discovered, through the medium of dense vapours, reclining in different postures, their carbines and broadswords hanging by the walls over their heads, their martial cloaks drawn up to their chins, their heads resting on their helmets.

Presently one of the three guardian angels that had escorted me to this dingy abode, again made his appearance, and, with his wonted air of respect and deference, requested to have the honour of showing me upstairs to the presence of Captain Nelli, the officer on duty for the night.

Captain Nelli's name was already known to me by report, as that of a person of high gentlemanly character, of mild, upright, conciliating manners, and universally regarded as free from the overbearing satelitious tone which distinguished his fellow-officers, and which seemed the highest recommendation for admission into that dreaded corps in which it was his misfortune to serve. He was even looked upon as a man of sound liberal principles, sharing in his heart the hopes and regrets of the best friends of the country, but accommodating himself to the times and to his hateful employment, only in obedience to that most unanswerable of all necessities—a wife and six children.

I had often heard of him, as I said, and had received many offers of introduction to his acquaintance by some mutual, officious friends, who valued him highly on account of his literary acquirements, and of his agreeableness in social intercourse. All my prepossessions in his favour had, however, completely vanished from the moment I was summoned to his presence; and, as I mounted the stairs with that vague trepidation, which, according to the military phrase, is the symptom of receding fear, common to the stoutest hearts during the few seconds that precede an engagement, I prepared myself to meet one of my bitterest adversaries, one of the thousand tyrants, who, according to the violent state of our society, was to be, at once, my accuser, my judge, and executioner.

It has always been one of the most determined traits in my character obstinately to look on the darker aspect of all things, to assume a solemn and almost a tragic tone in all trivial occurrences, which, whilst it would have thrown a magic spell on all my deeds, and commanded unlimited veneration and wonderment, had I been intended for the part of a Cromwell or Napoleon, could have no happier effect than to give me a stiff, awkward, and ludicrous appearance, so long as I continued in this blessed obscurity, to which it has pleased Heaven in its wisdom, in spite of all my fretting and murmuring, to doom me.

It was then my age of romance—the age in which man is apt to attach to the most trifling circumstances an importance that appears pitiable in his own eyes, seen as things are on the western side of life. The human mind proceeding through life may be compared to the eye which is affected with myopy. The sight strengthens and

widens in the same measure as the organ grows older, so that if a short-sighted man have any hope of longevity, he can flatter himself that his eyes will have attained their utmost degree of soundness when they are about to be for ever closed in darkness. In like manner every morrow brings along with it the disenchantment of the fondest illusion of the eve. We learn to laugh, at thirty, at what most affected or distressed us at twenty; experience, like a venal teacher, flatters us every day that we are taking our last lesson. Every day we feel assured that we have finally learnt how to live; but, like that famous horse that disappointed his master by dying precisely on the last day of his dietetic experiment, we are no sooner arrived at the completion of our theories on the art of living, than we are summoned from this world, probably to see its practice in a better. As long as he is only an inhabitant of the earth, man is essentially a creature of error. Where is the man able to trace the line of demarcation between the real and the ideal? Who can ascertain where illusion terminates and disenchantment begins?—there are illusions for youth, and delusions for age. Why should we rather rely on cold, sneering scepticism, than in glowing, confiding enthusiasm?—why should the head be always right, and the heart ever wrong? Surely our eternal Judge will look with more clemency on such of our faults as proceed from a blind aberration of passion, than on those derived from a self-sufficient presumption of reason.

All this moral *tirade* tends to nothing, good reader, but to soften the impression that must naturally be made on your good sense by the utterance of a fond, long-entertained opinion of mine, which is but too likely to take root in more than one young brain at twenty, namely, “that I was born to be a hero;” for every step, every word, every thought in that age was an immediate and inevitable corollary of that fond conceit, and that, apparently, so quiet, so common-place event—my arrest, seemed to me an accident as fateful, and as big with serious, vital results, not only on all my future life, but even on the fate of my country, as the crossing of the Rubicon was to the destinies of Rome, or the Hegira to the progress of Islamism.

It was then in this mood of over-wrought excitement, my head all full of William Tell or Gustavus Vasa, that I stood before the good Captain Nelli, or, as I then thought, in front of one of those instruments of evil, with whom it was my mission to grapple to death.

“Suffer me to ask of you, captain,” I commenced in a tone of great asperity, raising myself to my full height, and disdainfully throwing my head backwards, “to ask of you with what offence I am charged, and on what ground or under what pretext I have been violently summoned from my father’s roof and brought before you?”

Captain Nelli was one of the handsomest men I ever chanced to throw my eyes upon. The military fierceness of his youth—if he ever had any—must in riper years have melted—as our poet has it,

“Tra gli affetti di padre e di marito;”

and it had now given place to a serene cheerfulness, to a cordial affability, which contrasted admirably with the dignity and austerity inseparable from the habit of command.

"I am not your judge, Signor de Negri, he answered with great self-possession, as a man neither surprised at, nor offended by, or even displeased with my air of bravado, nor yet willing to conciliate me by caresses or flattery. "Your arrest was effected merely in obedience to orders received from 'on high,' (*dall alto*); and as I thought you might perhaps prefer this parlour to the guard-room, I requested the pleasure of your company, if you have not too great an objection to take a cup of coffee with me, whilst we are waiting for further instructions."

I was not prepared for such a reception, and it completely overpowered me. I stood before him abashed, and muttering a few inaudible words of thanks, which he cut short by seizing my hand with the greatest ease and familiarity. He helped me to a chair at his table, threw aside a large book on which he was poring as I went in, and entered into some usual topic of conversation, to which he well knew how to attach a progressive interest. He talked of my friends—mutual friends, of books, of paintings, of theatres; he exhibited the utmost deference to my judgment on classical subjects, while I was made aware, without any shade of display on his part, how highly proficient he was in modern foreign literature, especially German. Finally, by a gradual, easy transition, he introduced that most sacred but dangerous and delicate subject, "Italy," and spoke of our country with as much zeal, fondness, and sorrow, as could be fairly expected from the warmest patriot.

Only to his charity faith was not proportionably corresponding; and that cold ominous theory of despair, that blind fatalism obstinately anticipating evil, only on the ground that evil has ever prevailed, was deeply rooted in the worthy captain's heart, as it is but too fatally in almost all the best-meaning hearts of Italy but the young, deplorably blasting all hopes for a national regeneration by a demoralising persuasion of the fruitlessness and impracticability of the attempt.

Meanwhile a disputation on the future destinies of the country between an agent of the Italian police and a young and inexperienced state prisoner, now probably on the eve of undergoing the endless torture of political inquisition, might perhaps have proved not entirely void of interest to the most indifferent spectator; and the unguarded warmth and energy of my arguments, which nearly ended by proving contagious and prevailing over the sound judgment of the captain, and my loud passionate tone of voice, would have seriously alarmed, on my account, any listener, and caused him to cry out against the blind infatuation which thus laid my inmost feelings bare to the gaze of a man officially appointed to search my mind, and on whose principles and character I had, after all, no better reliance than a vague report. But I spoke under the influence of that intuitive physiognomical discernment which, whenever conscientiously and implicitly trusted, makes us aware of the presence of an enemy with that same unerring instinct that bids sheep and cattle to recoil from poisonous weeds.

More than two hours were spent in this rare conversation, when we were interrupted by one of the dragoons, who, having whispered a few words in the captain's ear, received me into his charge. After a few more protestations of friendship and sympathy, the captain, having

expressed his hope of a better acquaintance in better circumstances, accompanied me to the door, and dismissed me with another cordial shake of the hand.

I was shown down stairs into a kind of *cachot*, where I found several of my fellow-prisoners, some of my intimate friends among the number.

Such of them as had been so ill advised as to offer resistance were still miserably pinioned and manacled; but though several of them could hardly yet be called youths, still no symptoms did I see on their faces of childish fear; no word of complaint, of puerile terror, or anxiety, did I hear. I was warmly welcomed, as if my appearance had inspired them with new courage, and they began to relate the various circumstances of their arrest with the most perfect good humour. Presently the door was thrown open, and lieutenant Del Rosso made his appearance, followed by his clerk, a young man in black, of meagre unprepossessing appearance, slim and pale, with a cold glassy look, and the stealthy step of a cat.

The lieutenant was a short, thick, strong-set man, red to the apple of his eyes, with the hair of a sheep and the neck of a bull, yet withal displaying an activity, an energy, an alacrity, utterly surprising in a man of his bulky dimensions. He had risen to the rank of an officer only in consequence of a desperately dogged bravery; he had rendered many signal services to the state, and his name had struck terror into the most determined ruffians in the country. But he was savage and brutal; his gross debauchery, his braggart manners and language, gave him rather the look of a butcher or headsman than of what, in civilized ages, a soldier is expected to be. He was not unfrequently pleased to be facetious and humorous, especially when drunk; and the jokes he would pass on a wretch whom he might have the good luck to escort to the gibbet, as he rode at the head of the sad convoy, mounted on his vicious gray mare with red housings and trappings, were quite in the style of *Petit-André*, the waggish subaltern of *Tristan l'Hermitte*, in the days of King Louis XI.

"What have we got here, *Frega*?" he roared out to his scribe as he entered; "one, two, three, six, and eight—eight chickens, by J—s! all nice and tender chickens, to be fattened in our hen-coops," said he, accompanying his jest with a horse-laugh. "Well, my little dears," he continued, "your feathers and fluff, if you please."

The lean notary, or *Frega* as he called him, explained what was meant by feathers and fluff, and we were obliged to part with our purses, watches, &c. Our pockets being empty, *Frega* himself searched them with minute accuracy, and registered all that was, and "was not" found upon us. The inquisitor afterwards proceeded to take our name, age, and condition; our answers being always received with the witty comments and peals of laughter of the drunken lieutenant, which we all underwent with heroic endurance. The irksome proceeding being over, we were left alone; a few minutes afterwards the bluff lieutenant poked his head in, called out my name, and that of two of our associates, and ordered us to follow him. In a back stable-yard of the barracks we found a travelling carriage. The

lieutenant opened the door, and bade us in. I started back with sufficient determination.

"I will never enter that carriage," said I, once more assuming my tragic tone, "unless I know whither I am to be dragged, and wherefore I have been arrested."

"Oh, ho!" shouted lieutenant Del Rosso, with bitter scorn; "here is one of our chickens crowing like a fighting-cock of the very first rate. Won't you? Are you sure you won't? Won't you get in, and take a ride like a good child, you truant schoolboy? What! not if we give thee a penny cake and apples for luncheon—not if we call thy schoolmaster, with his cat-o'-nine-tails, to bring thee to reason?"

I would have retorted his brutal taunts with a vengeance, had not Captain Nelli's timely interference saved me from the worst consequences of such a dispute, and by his noble presence, even more than by his words, made me aware how vain and undignified any resistance would be in such a place. We were then embarked in that clumsy conveyance, two dragoons stowed themselves into it with their carbines and scimitars, and we started.

It was now past six o'clock. The morning rose gray and sickly, as if lazily and reluctantly, and the streets were still deserted, as if all mortal beings were loath to quit the comforts of their night shelter for the cares and labours of a cheerless day. The carriage windows were drawn up, but I was too well acquainted with the localities of that neighbourhood to be at a loss as to the course we were following.

Off we started from the horse-barracks, and, steering to the left, we drove in the direction of the *Porta San Barnaba*. It was the gate that led to St. Martin's; but I had for that moment forgotten the old abbey and its inmates, and a deadly chill ran through my veins as I bethought myself that in that direction lay the road to the Po; that on the other bank of the Po spread the plains of Austrian Lombardy, and, farther on, the Alps, and on the other side of the Alps a sad, cold, inhospitable region.

"Tutta lontana dal cammin del sole."

That land rushed dark and dreary to my sight, with the prospect of a long, dismal journey, from which there might perhaps be no return; and far, far off, in the distance, to close the view, there rose the house of sorrow and despair, the Golgotha of Italian martyrs, the castle of Spielberg.

"Good God, we are travelling to Spielberg!"

No! the carriage winds once more to the left, the fatal gate is left behind: the river is crossed; we ride round the *Giardino Ducale*; we are sailing due west; in front of us stands the *Porta Santa Croce*, the road to Placentia.

New anguish and suspense! Placentia is an Austrian garrison, and has a gloomy old citadel, ever since the days of the Farnese, a much-to-be-dreaded prison of state.

"Good Heaven! we are doomed for Placentia!"

No! our coachman drives straight to the gate, but, suddenly shifting his course towards the south, rolls merrily on the newly mac-

adamized promenade of the south-western bulwark. Here is another gate—it is opened—the hollow bridge rebounds under the iron hoofs of our horses. Thanks to Heaven! we are fairly out: this is the Porta San Francesco, the road to the Apennines.

I breathed freely. A dead weight was raised from my heart; my blood ran light and easy, and my countenance brightened.

"In the name of goodness," said I in a friendly tone to one of our guards, "can I ask where we are going?"

"To be sure you can," was the answer. "We are riding towards the hills."

"I could have guessed as much myself," I replied.

"So you could," laconically retorted the fellow; and seeing that any further inquiry would meet with no better success, I threw myself back on my seat, musing.

"Bardi or Compiano! one or the other of our two fortresses of state—the Fenestrelles and Spielberg of our diminutive empire. I wonder which of them we are bound for."

The carriage, having traversed the haymarket, came to a stop. Our conductors left their seats and dismounted. Two other dragoons were waiting outside. They all shouldered their carbines, and, placing themselves by the four wheels, ordered the coachman to drive on, and we set off on our journey.

My poor father, meanwhile, hardly recovering from the surprise into which my sudden tidings had thrown him, had dressed himself in great haste, and led, as it were, by his paternal instinct, he had directed his first steps to the horse-barracks.

"No prisoners of such description have been here to-night," was the lying answer of the sentinels; "but if your son has been taken up for political misdemeanour, he must have been conveyed to the citadel." The citadel was more than two miles off—thither the anxious parent hied.

"We have seen no convoy of prisoners of any sort since midnight," said the officer on duty at the castle gate; "but we have no prisons here except for military transgressors—your son must be at St. Elizabeth's."

Two miles more of comfortless walking forth took my father to the door of the old convent. The place was deserted, as since 1820 the sorrowful cells of that bastille had been happily tenantless. He went to the guard-room of the *Piazza d' Armi*, to the station-house of the municipal police, to the town-jail for common malefactors; nowhere could he receive any information concerning his son.

In a fever of impatience and despair he made one further attempt at the horse-barracks, and found there a crowd of fathers, brothers, and friends, who had been equally misled and baffled in their pursuits; while the objects of their anxiety, who had thus disappeared through the chicanery of the police as if swallowed up by a whirlpool, were safely travelling southward at the rate of three miles per hour.

Had government assigned us an escort of horse-dragoons, we might have proceeded with good speed, for the road lay on a level country, and was kept in the very best order; but as our convoy was bound to Fornovo, and that town belongs to that division of the state which is

called the hilly district, where the service is invariably performed by carabineers on foot, our horses were obliged to keep pace with our escort, and it was past one o'clock in the afternoon ere we had gone over a distance of fifteen miles.

At one o'clock we were then landed at Fornovo, all frozen, benumbed, and cramped, and were ushered into the town-jail, a small, low, squalid, lurking-place, never cheered by the rays of the sun.

After having blown on our fingers, and stamped our feet for a quarter of an hour, with a view to quicken the circulation in our veins, we called out to the old jailor, who was standing before us and staring at our citizen broad-cloth with undisguised wonderment, and asked for our dinner.

"Your dinner, gentlemen?" wondered the old churl; "and pray, gentlemen, *where* is your dinner?"

"You know best, you old idiot!" quoth I; "would you let your prisoners starve?"

"Heaven in its mercy forbid," he retorted with great zeal and unction. "No prisoner ever starved at Fornovo since the days of Red Hose, (*Calze-rosse*, the name of a famous bandit,) who starved himself to death to spare the hangman a rope—only we dine at twelve at Fornovo, and you can have no dinner until to-morrow."

There was no tyranny or inhumanity to complain of in this treatment; it was only the rule, the everlasting, inviolable, iron rule. The prisoners were regularly fed once a day at twelve o'clock at noon—(how they fared they know best)—and we were left to starve for twenty-three hours, because we were an hour too late.

This was bad news indeed, and it fell sadly short of my *beau idéal* of a prison of state. I had had no supper in the evening, as I never had any, and had taken, in fact, nothing during four-and-twenty hours save the cup of coffee I drank with the captain. My fellow-prisoners had not even had coffee.

Our prison was a very small, dark, damp room on the ground-floor, receiving light only from a narrow window, protected by huge iron bars, and opening on the public street. There was no pane of glass, or even that common substitute for glass in our mountains, paper, to shelter us from the cold winter breeze, but we could at our pleasure close a massive oaken shutter, that opened inside, provided we could be prevailed upon to shut out the light as well as the air. A large crowd of good townspeople were in the mean time gathering outside, and a wide circle of tawny faces of both sexes, and of every age and description, were gazing rapturously upon us, and commenting upon our dress, air, and eyes, while their strictures were occasionally interrupted by some demonstrations of sympathy. Thus was that dirty hole at once our prison and pillory.

"Gentlemen," said at last one of the company, who was clad in green mountain velvet, starting forth from the crowd in a parliamentary attitude, and doffing a white cotton cap of knitting-work—"Gentlemen, I am the landlord of the *Crab*. You are too late for our dinner; but if an omelet and a few slices of smoked ham, and a pint or so of old *Malvasia*, can suit your taste, I promise you shall re-

member the sign of the Crab, if you ever happen to come back from your . . . from your journey."

The offer was tempting and tantalizing. We bethought ourselves of the ill-starred purses we had left in the gripe of Signor Frega at the horse-barracks, and sighed piteously; but, unwilling to give any evidence of faintness or discouragement for the lack of a paltry dinner, we withdrew from the window, and, after a very short consultation, I, assuming the office of spokesman, and affecting as much firmness as is reported of that starving garrison who threw the last bread among their besiegers, to show that there was plenty within—

"We thank you," I replied, "Mr. Landlord of the sign of the Crab; but if government has doomed us to starve in this dungeon, your charitable offer may perhaps be considered in the light of high reason.

Mine host fell back among the crowd, scratching his head, as if meditating a reply. There was something so ludicrous in the whole negotiation, and in the serious tone which we had deemed fit to assume, that we had power to divert our thoughts even from the cravings of an empty stomach.

Presently a tumult arose among the rival crowd.

"Room! room! for Madame Bartoli, the wife of the Lord Prætor!" said a dozen voices; and there, to be sure, was the lady herself, with a pink-ribboned bonnet, her large green veil thrown backwards, her little spaniel in her arms, and a silk parasol (in January) open in her hands.

She had no sooner cast a hasty glance at our window, than she exclaimed in a fainting voice, "Good gracious! can I believe my eyes? Signor De Negri!"

She hurried straight to the door, had a short but lively discussion with the turnkey, but finally the door creaked on its hinges, in rushed the lady, and, in the presence of an applauding crowd, threw her arms round my neck, and the dark gloomy vaulting of our cell rang again and again with her kisses.

Bartoli had been for upwards of thirty years a pettifogger of a rather ambiguous reputation in town. Lately, by one of those indescribable whims that will occasionally seize the arbiters of despotic governments, he had been raised to the dignity of a prætor or justice of the peace, and was living at Fornovo, on a rather starving salary, with his housekeeper, whom he had recently raised to the rank of his lady, a woman comparatively young, but ugly as mortal sin.

It had been the bad luck of my father, for some unaccountable reasons to be brought into contact with Bartoli in one of his lawsuits, and I now remembered to have once been by accident introduced into the lawyer's house, where the good dame had taken a peculiar fancy to me on account of a striking resemblance she found between her eyes and mine.

I spare the reader all the wonders, and condolences, and ejaculations of that affecting meeting. Suffice it to say that, through such wonderful ways, through so unexpected a reverse, it pleased Providence to bless us, poor hungry captives, with a dinner. Madame Bartoli sent us a dinner, not a very sumptuous one indeed, and blankets, and

cushions, and candles for the night; she herself, kind-hearted lady, smoothed our pillows, saw us all safely in bed, and having finally talked us all to sleep, she went home to her husband to frame with him "a very, very long bill," which, as I heard afterwards, the charitable prætor took good care to have faithfully and scrupulously discharged by my father. On the morrow the butt-ends of our gendarmes' carbines knocked lustily at our door, to rouse us from our sweet slumbers at daybreak, and to remind us that we were prisoners—a circumstance we had forgotten for nearly ten hours. We dressed hastily, were mounted on three woolly mountain nags, and hurried out of Fornovo.

Fornovo, or Forum Novum according to its classical appellation, must have been a Roman town of considerable importance. It is now a tolerably thriving village, enlivened in the summer-time by the inmates of the lovely villas that crown the summits of the verdant hills of the neighbourhood. The village bears an ominous name for all Italian hearts. It was here that in 1495 Gonzaga Marquis of Mantua awaited the return of Charles VIII. from his rapid conquests and sudden disasters at Naples, at the head of a numerous but ill-sorted and undisciplined host of Italian confederates; here it was that a small body of French cavalry rallied around their venturous king, and by a rare effort of bravery overthrew the Italian lines, spite of great superiority of numbers, and made good their retreat into France. It was the first conflict since the barbarian invasion, when Italians, grappling alone with a foreign force, were fairly routed, and since that time they have never, as a nation, reappeared on the field.

As we crossed the fatal field, still heaving with the mounds of three thousand five hundred of our entombed warriors, we had leisure to contemplate the charming and picturesque situation of Fornovo.

Two broad mountain torrents, the Taro and Ceno, roll their angry waters from the remote Apennines, and join their course under the shattered Roman walls that once encircled the town. The two wide-spreading valleys run up in a bold angle for a course of upwards of fifty or sixty miles, encompassed by gigantic ranges of mighty peaks rising one behind the other in a progressive ascent, piled upon each other in sublime disorder, resembling a daring flight of heavenward stairs.

The valley of the Ceno, in its uppermost regions, is guarded by the strong fortress of Bardi. On the vale of the Taro is situated the castle of Compiano. We were directed by our guides to rein our horses to the left; we found ourselves thus ascending the vale of the Taro, and were, consequently, riding to Compiano.

We crossed the Taro, a little above the confluence of the two rivers, where, as they reach an easier ground, they rush madly and wantonly on the plain, with the violence of two young colts, without guide or restraint, spreading their wide and numerous branches over an extent of several miles.

A few rods after leaving the gravelly bed of the torrent we found the military road of the Cisa, one of Napoleon's miraculous undertakings, which the culpable negligence of our vile, sluggish governments had suffered to fall into ruin. It was intended to join our

plain with the Mediterranean, at the Gulf of Spezzia, across the Apennines, and the mountains of Lunigiana. The forty miles, through which the bold plan was successfully carried into execution, equalled in beauty and magnificence, as well as in expense and difficulties overcome, the noblest works of the Mounts Cenis and Simplon.*

A few miles from Fornovo we reached the skirts of *Pietra Nera*, an enormous rock, or rather a large mountain of granite, of a sable hue, in the shape of a large bulwark, hanging over the river, which had stood astride the road like a giant, frowning and threatening to oppose Napoleon's progress, and bore still on its brow the bruises and blazes where the fire and sword had struck, as it grappled long and hard against all the might of the conqueror. We could still discern the traces of the mines, all black with the gunpowder which had blown asunder the very bowels of the mountain, and along their gaps trickled the waters of the Alpine springs, which, frozen in their fall by the northern blast, were formed into myriads of icicles, all sparkling in the rays of the morning sun, like diamonds on a suit of jet.

The sun rose gay and refulgent as our gallant ponies pranced merrily on the Napoleonian road; and the frosty but balmy air of "incense-breathing morn," the sense of the recovered use of our limbs, and the wild, sublime spectacle of that Alpine scenery, re-awakened our spirits, which the damp, foul air of that awful dungeon had sadly depressed. The three dragoons, too, that were our escort for that day's journey, tamed by the habitual peace and innocence of a country residence, appeared to be of an easy and accommodating disposition. One of them condescended to march about a hundred rods in the vanguard, whilst the two others closed the rear at some distance, leaving us, in that manner, a considerable interval of free ground; where, thoughtless schoolboys as we were, we spurred our mettlesome nags, and trotted, and tilted, and curveted, and played over the best pranks we had learned at the manège.

My two fellow prisoners were mere boys in age and disposition, and, at twenty-years, when we are still fluctuating between the boy and the man, it required no strong temptation to take me down from my heroic dreams, and put me on a level with them. I was soon, however, recalled to a more sober mood and a more grave demeanour by that unlucky wound on my right thigh, which the reader by this time may haply have forgotten, as I nearly had done myself, until, exasperated by the cold morning air, and by the sudden jolts and jerks of my hard-trotting pony in those equestrian frolics, it broke open afresh, causing me so much pain, that I was, in fine, obliged to fall back, a disabled knight, to the rear, where I relapsed into my fond meditations, or exchanged, from time to time, a word with our good-tempered conductors.

At Cassio our gendarmes stopped to take their morning meal at a little inn by the road-side, and offered us a cup of their wine, which we, always foolishly ashamed of our sad penniless plight, obstinately begged to decline. Five miles' journey from Cassio took us to Berceto, our station for the night.

Berceto is a large borough, perched on the brow of a craggy hill,

* This work has been very recently resumed and carried to an end.—Editor.

and so venturously hanging over the steep, that it seems to cling to the soil by a miracle, and you expect every hour to hear houses, churches, steeples and all, roll, a mighty avalanche, into the river. On the top of the hill lies *The Rocca*, an old, dismantled, feudal castle, a few apartments of which are still standing, and have been converted to use as a prison. We crossed the village, closely harassed by a pack of shaggy curs and half-naked urchins, and were soon conveyed to what was once the hall of the castle.

"Our northern chamber," said the jailor, an old, deaf, squinting, stammering sinner, clad in a coarse, tattered frock, with a cowl of the same stuff, "is out of repair, and these young men will have no objection to enjoy, for one night, the company of a set of merry bedfellows."

Saying this, he set himself to work, and began to unfasten locks, and bolts, and iron bars without number. We heard from within the door he was about to throw open, a confusion of such hideous yells and roars as might better proceed from a menagerie of wild beasts than from a human dwelling. Presently, as the door opened, the visages of three galley-slaves, in their double-coloured fustian, and so loaded with chains that they looked like statues of Laocoon, serpent-bound, made their appearance on the threshold. My heart sank as I looked at that dire group, whilst, with faces distorted by a hideous grin and the expression of savage joy and drunken despair, the monsters stood with their arms thrown round each other's necks, and, beckoning to us with outstretched palms, they welcomed us as chums and comrades in that witty, figurative style which is so wonderfully analogous in all the different languages, and which Paul Clifford and Jack Sheppard have raised into such high popularity in England.

My heart sank but for a moment; for despair having soon roused my anger, and anger my energy, I seized the ragged garment of the infamous turnkey, and pressing it fast on his throat with supernatural strength—

"Villain!" I cried, "if you only speak of lodging us there, by God Almighty I'll strangle thee on the spot!"

Of all blessings that the clemency of Heaven has bestowed upon the inhabitants of this world of care, I know none that can better contribute to human happiness than the delight of being loved. But, next to that, I value the privilege of being dreaded, as the greatest advantage, and I am not even quite sure that it is not, in ninety-nine cases out of a hundred, to fear rather than to affection that we owe our influence over our fellow beings. Thus, though I have but little reason to praise nature for the advantage of personal comeliness, I have, on many occurrences, felt quite thankful to Providence that I was born rather with a formidable than a lovely face; and that, in presence of trying difficulties, my countenance was capable of assuming such an air of desperate determination and passion as to overawe minds of a less steady temperament, in spite even of a physical superiority of strength, or of odds in their favour. Let the reader, however, remember that all this is said only in reference to the past, and that this is a narration of things as they were ten years ago; for age and reason, and, above all, long residence in cold countries, have gradually so undermined

my native volcanic temper, that I have now really forgotten how to work myself into a passion, and look daggers and death at my adversaries.

My sudden passion, and my tremendously ugly face, got for once the best of the affray. The dastardly jailor turned white, and blue, and crimson, writhed and struggled in vain within my grasp; the three galley-slaves stood dumbstruck and bewildered, and the men-at-arms drew back a few steps.

"Come, come, Master Nicholas," said, at last, one of the dragoons, after a few seconds of suspense—he was the one with whom I had had some conversation during the *trajet*, and had, perhaps, on that account, taken a fancy to his prisoner; or he was probably himself a brave man, and applauded in his heart an act of daring at which the ultimate results might have turned sadly against me—"Come, you cannot think of lodging gentlemen in so filthy a den. Come, you have got better rooms, if you choose. We have orders to treat our prisoners with the greatest care and respect. They must be better lodged, I tell thee, man, if they were to sleep with thy own daughter."

As he said this, he gently took hold of my arm, and helped the unlucky jailor to extricate himself from my gripe. He slammed, himself, the iron door in the face of those three reprobates; and here began a more tranquil consultation.

"Flay me alive, Mr. Brigadier," (Signor Brigadiere,) said the turnkey, shaking his gabardine, and gasping for breath—"flay me alive, if I know where to stow them to-night. My daughter (poor soul!) and myself have hardly any house to shelter us. The roof of the left wing, where we lived, fell in last earthquake, (Jesus, Maria deliver us!) and we were obliged to put up at the sexton's, where we are lodged more like dogs than Christians. But here is the northern chamber," he added, throwing open an opposite door, "if it will suit these gentleman better, though hang me if they will not be found stiff dead in the morning, should they venture to sleep in that ice-house."

The "northern chamber," as Master Nicholas called it, might have been, in happier days, the armoury, or, may be, the library of the castle; it was now a very wide room with lofty ceiling, and two large windows utterly unprotected, except by their eternal iron bars. The walls were, here and there, furrowed with large crevices, and through the ceiling you could, in clear weather, catch a glimpse of the azure of the sky.

Our friendly dragoon interposed once more, and asked if we might not have the southern cell to ourselves, the galley-slaves resigning themselves to spend a night in that "hellish ice-house," as he called it; but what we had seen and smelt of that execrable den made us all unanimously prefer the shattered chamber, nay even the broad open air, and there, accordingly, we took our quarters at our risk and peril.

Those foreigners who never dream of Italy but as of a wide orange and olive grove, blessed with everlasting spring, will hardly believe what a regular winter night is upon our mountains.

The village of Berceto lies at the distance of only a few miles from the uppermost crest of the Apennines, and so very heavy is the curse of Heaven weighing on its situation, that to have snow on the hill and vale for six months in the year is far from being an uncommon occurrence.

I had already had, on the journey, frequent occasion to deplore that vain, puerile folly that had, in an evil hour, advised me to put on a fine town dress on the eventful morning of my arrest, in the silly expectation of displaying it before the lord justices, or the court-martial, to whose presence I firmly believed it was my lot to be summoned. My dress coat, of the finest *sedan*, and my Spanish mantle, intended more for show than protection, withstood but poorly the sharp piercing *tramontana*, which had blown on our ride all along the Napoleonic road. But that northern breeze had now freshened to an appalling degree: and it hissed, and howled, and groaned through the hundred inlets of that wintry dwelling, with the sound of an angry wolf prowling, at dead of night, around the closed but ill-fitting boards of a lonely sheepfold.

As it had happened at Fornovo, we were soon informed that, having arrived at two o'clock in the afternoon, we had forfeited all right to be fed at the charge of the state; but, towards evening, a deputation of worthy citizens of Berceto, with the *Podestà*, or mayor, at their head, appeared at the little wicket of our prison-door, asked our names, and questioned us on sundry matters of little importance, but with no little gravity or ceremony, and ended by offering, and afterwards generously sending in, certain roast fowls and sausages, with bread and wine; and, what was even more to the purpose, as many blankets, and cloaks, and cushions as we could form a wish for. And yet, notwithstanding that excellent supper, and that bountiful supply of warm clothes, we nearly all perished from cold during that merciless night. In vain did we lie close to each other, and pile covers upon covers, and cushions upon cushions over our luckless limbs; in vain we started up, sang, acted, shouted, and stamped, to quicken the circulation of our coagulated blood. All our arguments of resistance proved ineffectual against the frequent gusts and the desperate violence of that ruthless wind; and if we did not literally fulfil the ominous prophecy of our surly Cerberus, and were found still alive in the morning, it was merely because we strove hard for our lives, and never allowed our eyes an instant of sleep.

I owe our government, however, this justice, that such an atrocious complication of sufferings could never have entered into the intentions of the authors of our misfortune; and I should wish to destroy every unfavourable impression that my narrative may have awakened in the reader's mind, lest he should feel inclined to tax me with exaggeration or romance. The government of Maria Louisa was, like that of the Grand Duke of Tuscany, famed in Italy for comparative mildness and humanity. The arbitrary seizure of eight youths of good family—a rash deed, unexampled in the annals of the happy reign of our duchess—was an unpopular *coup d'état*, suggested by the blind zeal of some new favourite, who insisted on the necessity of quenching all mutinous spirits by some striking example. The de-

plorable state of the prisons, in which our hard fate would have us lodged, and in which it was not certainly the government's fault if we were not all starved or frozen to death—an event inevitable without the interference of private charity—was owing rather to the hurry and anxiety with which our arrest was perpetrated, to a disorder and confusion prevailing in the central administration, and to a stupid and, to a great extent, a guilty carelessness on the part of the minor authorities, than to an absolute desire of increasing the tortures of wretched victims visited by the severity of the law. Add to this, that the route we were compelled to follow on account of the winter, and of the swelling of the rivers, was not the common highway to our fortress of state; that all the towns on our road had not, for a long time since, and Berceto, perhaps, never before, the honour of lodging in its jail any better inmates than the galley-slaves travelling to and from the *bagnio* of Genoa, and for whom, according to a barbarous notion prevailing in all Europe, no less than in Italy, no prison can ever be sufficiently bad; it being fit that those degraded beings should starve and freeze, as far as can be compatible with the preservation of life.

It was not in this humour of forbearance and forgiveness, I assure you, my good friend the reader, that I welcomed our kind host the jailor, as he opened our door early on the morrow to bid us a "very, very happy good morrow," accompanied by his daughter, Anna Maria, a wild but fine-looking mountain lass of eighteen, who seemed to have come either in the character of an auxiliary, should her father happen to be once more in jeopardy, or out of the mere curiosity of seeing how the "city chap" looked, who had dared to lay his hands on her honoured parent's old throat.

We found our new gendarmes in the hall, and, at their request, good Master Nicolas piled up a large heap of wet and rotten straw on the marble floor, and set fire to it.

It can be easily imagined that such fuel gave more smoke and stench than either blaze or heat; still in good time it blazed out in a cheerful flame, and its sight at least, if not its warmth, soon restored us to sense and life.

The walls of the tottering hall still preserved some vestiges of ancient frescos, and above the doors stood busts, trophies, and armorial bearings. Our men-at-arms were standing around us, whilst we bent our faces and stretched our hands over the quivering flames; and our crouching and trembling figures, and our woe-begone purple faces, made no unhappy contrast with the bronze complexion and the grim moustachios of our martial guides, as the red glare fell flickering on their manly faces, on their plumed helmets, on the glittering bayonets of their carbines. The dark, owl-like figure of the old jailor, and the rosy cheeks and long flowing hair of his daughter, shaded by her square *veletta*, a fantastic mountain head-gear, as they stood on the background near the main-door, added no little variety to the picture, and would have furnished altogether an interesting subject for the wild fancy of a Rembrandt or a Salvator. From the wild dismantled balcony might be seen the broad-eddy Taro, and beyond its opposite bank the long dark mountainous ridge of Montagnana, all mantled with never

trodden snow, and its tufts of bare beech trees, silent and lonely as an oasis of the desert, haunted by none but the wolves of the Apennines, and the ghosts of some straying goats that had had the ill luck to fall to their prey.

Behind that desolate region the pale dawn began slowly and gradually to redden, and the wide-echoing roar of the river sent up its wild music to the sky, as if rendering thanks and praises to the Soul of Creation on its first awakening.

But we were soon called "to horse," and having mounted, as we could best, on three mules of the finest Genoese breed, leaving on our left hand the magnificent road of the Cisa, we crossed the river, were lost for nearly the whole day in a labyrinth of crooked mountain paths, and, after a very disastrous journey, we arrived in the evening at Borgotaro.

At Borgotaro, the capital of the vale of the Taro and of the whole mountain district, we found ample accommodation in our prison, were treated with good-natured hospitality, and spent rather a comfortable night. Had we been able to travel on the river road, we might have arrived there, without interruption, in one day's march from Fornovo, and would thus have been spared all the horrors of Berceto.

From Borgotaro we started for our last day's work, and arrived about noon of the fourth day under the walls of the castle of Compiano, the place of our destination.

We looked with a shudder of horror towards the dark turrets of our doomed abode; and as the main door closed with a hollow and heavy sound behind us, and the yawning gateway swallowed its young victims, we repeated in our inmost thoughts that line which must occur to every person familiar with Dante, at the moment of entering a prison —

"Lasciate ogni speranza, ovoi che 'ntrate!"

THE INVALID.

BY MRS. EDWARD THOMAS.

"He sleeps, thank Heaven, my husband sleeps!"
Exclaims the anxious wife,
As she her pray'ful vigil keeps,
To watch his ebbing life.

"He sleeps *at last*! O grant it may
Renew his wasted strength,
And my beloved, from this sad day
May be restored at length!

O thou benignant Power! to thee
I turn in my despair;
For where should hopeless sorrow flee,
Save to the Lord, with prayer?

Pardon the heart that fondly clings
To earth-born fleeting love,
And stay his spirit's hov'ring wings
From its bright home above.

Or if he must so soon repair
To that seraphic shore,
Oh! fix my wand'ring thoughts too *there*,
And bid me Heaven adore!

But lo! the gentle slumber now
Which seals his wearied lids,
Appears propitious to my vow,
And ev'ry fear forbids."

Calm as an infant, there he lay,
(In that refreshing rest,)
That's sobb'd its little griefs away
Upon its mother's breast.

Deceitful calm! O semblance fair!
He will not wake again,
And she may watch in her despair,
And call on him in vain!

Yes—she may frantic weep and wail
In loneliness of grief,
With hollow wasting cheek, and pale—
There's none to speak relief.

He, he for whom she mourns so sad,
Could only whisper peace;
Could only bid her heart be glad,
And all its sorrows cease.

O! still her tears uncheck'd must flow,
For none can hope impart;
Or *even* guess the depths of woe
That sink the widow's heart!

RECORDS OF THE FRENCH PRISONERS.¹

CHAPTER V.

THERE are but few of the objects of human desire, which an analytical examination does not deprive of much of their apparent value. When we reason upon its nature, how worthless does fame appear! Yet, next to the esteem of our Creator, that of our fellows is undoubtedly the highest attainment!—To mark the changes of the flying clouds—the delicate shading of the evening heaven—the harmonious operations of nature—the contrivances for animal enjoyment—the retributions of the moral world, wherein the beam of God's judgment ever vibrates in eternal justice—the developements of intellect, in all the aspects the Protean thing can assume,—in short, all the evolvments of truth, love, and beauty: to study these is a benefit and delight. But knowledge is unsatisfying; in accumulating it we arm ourselves with the lightning of God; but it is a passive instrument dependent on the spirit that wields it; it may be used either to burn up noxious vapours, or to blast the fair creatures of earth. Intellect may be either a saviour or destroyer—a Satan, Prometheus, or Christ! Madness, intoxication, sensualism, all have their enjoyments; but every happiness has its source in love!

When we cultivate a flower, as we love to associate the best qualities with the most beautiful forms, we delight to imagine that the delicate thing is not unconscious of, or ungrateful for, our attention; and the thought fills us with feelings far higher than the mere contemplation of its beauty can bestow. But in every human being are qualities that might be improved—faculties that might be cultivated, and gentle feelings that might be educed, far more valuable, and capable of repaying us a reward that is greater than the most beautiful but inanimate creature can return. Mark one individual in the passing crowd—let it be that pale child, withering and perishing for the want of that attention which the mere sympathies of our nature should be sufficient to secure for it. Crippled with toil ere it was fit for labour—seared with the care of manhood long ere the time when it should have known such anxiety, had arrived. But wretched and debased as it seems, it has a mind to comprehend, a heart to feel the sweet glow of kindness, and to return it in fragrant gratitude—a thousand beautiful facilities to be cultivated—a thousand delightful feelings to be educed, and others as pernicious to be eradicated from its nature; and whether the attention which would be required to effect these changes would be repaid to the benefactor who should bestow it, let the benevolent say. Yes, love repays its cost; but when is it so with fame?

Let us mark the child emerging into the man, and suppose him to have freed himself from the folds of the monster by which his infancy was assailed: with what a world he has to contend! See him ploughing

¹ Continued from vol. xxviii. p. 420.

through the surges of opposition ; wave after wave breaks over him, but he rises again. What must support him in the struggle—on what must he depend ?—On the strength of his own heart ! the buoyancy of the hope within him that will not permit him to sink ! What hand is stretched towards him ? If his own powers cannot sustain him, he fails ! Let us choose the more merciful supposition—let us suppose him to come triumphant from this struggle also. But time, like air, has an eating acid, a corrupting element that vitiates the soul, and defaces the image with which its Maker impressed the coin. The greater the peril, the greater the glory—shouts proclaim the victor's triumph, but if his own heart confirm not their acclamations, there is a hollowness in the emotions they awaken, he is little better than a part of the pageant ; feeling that he does not deserve it, he doubts the sincerity of the world's esteem ! It is only when our conscience tells us that we have deserved it, that fame can be fully enjoyed. But he who has that assurance to support him, triumphs over neglect or contumely, and loves the mistaken world that abuses him, as he foresees the day when its verdict will be refuted : in the hour of his abasement he feels the pride of his renown ! Fame must repay him its cost if he lives to experience it, and, if not, he dies possessed of his own soul's approval, the better part of fame !

Time is a forest in the land of eternity—we are travelling through it. Heaven spreads its glories above, its light is the forest's life, and that of all the animate things it contains, and, when clouds intercept it, the foliage droops and the leaves fall. The forest is a vast one ; there are things great and beautiful in it, and the mind of man shall render it more beautiful still ; but it will at last be cleared away from the land it encumbers, and our dwellings will then be in the region of infinite light. With some, the journey is a short one ; some toil through a long and wearying career ; some pass in company through beaten and frequented ways, and some seek out paths for themselves through dangerous and difficult places, and seem to delight in the peril and toil. We are often separated from our friends, and when we rejoin them, we wonder at the changes they have undergone, forgetting that similar ones have affected themselves. There are some who amuse themselves on the way by cultivating the flowers that adorn the paths, clearing the obstacles that obstruct them, and opening more of them to the light. But there are others who love darkness better, who delight in planting briars where they grew not before, and in rendering the journey more hazardous and painful to those who succeed ; and, alas, if we watch him who follows, we too often find him carefully setting his foot on the thorn that was planted for his injury, and carelessly passing or heedlessly destroying the flower that was cultivated for his delight. Taking humanity as a whole, they have obtained most of its regard, who have administered most to its vices and follies ! We may carve our names on the bark of the forest, but unless those who succeed us retrace the letters, they are soon overgrown and effaced ; we must cut deeply if we wish them to remain, and secure an interest in the hearts of our posterity too. But, though the evil may do it as well as the good, let us not consider that

their ultimate reward is the same. Fame is often the foul breath of clamour, but to the benevolent man it is the evidence which his fellows bear to the validity of his claim to a heavenly crown—to the memory of the evil it is as flowers thrown to a putrid corse; to the good it is often the garland of the sacrifice, but still the wreath of his glory—to him, whenever he enjoys it, it yields its fullest delight! His worth is sometimes acknowledged in his life, but it is oftener felt in his loss when he is gone—his fame is as the light of a star, which only reaches the world when its source is extinguished!

And why should we believe that the dead are unconscious, or heedless of the regard of the living, that they no longer enjoy their fame? Is it a pleasure to think that those we love are wholly divided from us, that they no longer feel an interest in our cares, that they are no longer affected by the feelings we entertain for them, that they are alike unconscious of the sorrow we feel for their loss, the honour in which we hold their memory, the regret we feel for whatever action we imagine may have occasioned them pain; that they no longer contemplate the memory, or behold the effects of their worldly career! Why should it be so? Are the affairs of this life too insignificant for their regard?—Are they too humble for the attention of God?—Is our affection disregarded by him? Why, then, should they be indifferent to it? Is there an angel in heaven who feels no delight when he learns that another creature loves him? If there be, it is time he were cast thence!

Let it never be thought a vain labour to attempt to extend to others the veneration we feel for the departed good; we know not but we may administer pleasure to them, nor can judge what their example may effect. We are prone to erect in our hearts, those temples, the statues of those we esteem, and they become models to which we attempt to conform ourselves: we canonize them in our feelings, we deify them, and their apotheosis has no impiety in it, if they be good. Of such ceremonies the poet is the presiding priest, he gives us the ideal by which our conceptions are formed, and hence it is important that, both in himself and his creations, he should present us models that are worthy of our regard and imitation.

To him, my companion and friend, one of whose actions I have recorded, I again commit the narration of these records. Let his own voice speak.

THE VISIT OF THE FUGITIVES.

I was aware that my conduct had been in violation of the laws of my country. I had opposed the public servants in the execution of their duty, an act which no good man will commit, without the most urgent cause; but I felt that the circumstances in which I had been placed, had fully warranted that resistance, and should have done it had the threatened consequences been tenfold what they were. I trusted to the character of my countrymen for immunity, and was not deceived, for, on my visiting the prison-ship on the following morning, I was not only thanked by every officer whom I met, but the captain testified his approval and confidence, by intimating to me that he should leave it to me and my friend the surgeon to determine

when the prisoner would be in a fit state to be removed. How feeble is the spirit of national or conventional hostility, when calmly opposed to that fraternal friendship, that universal sympathy of which every heart is a nucleus, even weak and confined as it is in this egoistic era of ours! The grim sentinel, whose vigilant watch baffles the prisoner's hopes, in his heart loves the captive, and detests the tyrant whose will he obeys. There was not, perhaps, one of those officers who would not have risked his life to have recaptured the prisoner I had sheltered, or who would not have slain rather than suffered him to have escaped; yet I found not one who did not rejoice in his safety.

It would be in vain to attempt to express the feelings evinced by the general body of the prisoners as they crowded around me when I went below: they wept, they prayed for my happiness; from that time the name of Napoleon himself had hardly more influence among them than mine. The first of the fugitives that I saw was Vouillon; he was extremely ill, and it was doubted by the medical men if he would ever regain the use of his limbs; but their fears, though not unfounded, were unfulfilled. I spoke to him, he knew me, inquired respecting Reynaul, and gave me clear, though brief answers to the few questions I put to him. By his side lay Raoul; alas, that night had wrought a more terrible change in him; his mind, like a body broken on the rack, was ruined by the sufferings he had undergone. He was restless, and apparently in pain, and ever and anon would start up and mutter incoherent words, but without addressing himself to any one. I spoke to him, but his answer was wide of the subject. At one time he imagined himself still on the ice, and addressed consoling or encouraging words to his brother—that brother now no more; at another in his own land, in his own home, and speaking affectionately to his wife and children, whom I then, for the first time, learned that he had.

The other survivor had suffered less than any of his companions. He was a short, stout, hardy-looking man, with a broad, good-humoured countenance, and much of the appearance with which we Britons generally associate the character of the sailor: his name was Noël. He gave me a particular account of the events of the preceding night, and appeared to think so little of their consequences as regarded himself, that he said he should leave his hammock on the following day—a boast that he fulfilled! But there was one object there that affected me more than all the others. It was the lad of whom I have spoken before—little Jaques. He sat on a chest near Raoul's hammock, his face hidden in his hands, and the tears streaming down his breast. No one spoke to him, for pacification had been tried in vain; his sorrow was absolutely fierce, and the only object he seemed to regard was Raoul; but his attentions were unheeded even by him. Once he accidentally put his hand out of the hammock, and it fell near the child, who raised and sought to retain it in his, but it was quickly withdrawn from him.

"Do speak to me, Raoul," he cried, "dear Raoul, I love only you. I have nobody else to love. Do speak, Raoul."

But Raoul turned from him, muttering incoherently to himself.

From one extreme, thought flies to another, and it is often so with events. I was still standing there when I witnessed a very different scene, one ridiculous in the highest degree, as much so as the last was serious; it was an instance of Monsieur Vouillon's revenge. I will call it

A BLACK JOKE.

I had noticed a hammock that hung near me, and which appeared to be trussed up to the deck in a very awkward and curious way. The boatswain, who happened to pass, observed it.

"Was this nigger one?" he inquired.

"No," said his mate, who stood beside him.

"Then what does he lie in for?"

"Cut him down," said the mate.

The suggestion seemed to be in accordance with the boatswain's own inclination, for I soon afterwards heard the sound of a knife passed swiftly along the clues of a hammock, then followed a rustling sound, as if of bed-clothes falling on deck, which was succeeded by a roar that might have proceeded from the lungs of a bull. Had echo tried to have repeated it, she would have been hoarse for a week! I turned round, and beside me saw the negro hanging from the deck by the hair of his head. The hammock fell from him, but his head was attached to a beam above him, from which his huge body dangled! The effect was electrifying, and was followed by a roar of laughter that drowned even the cries of the sufferer, and brought crowds from all parts of the deck to witness its cause. The black was in torture; for a moment he tried to grasp something above him, but his hands could find nothing but the wide and slippery beam that afforded no hold; then he stretched his legs on all sides of him to find something to rest on below; but it was strange that things that had usually stood there, and might have availed him, were not there now; and then he struck out wildly around him, and roared for relief, but in vain. There he hung, his toes just reaching the deck below him, screeching, gesticulating, struggling, and swinging his limbs about on all sides of him, like a fledgling devil essaying to fly; and if beauty be most beautiful when least apparelled, he certainly never appeared to much greater advantage.

No savages round a captive, hounds round a deer at bay, dogs round a badger, ever showed less sympathy with the sufferings of their victim, than did his fellow-prisoners with his. He was hated by all parties, for he was avaricious as treacherous, and loud were the shouts of exultation which his misfortunes elicited. The more he struggled, the greater the laughter; even I, who had no personal cause to dislike him, had not philosophy enough to resist the infection, and, after a few ineffectual struggles, laughed outright. It was so ridiculous, that though I felt for his suffering, and made one or two advances to assist him, I was obliged to desist, being fairly overcome; and the case was similar with several others beside me. To his fellow-pri-

soners it was a regular triumph, for there were but few of them whom he had not managed to injure in one way or another.

"Ha! ha! Le diable trompé! L'homme noir attrappé! Le tartufe puni! Le traître trahi!" Such were the politest expressions his misfortune could draw from them.

"Cut him down," said an Englishman beside me.

Could they have cut him up, it would have pleased them far better!

Vouillon, weak as he was, raised his head to look at him, and I could see in his countenance an expression of high gratification; and never but then did I see a malicious feeling in the face of Jaques. Poor Black, it was real torture to him; the sweat ran down his face, and if he did not grow pale with agony, his countenance made its nearest approaches to it. Not one of his fellow-prisoners would have aided him had he hung there till he had bleached, or his hair had rotted, even had not convulsive laughter incapacitated them for it. I believe they would as soon have assisted the devil. But the boatswain at last advanced, and in a voice and manner whose coolness formed a ridiculous contrast to the spirit of the scene, begged to know what was the matter.

"What are you hanging there for?" said Jack.

"Mes cheveux!" gasped the unfortunate black.

"O shaue O! is it?" said Jack, and lifting him with one arm, he raised the other to disengage him from the beam. But the attempt had been continued hardly a minute when he suddenly started back, and withdrew his assistance. Down came the full weight of the body on the agonized scalp again!

"Sacre, d—n! O murdere! Diable! Fou—! Misere! O, O, Oh!" screamed the negro in torture, flinging his limbs, as if in a fit, on every side of him. But his betrayer remained unmoved, standing at a short distance, and eyeing him with great indignation.

"What is the matter?" said the mate.

A hearty d—n was the only reply: the imprecator coolly turning his quid.

"Eh! what is it?" said the mate.

"Matter! why, blow me, if I hadn't missed it."

"What?"

"Why, he's been a robbing my storeroom—that's what makes his wool look so crisp and so curly. He uses my pitch for pomatum!" said Pipes in a frenzy of passion, which, if assumed, was well acted; and seizing a rope, he, to all appearance, would have given the negro more sore parts than one, had he not been prevented.

"No, no," said the mate, restraining him.

"No, but he does, I tell ye—there's half a pound on his head! It's my belief he rubs himself all over with it!"

"Well, never mind."

"I'll skin him!"

Vouillon did not rise again, but I could hear him, as he lay in his hammock, laughing outright.

Another Englishman at last interposed, and proceeded to cut the sufferer's hair, lock by lock, from the beam; but it was a wearying and painful process, and without doubt the patient thought it particularly so, for owing partly to the clumsiness of the operator, and partly to the bluntness of the knife which he used, mere than one

piece of the scalp was left on the wood. Nor were the negro's troubles over when he was released; the pitch had not only glued the head to the beam, but also the pillow to both; this the sailor cut in detaching it; a copious shower of feathers poured forth, and became mixed and rubbed in the hair, giving the head the appearance of a white and black chicken. And for many days did that devoted poll bear, in its piebald appearance, a ludicrous and unpleasant evidence of what the owner had suffered from Vouillon's revenge.

The surgeon returned home with me, and having examined Reynaul, stated that it would not be safe to remove him for several days. Christophe Boyer and his fellow-victim were buried that evening on Prisoner's Island. The body of Regnier was never found. It was probably carried to sea with the fragments of ice that the tide floated away, and it may be that the friendly waves conveyed his corse to that shore which he so desired to see, and died in an attempt to regain.

Let me now give

THE HISTORY OF REYNAUL.

How much our feelings are modified by the associations with which we surround the objects that awaken them! The passions, welling from their secret sources, rill through the mind, receiving, as they flow, the reflections of the thousand objects amid which they pass. Everything that we esteem is a nucleus round which associations have collected; they give its value to it, and according to the number and nature of the associations with which it connects the objects around it, is one mind superior to another. When poetry, which is impassioned intellect, has poured its light on a scene, the spell never departs from it; yet it is not the scene, but the mind that is charmed. We people earth with ideal reflections of ourselves; the fountain has its spirit, the dell its fairy, the cavern its nome. There is an allegory in the fabled existence of these immaterial beings; for, as they are generally impersonations of portions of our nature, ministers between us and the powers of the inanimate world, which we feign them to control; so they are the imaginary representatives of those powers by which we shall actually learn the secrets of nature, and through the possession of those secrets subdue her. But, apart from this, they give additional interest to the places they are supposed to inhabit. The mind enriches itself with its own thoughts, and is again enriched by them, as the prolific earth peoples herself with her own offspring, whose activity cultivates and adorns her; but there is a feeling of kindred, a bond of association, that unites them to each other, and to it. Or we may compare it to a cavern in which an ever-burning lamp is entombed, and through which ever filterate the waters of feeling, and crystallize into thought, till the vault, sides, and floor, are covered and hung with its mighty stalactites of a thousand forms and colours, which reciprocally reflect and diversify the rays that are thrown upon them, blending and varying the figures their own forms present. As with the intellectual, so with the passional—imagination exalts what feeling delights in; feeling hallows what ima-

gination endows. The intellect weaves the thread that the feelings dye. Objects of beauty, grandeur, awe, terror, hatred, affection—the associations with which we connect them endow them with much of the character they possess. The person to whom we were before indifferent, interests us when we find him to have been the relative or companion of one whom we formerly knew, and it is astonishing how slight a connexion will sometimes give an object his anchorage in our feelings: an action, feature, a gesture, or tone, is often sufficient. Memory is a mirror whose obscure depths a thousand phantoms people—a well, whose shadows become vital, and inhabit its depths. When we sleep, they sport wildly in its waters, and whenever their prototypes approach they rise to the surface to meet them, and the vital thought recognises its original. But sometimes resemblances baffle us long, and shadow after shadow appears and returns ere the right one arises, or the delusion is destroyed.

From the first time that I saw him, I had felt an interest in Reynaul. My mind connected him with something it had witnessed or heard—with some memory dwelling in it; but I could not remember what. I had often thought of him, but had never been able to trace out the source of the interest, till his own words revealed it.

Several days passed before he was able to leave his bed. I believe that no good action ever goes unrewarded; but had I done ten times as much for him as I had done, I should have been fully recompensed in the acute gratitude he evinced. As is often the case, his feelings seemed to have become more sensitive as his frame grew more weak. He would frequently burst into tears at my approach, and although, as I well knew, his anxiety to return to his native land had in no degree subsided, never, after I had explained to him the circumstances under which I had been allowed to retain him, did he express a regret that he was to be restored to his former prison. On the evening before his return I went to visit him; I found him exceedingly dejected, but, relying on the influence which I possessed, I ventured to dissuade him from making any more attempts to regain his freedom by force or stratagem, and advised him to remain on shore on parole, which he might have done. I did this, not because I disapproved of a spirit of adventure, or preferred the listless apathy that would lie contentedly in a prison, to the courage, energy, and activity that would eat its way through the very walls rather than be kept there; but because I feared, from the weakness of his bodily constitution, and the excitability of his nature, that the difficulties of such endeavours, or the disappointment which their failure might occasion, would prove fatal to him. But my arguments were useless. "I know," he replied, "that you must think me rash and ill guided, and I fear that I am answerable for much of the mischief that has occurred; for it was I who suggested the enterprise that has been so fatal. It is true that preparations for it had been in progress before I was a prisoner; but had I not pointed out the opportunity which the ice afforded, it would not have been made so soon."

"I regret it, Monsieur—deeply regret it; but I cannot give my word to remain passively in captivity, when I know I could not resist

an opportunity of escaping. I will tell you my history, that you may judge if I am right or wrong.

"I was born at a little village near Dieppe, on a part of the coast that has suffered much from our enemies. My father, though not a rich man, was above the labouring class. He had been a sailor in his youth, had struggled in adventures in foreign climes, and hence his character had acquired much of the hardihood it possessed; but he was as ardently attached to a seafaring life as your seamen are reported to be. He was a man of violent passions, strong in body and mind. I loved and esteemed him, for he was affectionate and just; but the feelings I entertained towards him were always leavened with fear. His wealth not being sufficient to excite much envy, and his character being too well known to allow of his being wantonly attacked, he suffered comparatively little during the turmoils of the revolution. But he had a brother who was less fortunate, and to whom he was strongly attached. He had been very successful in early life, and had amassed wealth which he lost in those disquietudes. My father then lost sight of him for several years; he often spoke of him with regret and affection, and formed conjectures respecting his fate; he inquired of all who had known him, but could obtain no certain tidings of him. We at last concluded he was dead. But one evening, a man in soldier's attire was seen slowly approaching the house. His figure was bent, his face pale and scarred, his apparel soiled and torn, and, as he drew near me, I saw that he had lost an arm. He stopped opposite the door, inquired my name, and asked if my father was living. I led him in; for a few moments my father did not know him, but when he recognised his brother, and saw his mutilated condition, he leant on his neck and wept. I have seen my father, when troubles have menaced him, face as if he would frown them down. I have seen his countenance wrought with passions that I dared not look on to decipher. I have seen him under more terrible emotions, but I never saw him weep but then.

"My uncle remained with us—our home was his. It cost us no deprivation to support him; but, had it been otherwise, my father would have shared his last morsel with him, or, what is more probable, had he needed it, have given it all to him!

"The brothers, in renewing their companionship, renewed the best happiness of their youth. My father purchased a small vessel; it was a mere skiff, but in it they passed the greater part of their time. They had been out in it one afternoon, and my father had returned home, leaving his brother and a man to sleep on board. Some hours had passed, and we were seated in the large kitchen in which we then lived, when a neighbour came to inform us that an English man-of-war was nearing the coast. We hastened to the shore, where we saw her about two miles distant, standing with a fair wind towards us. At first we saw little cause for alarm, as it did not appear probable that she would make prizes of small fishing-boats, such as constituted the greater part of the harbour craft. But war is a game in which nations contend for life, and in which no advantage can be spared. As she approached, a flash broke from her broadside, and a vessel not far distant was seen to heel over and sink. Other shots

followed. My uncle's danger was now apparent; we trembled for him, and were relieved when a man appeared on the deck of the vessel. The boat was instantly drawn alongside; he leapt into it, and pulled towards the shore. For the instant, we forgot that it would have been impossible for my uncle to have done this, and also that there had been another man on board. But a second figure soon appeared, and shouted to the first to return. My father knew his brother's voice: the man had fled, panic-struck, leaving him to the mercy of the waves and foe. All this passed in a few minutes. As we afterwards learned from the man, being wearied by their day's exertion, they had both fallen asleep; but he had been awakened by the first report, and fled, leaving his master asleep in the cabin. The ship drew nearer and nearer, looming in the dim light like some huge and hideous phantom, and ever and anon a port seemed to open in her side, like the mouth of a hell, pouring forth destruction and flame. A small battery now began to fire upon her, her discharges became more frequent, vessel after vessel was seen to sink, and many shots came bounding on shore. The beach was a scene of confusion, some were flying from it, some hurrying to and fro, inquiring for or bewailing their relatives; but my father stood unmoved, his eye anxiously fixed on the vessel on whose deck he could still behold his brother, or watching the boat as it neared the shore. It arrived; the man sprang from it; in an instant he assumed his place, and, disregarding the danger, hastened to his brother's succour. He had almost reached him, when a sudden tremour was seen to pass through the vessel's frame, and in a few minutes she sank. My father turned round and saw his brother struggling in the water near him. A few strokes of the oar brought him beside him; he seized him, and had just lifted him on board, when he himself fell back, stunned by a passing ball. When he recovered, the dead body of his brother lay beside him. The shot had killed him in his arms.

"The ship passed away in the darkness, like a mighty demon that fears the light—those who guided her heedless of the ill they had done.

"O! Monsieur, how could I describe to you how that night passed? I will say but few words. My father's grief was great. He sat in terrible silence—his eye-balls glared on the fire—his hands were clenched—his features distorted with unuttered passion—his countenance fixed in savage resolve. Even my mother feared to approach him, for she knew what outbreaks his passions would sometimes find. At times he would start and shudder, as if some terrible phantom had crossed his view, and then sink trembling at his own apprehensions. It was terrible to view a man of his mental and bodily strength so subdued by his feelings. I believe that at some moments a child might have led him, at others he would have combated a giant who had dared but to interfere with him in the least. It was not rage, or sorrow, or any one feeling that possessed him, but a strife and inflammation of all; but in his great emotions it was always so; his passions, and he felt it—it is not disrespectfully that I speak it—were mad. This fit of emotion or insanity ceased not

till the morning; and I heard him swear, as he stood in the first beams of the light that broke upon him as the evidence of God's presence, and in words that were the first that he had uttered since the eve, an oath that he kept while he lived, and still keeps if he is living—unmitigable hostility to the English!

"He was not a man to shrink from the consequences of any resolution that he had once formed, or to fail through want of promptitude in its execution. In a few weeks, he had invested the greater part of his property in a vessel, and declared his intention of fitting her for a privateer. She was accordingly armed, and having manned her with the most daring men he could collect, and there were plenty ready to follow him, he sailed to execute his design. For some time he was remarkably successful, and his property was more than doubled, but his vessel was wrecked, and he never throve afterwards. He returned home and fitted out another, but his good fortune had forsaken him. Effort after effort was unsuccessful, but his mind was unperverted, and he still persevered, not with the desperate enterprise of the gambler, but calmly and firmly, and with the same resolution as at first; he seemed to stand above his fortune, to look down on the troubles that rose against him, as if he had felt in him the power of a god, to have compelled to his obedience the adverse clouds.

"It is now nearly six years since he sailed on a voyage, from which I fear he was destined never to return. But I sometimes think that he survives, and am prone to blend the visions I indulge of my own, with his restoration to his home. O, with what delight, should this war cease, should I receive my welcome from him as I crossed my threshold again!

"I have given you my father's history; mine is briefly told. I was the eldest of the family, and at that time little more than twelve years old. My mother was a woman whose nature seemed the reverse of my father's; she was as gentle as he was violent; the strength of her nature was her love to him, and she seemed to regard him the more for the possession of those qualities of which she was destitute. Long did we remain in daily, hourly expectation of his return. When the sun set, we consoled ourselves with the thought that many hours would pass ere the morn, and that we might be certain of his return ere then. But many a sun rose and set, leaving our hopes unfulfilled. But it is well for the unfortunate to have many cares which prevent the mind from brooding constantly on one engrossing one, especially if that be one whose object despair has sealed as lost. That division of our attention, which the duties of life occasion, is a most merciful arrangement indeed. We were poor and almost helpless, and the first year or two that followed our loss were passed in a continued struggle for the necessities of life. But friends at last arose to assist us; a great part of my uncle's property was recovered, and reverted to us, so that we were now richer than we had ever been. I inherited my father's love of the sea, and added to it a desire of adventures, which is natural to young men. I wished to follow him on the boundless ocean, in the hope that Providence might direct me to him. I cherished a hope of discovering

him—I believed that it was a work for which I was destined, and I mused on it by day and dreamed of it by night, till I believed that a direct revelation had consigned the task to me. I wished, too, to signalize myself, to prove myself worthy of my country, and one whom I loved. After I had made a few voyages, I persuaded my friends to purchase a vessel for me, and I was placed on board under a skilful seaman, one who was a kind, generous friend to me, and to whom the command was entrusted—it having been agreed that I should serve two years in a secondary capacity, and that the command should then be entrusted to me. But I was impatient; my mind was filled with romantic ideas; I was in love, too, and was to make my beloved my own as soon as I commanded my vessel. Is it to be wondered that I used all the eloquence I possessed to shorten the period of my probation? I reminded my friends of the success that had once attended my father; I painted my prospects in the colours that fancy lends us, and that hope inspires us to use. I prevailed. All had gone well under the guidance of my friend; but, in an unlucky hour, the command was entrusted to me! I married. Ah! Monsieur, could you see my beautiful Alice, you would not blame my impatience. Her mildness, her *esprit*, her gentleness, her beauty, her grace, her kindness, render her worthy of a greater sacrifice than I can make for her. She does love me, Monsieur, she knows my worth; and O I do love her so much also; and to be parted from her, she not knowing what has become of me, and perhaps thinking me dead, it does tear out my heart! I left her; my friend, who had commanded before, being placed under me. O! the general, the statesman, the king, must all feel pride in their power, but none of them can imagine the feeling which he experiences who stands on the deck of his own bark, and feels the mighty vessel, like a docile creature, governed by his sole will. I had been at sea some days, when we espied a sail on the lee-bow, and bore down to it; it was an English vessel of about our own size. My friend advised me to shun the contest, stating that my crew were too ill disciplined to contend successfully with her; would that I had attended to his advice! But I was headstrong; I wished to show my prowess, and win honour for my country. We fought—my friend was wounded in the first broadside, and I afterwards lost my presence of mind, and did not give my orders right. My rudder and mast were shot away, and in one quarter of an hour from the commencement of the battle I was deprived of my vessel, and a prisoner to you. Now, am I not right to attempt to escape? I must—I will—I cannot remain here longer—my friend has already escaped—my wife must think me dead; and, good God, but for you I had been so!”

He leant and wept! As he spoke, I had traced in my recollection glimpses of features that his recalled. The feeling with which they were associated was a mournful one. Whose could they have been? Suddenly his name recurred to me. Good heaven! could his father have been the captive whose death I had witnessed on my first visit to a prison-ship? I watched him, and the suspicion grew stronger, until I felt certain that such was the case. I noticed the expression of his features when under excitement, and compared them with

what I remembered of that unfortunate man. His eye had a similar fire—his forehead was of a similar mould—the turn of his cheek was the same—his face had a similar though less powerful expression of passion and thought; but his form was slighter, and of a mould that did not promise to develope an equal bulk.

“Was your father ever wounded?” I inquired.

“Yes, often; he never feared danger,” he answered.

“In the face?”

“In the cheek and forehead,” he replied, looking earnestly at me.

I hesitated for a minute to consider what course I had better pursue. At length I told him what I knew of the fate of his long-lost parent, omitting those particulars which I thought would prove most painful to him. But the narrative was sufficiently harrowing. He listened with the most anxious attention; and when I had concluded, asked a few questions respecting the age, appearance, manner of the captive, and the time he had been imprisoned. He was then silent for some time, and appeared to be considering within himself whether my conjecture was correct. At length, “*Oh oui! c’est lui! c’est lui!*” he cried, turning towards me; and then clasping his hands, he paced the room in a distressed and agitated manner for some time, in which but one other sentence broke from him, and that not till some minutes had passed, and his tears had relieved him. Then raising his hands, “*Mon Dieu! mon Dieu!*” he exclaimed, “*et ainsi mourut mon père!*”

I that evening led him to the window, and showed him the spot where his father’s remains reposed. His search for his parent had actually brought him within a few yards of his grave, and thus his presentiment was fulfilled in the letter, but broken in the hope. It was strange that those two individuals should have been brought so remarkably under my cognizance, that I should have been made the link by which their histories were connected. Reynaul returned to the prison-ship on the next day. His health was broken, and he remained an invalid till the end of his captivity, which ceased only with the war; for though he often tried to escape, his efforts were all unsuccessful. But I at last had the happiness of seeing him restored to the arms that loved him best—an event I will hereafter relate.

THE TURKISH WIFE'S LAMENT.

BY N. MICHELL, AUTHOR OF "THE FATALIST," &c.

How sweet the rosy waves of life would glide,
 If he who loved me smiled on none beside!
 But I must see the dear one still depart,
 Give all my own, but only halve his heart.
 Allah! is woman then beneath thy ban.
 The worthless toy, the helpless slave of man?
 He roves from fair to fair—if faithless we,
 Our lot a winding-sheet beneath the sea.
 At Nature look!—the wild bird does not roam,
 Hath but one mate to share his green-wood home;
 E'en he that shakes the desert with his roar,
 King of all brutes, the lion, asks no more.

Oh! what avail the gorgeous scene around,
 The perfume's spirit, and the fountain's sound?
 These silken robes from India's costliest looms,
 My jewelled sash, my turban's snow-white plumes?
 The pearls of Ormus round my neck that shine,
 And the bright gems from far Golconda's mine?
 What boots it Nubian slaves before me bow,
 Or touch the silver lute, or fan my brow?
 I know no freedom, watched and hemm'd around,
 Each spot, save this Serai, forbidden ground.
 Awhile my lord may woo me to his side,
 Then he deserts me for some other bride;
 I have no heart, no hand to call my own,
 Untaught, despised, and, midst the world, alone.

Oh! harder yet, when Azrael's arrow flies,
 And in the grave our earthly beauty lies,
 E'en if our souls pass Serat's bridge of fate,
 And Paradise unfolds its crystal gate,*
 'Tis not amidst its bowers to roam and dwell
 With those we served so true, and loved so well;
 But, faithless still, with houries they will rove,
 Forget our sighs, renounce our earthly love.
 For them are sapphire skies, ambrosial streams,
 Voluptuous music, and celestial dreams;
 Fruits that ne'er cloy, and brides that ne'er grow old,
 And all the joys by Mecca's prophet told:
 While we, with memory's shade, must roam apart,
 In cold neglect, and loneliness of heart;
 Must pine in vain for love to bless our bowers,
 And count, by sighs, not joys, th' eternal hours.

Almighty Allah! this is woman's lot!
 On earth a toy and slave, in heaven forgot!
 Would I could think yon Koran was a lie!
 Would I'd been born beneath a Christian sky!
 Then freedom had been mine, and there would be
 One heart mine own, and e'en a heaven for me!

* The vulgar notion that Mohammed denied immortality to women has long been exploded; those who act in accordance with the precepts of the Koran will be translated to Paradise; but they are to be entirely separated from the men, with whom they will hold no communication, their love being superseded by that of the houries.
 — *Vide Sale's Koran.*

LORD KILLIKELLY.¹

BY ABBOTT LEE.

"Yes, he said, he was quite tired, quite tired of making tea."

"And you know that you told me something about what he said in his sermon last Sunday?"

"O yes, he said, and so feelingly, so touchingly—'Ah, what anxious days, what sleepless nights it costs us to recommend ourselves to the favour of an earthly object, and how much more ought we to strive when the object is a heavenly one!' Yes, he said, 'what anxious days, what sleepless nights ——'"

"Well, I should like to see Veronese well settled, I must say," said Mrs. Phillicody; "and as we are quite among friends, and no gentleman here, for I wouldn't say it before anybody else for the world, why, I do really think that it is time to begin to look about her. I was married many years before I was her age, and here's Phœbe doing the same. Indeed, I wish I could keep my girls a little longer about me, for, just when they begin to be useful and companionable, they run away; but I suppose it will always be the same until I have not a girl left."

"My dear aunt," said Veronese, "give yourself no concern on my account. I know that youth and cheerfulness are the sunny things of life, and whilst my cousins have these, they are sure to be courted and attractive. I do not blame the world for thinking a smiling face better than a sad one, and bright eyes more beautiful than dim ones. I think so too, and therefore I blame no one for neglecting me, or for preferring my cousins."

"Ah, Veronese," said Mrs. Phillicody, but not unkindly, "you have one great fault—you are too proud, my dear—you are too proud."

"Yes," said Veronese, "I know it, I acknowledge it. It is my besetting sin. I am afraid that pride is my chief resource in all my troubles. I shelter myself under pride, arm myself with pride, and so wage war with my trials, rather than disarm them by my own submission."

"Well, I didn't think that you knew what a proud way you had got."

"Know it!" said Veronese; "it is like a chain around me that I cannot break through, and yet it hurts myself more than it offends my friends. My dear aunt, indeed you do not know the difficulty of breaking through a disagreeable manner. At first a little reserve that chills your friends, and is reflected back upon yourself until you are deadened into a perfect torpor. Indeed, reserve is a perfect paralysis of our own will. Falling into it is like standing on a quicksand; an exertion at the first moment might deliver you, but afterwards no effort can save you from destruction."

"But why fall into it at first?" asked Phœbe.

¹ Continued from p. 112.

"Trouble must drive us somewhere," said Veronese.

"Never mind—I'll look out for you, Miss Rowland," said Mrs. Cavanagh.

"And I'll give you a wedding dinner, niece," said aunt Phillicody.

"And I'll be bridesmaid," said Sophy Snookes.

"And what shall I do, Very?" asked Phœbe.

"Be kind to me in the mean time," said Veronese.

"If you only knew how a smile became you, Very, dear," said Phœbe, "you would pick every body's pockets of their hearts with them."

"Hush, girls!—now here's a beau for you," said fat Mrs. Cavanagh; and in the midst of a little hush of laughter Walter Wickham entered the room.

Fat Mrs. Cavanagh got up and made a most tremendous bustle. "Miss Phœbe Phillicody and Mr. Wickham—Mr. Wickham and Miss Phœbe Phillicody;—but Mr. Wickham must not even glance at Miss Phœbe Phillicody, because Miss Phœbe Phillicody was going to be married, and the bridegroom elect might perhaps take it amiss, and shoot him if he looked at his pride elect. Mrs. Phillicody, Mr. Wickham; Mr. Wickham, Mrs. Phillicody." Mrs. Phillicody was, of course, in a great state of deep maternal solicitude, because she was the mother-in-law elect to a new son-in-law elect. "Miss Sophia Snookes, Mr. Wickham; Mr. Wickham, Miss Sophia Snookes;—but Mr. Wickham had better take care of his heart as far as Miss Sophia was concerned, as there was a certain young clergyman in the way. Miss Rowland, Mr. Wickham; Mr. Wickham, Miss Rowland;" and Mrs. Cavanagh thought that Mr. Wickham could not do better than take the empty chair on Miss Rowland's right hand, or, if he wished to be nearer her heart, on the left; and Mr. Wickham, thinking so too, actually took the proffered seat under a fire of certain sly looks, and a volley of only half-suppressed laughter; and so the party sat down to tea in the best possible contentment, Mrs. Cavanagh only wishing that Mr. Lucius Elphinstone might have returned, and then she would have asked him to tea also.

We have said that Wickham sat down by the side of Veronese, and doing so he riveted his whole attention on her. We are not quite certain that Walter Wickham's ready acquiescence to become Mrs. Cavanagh's guest had not been in a great measure influenced by having once or twice met Veronese in her poke bonnet on the steps of his new dwelling, and a something in her physiognomy having haunted him with a species of wonder, he had felt an inclination, almost amounting to a desire, not to content himself with glimpses and glances, but to look her full in the face; and now that he did so, a tide of tender and weakening emotions rushed across his mind, which had been enervated, and perhaps softened, by the sort of solitary confinement to which he had condemned himself. There was the living resemblance of the aunt who had nursed, and petted, and fondled him whilst a boy, and the memory of whose form and features had been daily renewed and perpetuated by the constant companionship of her portraits in Lord Killikelly's mansion. Wickham gazed upon Vero-

nese with wonder and admiration ; there was the same noble contour, the same finely-chiselled features, the same sad expression, only with rather a higher brow, and a far prouder character of aspect ; and Wickham looked and wondered until he was perfectly bewildered with amazement.

Meanwhile Mrs. Cavanagh commenced her duties as a hostess, and congratulated herself upon having so successfully covered the defects of her equipage by her skilful management, having manœuvred her handleless cups into the hands of those of her company whom she considered as of least consequence, and so Walter of course came in for a cripple ; and as the chief part of that select vestry had a great and similar idea of his importance, things went on after his arrival much as they had done before : Mrs. Phillicody being, upon the whole, rather glad of another listener to her boastings, went on boasting more greatly than ever ; Phœbe resumed the proper state and reserve of a married lady elect ; Sophia never could bear shabby-looking men, and took no notice of poor Wickham at all, he having on rather a rusty, ill-conditioned coat ; and Veronese was therefore the only one of the party from whom Wickham could hope for fair play.

The two fat ladies on each side of the tea-table continued talking to each other, and went on extremely amicably together, the one boasting, the other wondering and congratulating. Certainly, anybody would suppose that the having a daughter married was the highest of terrestrial honours ; and that her departure from the home of her childhood, the place sanctified by all her early affections, and the pushing her into a position of untried perils, and stern realities of suffering and sorrow, were the highest of all possible maternal triumphs. Mrs. Phillicody wished that she could keep her daughters a little longer with her, but they were so admired that it was impossible. To be sure, she had taken some pains in bringing them up, and she knew that Phœbe would make such a wife ! But *her* children were all so remarkably clever. There was Mark—she should like to see such another young man as Mark ! But then she was sure there was something in family—common people had common children—but they were related to the highest nobility in the kingdom. She was not quite certain, but she had some sort of idea of inviting her relation, Lord Killikelly, to her daughter Phœbe's wedding. She thought she would : it was only a proper attention to the head of the family, and she knew that if his lordship only got into the habit of coming, he could never keep away. At all events, she should certainly send him bridecake. Yes, bridecake and gloves, whatever Mark might say.

Walter Wickham listened with astonishment. "I did not indeed expect to have found any one who knew Lord Killikelly here !" he could not prevent himself from exclaiming.

"And why not here as well as any where else, sir ?" said Mrs. Phillicody, fiercely.

"O, certainly. I beg your pardon, madam ; but did I understand you to say that you know Lord Killikelly ?"

Now Mrs. Phillicody did not like to say that she did not know Lord Killikelly, though, had she only been aware of the pedigree and

patronage of her quondam friend Mr. Charles Kelly, she might have boasted of their intimate acquaintance and long-remembered friendship with rather more truth than she now surmised. As it was, she only quibbled. All people who have middling sorts of consciences, not good enough to be wholly honest, and not bad enough to be entirely deceitful, resort to quibbling.

"Know him!" said the soap-boiler's lady, with indignant energy—"know him indeed! Why, sir, Lord Killikelly is one of our nearest relations—our very nearest. Know him indeed!"

Walter Wickham lifted up his eyes to Mrs. Phillicody's face, and from thence to the top of her cap and its highest bow, and then suffered that soul of the body to pass over the lace, the blond, the ribbon, the satin, the silk, the red face, the bulky roundabout figure, down to her everlasting fat shoe, and an "indeed!" in rather incredulous tones issued involuntarily from his lips.

Mrs. Phillicody's red face looked like the sun with a lobster-coloured mask on. Her meanings were too large to be carried by the vehicles of words. In fact, Wickham had offered a family affront. Phœbe bridled up, and looked as if she should like to carve Wickham up with her eyes, and Sophy treated him with a flounce and a flourish. Even Veronese looked at him with a sort of indignant surprise.

"You seem incredulous, sir," said Veronese, with a kindling cheek. "Is it so very wonderful that people of rank and fortune should lie under the misfortune of having relations beneath them?"

"Pardon me," said Wickham, as he turned and gazed upon her proud and glowing countenance; "when I look on you, I can well see that birth has little to do with true nobility. Had you claimed affinity with the Percy, I should have said that nature and condition had worked in partnership. As it was, I meant no affront to this good lady."

If there are a set of insulting expressions in the vocabulary of epithets, good person, and good woman, and good lady, are decidedly among the number.

"Probably," said Veronese, "the members of a family are more likely to know their own relationships than any stranger."

"Undoubtedly," said Wickham. It was precisely on that ground that he thought his own information stood.

"Then why, sir, your unmistakable incredulity?"

"I happen to have some slight knowledge of Lord Killikelly's family."

"Then you may have known something of Lord Killikelly's mother."

"I do!" said Wickham; "I did! and when I look at you, I am lost in wonder at the strong likeness which you bear to her."

"It is not wonderful," said Veronese, "that a niece should resemble an aunt. I have always been considered like her."

"You her niece?—most wonderful!" exclaimed Wickham.

"Do not mistake me," said Veronese with some warmth. "I see no honour in relationships which only serve to make distinctions greater. Lord Killikelly's rank and riches neither ennoble nor ag-

grandize the family with whom his lordship's father thought it good to connect himself. The contrast only humbles us more, and places our insignificance in stronger light. The late peer had the selfishness to stipulate for the surrender of all my poor aunt's other duties and affections when he condescended to raise her from her lowliness to the honourable condition of his own state, and she had the weakness to comply."

"Lord Killikelly selfish, and his lady weak!" said Wickham.

"Yes," said Veronese. "On his side there was a selfish shame—on hers, the weak endeavour to give up the affections, which are indeed natural religion."

"You would not have done so?" said Wickham.

"I would not; and I could not have loved him who had loved me so little as to require it."

"It was the very tenderness of her nature, the overflowing of her loving heart, her kindness, her softness, her gentleness, that made her submit in all things to her lord, and I cannot hear her censured for these things, which were in fact her sweetest virtues."

"Then you knew her—you knew her!" said Veronese. "Tell me something—tell me everything about her."

"I cannot speak of her," said Wickham—"at least not now. I was but a boy, and yet I owed all the pleasures of my childhood to her. My pocket-money, my toys, my books, my pony. She nursed me in my childish sicknesses, and soothed me in all my childish sorrows, and kissed me on her dying bed;—but forgive me—I think I am growing weak and unmanly—the weather is close, and I am rather enervated—I am fit for no society—scarcely for my own."

And Walter Wickham went abruptly back to his own solitary room.

CHAPTER XXVII.

Lord Killikelly's valet Ravel was something like the bloodhound who, having once tasted of the ruby tide of life, is ever more possessed by its insatiable desire; and thus Ravel having luxuriated in the pleasure of being a lord, could never afterwards content himself as a commoner. Never was music sweeter to mortal sense than were the melodious syllables, "my lord," and "your lordship," to his insatiate ear, and never did parched traveller long for the cooling spring of the desert as did Ravel thirst to hear them addressed to himself again.

Necessity, they say, is the mother of invention, and inclination must likewise be a near relation. It was inclination that operated on Ravel's mind, and induced him to endeavour to attain a little more of the intoxicating pleasure of which the flavour had pleased him so well; and, accordingly, taking advantage of one of Lord Killikelly's absences, he once more assumed one of the peer's most effective suits, and having lavished upon his hair, his hands, and his feet, every possible mark of attention; being especially careful that every curl was in its right place, that his shirt-collar was duly proportioned, that his cravat was scientifically tied, and the folds all artistically arranged, and that the curve of his white cuff was inverted out

judgmatically, so as just to reach but not obscure the diamond ring which glittered on his little finger ; having embrocated himself in the rarest of perfumes, and drawn on a pair of the peer's finest kid gloves, Ravel took an opportunity of slipping out when none of the establishment were noticing him, and wending his way to the salubrious regions of Bermondsey.

Ravel found that Mark Phillicody had told him the perfect truth, when he said that everybody knew them in their own neighbourhood, and that anybody would show him the way to their house ; for no sooner had he mentioned the name of the illustrious soapboiler than half a dozen dirty urchins started out of their kennels to show him the way, and as the fictitious peer threaded through the ill-smelling courts and vulgar alleys which led to his place of destination, and through which the real peer had once passed before him, he began to entertain a strong idea that he really was very much the superior of his lord and master, for he could not charge himself with having any relations living in such an out-of-the-way vulgar place as the one he was now visiting; and by the time he reached the no-thoroughfare in which the Phillicody mansion reared itself, he felt perfectly certain that he was actually doing his lord an honour in condescending to grace his name and title by its temporary adoption.

Ravel shook the dust from his feet, and aspirated a nauseating "faugh!" as he rang the ponderous bell, and a stout, fat, blowsy-looking, strong-built servant opened the door, with her sleeves tucked up, and her arms redolent with soap-suds. Here, on the very threshold began Ravel's lordliness; nothing could exceed the dignity with which he asked if Mr. Mark Phillicody were at home, and having with amazing forethought provided himself with one of the peer's card-cases, he gave a card into the woman's soapy hands, and, drawing up his shirt-collar, wondered at his own condescension in waiting in the passage.

Ravel had not stood listening to the clock more than a few of its vibrations, before he heard a violent commotion. His card seemed to have caused as great an explosion as a bomb or one of Congreve's rockets. He distinguished a voice which was in fact none other than fat Mrs. Phillicody's, exclaiming, in a perfect frenzy of excitement, "Phæbe! Mark! Mr. Phillicody! Here's Lord Killikelly! here's Lord Killikelly! Waiting in the passage, you stupid creature! then go this minute, and take him into the best parlour, and slip off the covers from two or three of the chairs, and pull up the blinds, and tell his lordship that Mr. Mark will wait upon his lordship immediately."

So said so done, and in a few minutes more Mark came lounging into the room in his yellow slippers and Bath coat.

"So—so—you see I have accepted your invitation, my—eh—eh—my young relation."

"Which I scarcely expected that your lordship would do," said Mark.

"I dare say not. You did not think I should like your neighbourhood. You supposed that I was so used to the pomp of courts, I might find your place here rather among the *canaille*—it has rather

an ill smell, I must acknowledge that; but really you have a good sort of house here—very passable indeed. But how do you contrive to exist in this atmosphere?"

"Perhaps because I began to exist in it," said Mark.

"Ah, very good, you were born here—that makes all the difference. There does not exist in the human heart a passion so strong as the love of our country. It is this which makes the patriot—it is this which inspires the warrior. You see I have a natural addiction to oratory. I cannot shake it off if I would. Lord Killikelly often says—that is, I often say to myself—my dear lord, pray do curb that exuberance of language. But nature makes the statesman and the orator, and she has determined not to be marred in me."

"Even the goose does not clip its own wing," said Mark.

"Very good figure that, indeed. Very promising young man! But why don't you remove from this place? Why don't you have a villa—a villa at Twickenham, where you might be noticed? Many people that have made their money in trade have shaken it all off at last, and the thing has been quite forgotten—quite. I have known two or three families who have made their fortunes in business; nay, I think that I even visited one; yes, I am sure. I remember it perfectly—I *visited* them. You really had better take a villa at once, and wash your hands—eh—eh—I can't always help making a pun, you had better wash your hands of the soap."

"You had better give that advice to my mother," said Mark, scornfully, "and say nothing about it to my father."

"I *shall* give my advice certainly," said Ravel; "and let me tell you, young man, that the advice of a peer of the realm is not to be treated lightly."

"I see," said Mark, "all the weight and soundness of the authority."

"And I must take upon me to observe," continued Ravel, "that if I do so far interest myself in your affairs as to bring down my mind from the consideration of concerns of the state and the legislation of the country, I must say, young man, that my opinion ought to be estimated accordingly. You should remember that I do not offer you the muddy conjectures of a plebeian brain, but the intellectual energies of one of the great estates of the kingdom."

"It ought to have the authority of an act of parliament," said Mark.

"Just so, just so. A most sensible observation. And in fact the emanations of our understanding do pass into acts of parliament. What we say, our ideas, our observations, our opinions, *are* acts of parliament."

Ravel drew himself up with an air of great self-congratulatory dignity, and looked admiringly in the glass, thinking that he had never seen a better looking fellow, and what a shame and a pity it was that nature had made such a mistake in his position, when she had taken such pains with his manufacture. And while he was looking at his painted image, Mark was eyeing his living reality from head to foot, and thinking that it was even beneath him to sound the hollow thing, or mock the beggarly intellect; and whilst the two

were thus occupied by their own thoughts, a little scuffle was discernible in the passage, and some surly denials became audible, and some earnest expostulations and treaties grew into distinctness, and Mark heard his lady mother entreating of the little soapboiler, his father, just to pull off his apron before he went in to be introduced to the distinguished nobleman in their front parlour, to which entreaties the senior Phillicody returned nothing but the most unmalleable cast-iron refusals.

"Now do, pa," said Phœbe, coaxingly.

"I shan't, miss. I won't take off my apron for any lord in the land. What do I care for a bit of a trumpery lord?"

"Now do just slip it off," said the matron Phillicody; "you wouldn't wish to offend my lord the very first time that he comes to see us. I shouldn't treat *your* relations so. You know that he's *my* relation, and you might treat him with a little respect, if it were only for my sake. And who knows what he might do for Phœbe, and how he may push Mark on in the world?"

"Pish! fiddle, fiddle! don't tell me. My apron has done you more good than all the lords in the land will ever do. I'm sure I'm sick of hearing of the fellow's name. What good will he ever do us, I should like to know. If I were not the most patient man alive, I should be in the most terrible passion—that I should. Get away, and don't touch me, Miss Minx; you shan't untie my apron."

"Now do, pa, there's a dear."

"I'll box your ears, miss, if you come near me again. I should have done it before, if I were not the most patient man alive."

"Then you are determined to disgrace us," said Mrs. Phillicody.

"You are determined to disgrace your family."

"I won't see your bit of a lord at all!" exclaimed the soapboiler.

"Get out of my way, I won't see him at all."

And the soapboiler's retreating footsteps bore witness to the reality of his resolution, echoing to the end of the passage, and enforced by the clapping of the door in a startlingly energetic manner. It was astonishing how quickly Mrs. Phillicody and her daughter smoothed down their ruffled plumes, and becalmed their agitation, and how soon they walked into their best parlour, as if nothing had been said or done in the least to incommode them. The quarter of an hour in which Mark had been playing the host to their new visiter had been spent by them in extreme activity, and the blushing red in Mrs. Phillicody's face bore witness to her exertions. She had put on her best wig, which had only been lately curled, and a new cap, and having slipped on a satin gown, the very one intended to honour Phœbe's wedding, thought herself perfectly fit to claim the very nearest relationship with any lord in the land. In fact, Mrs. Phillicody entered that Bermondsey parlour with the happiest mixture of respect for herself as well as for her august visiter.

Ravel looked at the fat lady as she flowed into the room, in her nine breadths of satin, and then glanced at Mark inquiringly.

"Your mother?" Mark nodded. The would-be peer bowed, lifted his glass, lolled with his back against the old-fashioned mantle-piece, muttered just audibly, "Fine woman!" glanced at Phœbe,

"Your sister?" Mark nodded. "Stylish girl enough." Dropped his glass, and sauntered towards the matronly lady, who having curtsied herself so low in the world as almost to have a fear that she never should rise again, now stood fluttering and flouncing, and very anxious to speak without knowing exactly what to say.

"A—hem—good day, ma'am. Happy to make your acquaintance. Fine weather, ma'am. Been a long time in finding you out, ma'am; but public duties swallow up the mind from private emotions, and we members of the House of Lords, the Higher House, the great estate of the kingdom, have something else to do than please ourselves, and to gratify our own sensibilities. But we have feelings, ma'am, and those feelings are crowned with felicity in beholding for, the first time, so amiable a relation."

"Dear me, my lord," replied Mrs. Phillicody, "you are very good to say such polite things. Anybody may hear what speeches your lordship must be used to making; but as I can only admire them without answering in kind, I beg of your lordship to believe that we are very proud of the honour of your lordship's acquaintance, and we only wish that your lordship had only thought of making us out a little sooner."

"A—hem—yes; it would have been very desirable, no doubt; but your very comfortable house is rather out of the way, and we who have our country for our children, have hardly thought or time to spare for any acquaintances of our own. In fact, my good madam, if your son, here, had not called upon me, I greatly doubt whether I should have remembered your existence at all; no doubt it would have been a great loss to me, but I must have exercised my philosophy."

"Did Mark call upon your lordship?"

"Mr. Mark honoured me with a great many calls," said the supposed peer.

"O, Mark, how sly you are!" said Mrs. Phillicody, "and so it was in consequence of Mark calling upon your lordship, that your lordship has been so good as to return his visit; but that is etiquette of course. I always told Mark that if he would only call upon your lordship, that your lordship would be very happy to make our acquaintance, for we are very near relations indeed, my lord. Mark is your lordship's own cousin, and here's another cousin of your lordship's. My daughter, Phœbe, my lord."

Ravel held out his jewelled fingers, and gave Phœbe a tolerably long shake of the hand, and Phœbe smiled, and coquetted, and used her eyes.

"Well, really I *am* sorry that I did not find your hospitable roof out a little sooner," said Ravel; "but, my dear madam, as I have just been saying to your son, why do you not emigrate from this vile region of the earth? How can a lady of your refinement contrive to exist in so outlandish a corner of the earth as this? Believe me, it is a place quite unknown to the West End."

Mrs. Phillicody blushed with shame at being found out to live in such an altogether exploded place. "I do often tell Mr. Phillicody that it is impossible for us to live in such a horrid place, my lord."

"And what can he answer to so self-evident a fact?"

"O, my lord, he always says the same thing—that we have lived here these five-and-twenty years, and he sees no reason why we should not live five-and-twenty years longer."

"But times alter, ma'am; times alter. People can't do now as they did twenty years ago. You have not here any grounds, any shrubberies, any lawn, any plantation—have you, ma'am?"

Mrs. Phillicody was obliged to acknowledge that they had neither lawn, nor grounds, nor shrubbery, nor plantation in the neighbourhood of Dock Head.

"Then how is it possible, ma'am, that you can exist in such a place; let me ask you that, ma'am? and I see that you have delicate health."

Burke says that delicacy, even amounting to disease, is a part of beauty; therefore we suppose it is that ladies like to be told that they look ill.

"I *am* very delicate indeed, my lord; but nobody sympathizes with me," said fat Mrs. Phillicody.

"I'll tell you what you ought to do," said Ravel. "Take a villa at Twickenham. It is a pity they have pulled Pope's old place down, because that would have done. There were, too, reminiscences of poetry and feeling attached to the hills, and dales, and cooling shades, where the sons of genius took in their poetic inspirations, and rambled over the realms of poetry on the wings of—of—"

"How beautiful!" said Mrs. Phillicody to Phœbe.

"My dear madam, we of the Upper House enjoy some hereditary talent, as well as hereditary birth; and we study oratory, we are obliged to study oratory, as the nearest road to the heart is through the ear."

"Did you ever hear?" said Mrs. Phillicody again to Phœbe.

"Yes, a villa would be the very thing," continued Ravel. "A villa at Twickenham or Richmond. No—they are a little stale, a little gone by; but Windsor—yes, that is it—Windsor is the very place for you—there is a sort of aristocracy about Windsor that you scarcely find anywhere else; a kind of a *je ne sais quoi*. Yes, I would decidedly recommend Windsor."

"I once spent a day at Windsor," said Mrs. Phillicody, with the air of one who imagined that the having done so increased her importance.

"Yes, I would recommend to you," continued Ravel, pursuing the train of his ideas—"I would recommend to you not entirely to take up your abode at any of the suburban localities. They are not quite the thing for a fixed residence. A fine baronial hall of about the date of Elizabeth, surrounded with well-grown wood, and a rich shooting domain, in one of the midland counties, is the real thing—the real thing to which you must ultimately aspire."

"Dear me, my lord! do you hear, Mark?"

"I do hear," said Mark.

"Well, the villa for the next six months—it will be the best way of emerging from this half-barbarous place. And, I think, my dear

madam, it had better be a ready-furnished one. These things are no doubt exceedingly tolerable, and very suitable for *here* ;” and Ravel cast his eye scornfully on all the substantial pieces of furniture which had filled the heart of the Phillicodys with pride and satisfaction to congregate together, but which now, on the strength of his implied contempt, the matron already despised—“very well indeed for *here*, but quite out of keeping *there*. In fact, you had better get rid of the whole thing altogether.”

“To be sure we had, my lord,” assented Mrs. Phillicody. “I wonder how we could live in such a place so long. Don’t you, Mark?”

“I wonder at nothing,” said Mark.

“And then, when you have been at the villa some six months or so, your worthy husband can please himself with an estate, as I said, in one of the midland counties. The villa will make an excellent stepping-stone. When the people on your own estate, or the neighbouring families, inquire of each other, who is this very interesting family, that very fine woman the mamma, and that very stylish girl the daughter, and that very intelligent promising young man the son,—(you know, my dear madam, I can say nothing of your good man, as I have not even seen him)—why then of course it would never do to hear it answered that they lived at a vulgar place called Dock Head, in one of the most unodoriferous parishes in the lowest part of the metropolis, (Mrs. Phillicody winced and groaned) ; but it will do exceedingly well to have it replied, “O, they were residing in the neighbourhood of Windsor, and perhaps they were attached to the court, and are related to one of the first noblemen in the kingdom.”

“Do you hear, Phæbe?”

“La, ma! yes.”

“And then, of course, you will step at once into a good connexion of society, and you will have invitations to dinner—”

“La, Phæbe, do go and see if those stupid women are bringing in my lord’s lunch,” said Mrs. Phillicody, moved by the mention of one sort of banquet to the remembrance of another. “What a time they are!”

“Mark, ring the bell,” said Phæbe to her brother, who looked at her in that sort of way which people might have supposed to reply, “Do it yourself!” But happily for the preservation of the family suavity, a certain jingling of glasses and clattering of plates on the outside of the door intimated the arrival of my lord’s lunch, and the before-mentioned strong-armed maid, with the suds wiped off, tottered in under the weight of a most mountainous tray, on which were piled all the eatables and drinkables that the Phillicody larder and cellar could boast.

Mrs. Phillicody began to apologize ; she was afraid that there was nothing that his lordship could eat ; if she had only known of the honour he had done them, she would have been better provided. There was nothing but some round of beef and some boiled pork, and a little morsel of cold fowl, and a piece of pigeon-pie that had been left from yesterday’s dinner ; but would his lordship take ale ? because their

ale was thought to be very good, and they had plenty of it, in evidence of which fact stood a foaming gallon jug; and so Mrs. Phillicody went on offering the supposed peer such a measure of life's two crutches, eating and drinking, as might have supported a garrison of soldiers.

Ravel belonged to a pampered race, and his daintiness of appetite was therefore not wholly affected. He was much obliged, he never took beef—never tasted pork—did not like pigeons in that month—never drank ale—never touched cheese. He had just sipped his chocolate—was much obliged to her, and would have the pleasure of taking wine with her in preference to anything else. Mrs. Phillicody was most happy to wine with him, and asked what wine would he take, never dreaming, in her simplicity, of anything beyond the range of port and sherry.

"Claret is my usual wine," said Ravel; "I generally take claret."

Mrs. Phillicody looked aghast. "Tell the servant to bring claret, Phœbe," said the lady winking a wink to her daughter, which was intended to convey an order for the maid to slip out and buy it at the nearest of the wine palaces.

"Miss Phillicody shall not rise from her chair for me," said the supposititious peer, with an air of great gallantry; "I take anything rather than that—champagne—burgundy—anything!"

Worse and worse. Mrs. Phillicody was in perfect agony. She had thought herself princely with her port and sherry, and now to find that these were vulgarisms was too much for her nerves to bear; in fact, Mrs. Phillicody had some thought of fainting.

"Your lordship must be content with humble port or vulgar sherry," said Mark; "Bermondsey boasts of no 'imperial tokay.'"

"Anything! anything! pray don't distress yourself, my good lady, pray don't. These are little habits, little customs, little elegancies, that you will soon fall into when you get to your villa, and these trifling things serve to prove how necessary it is for a family educated among—pray excuse me—business sort of things, should have some noviciate before entering into the aristocratical ranks. Yes, the villa is the thing. Six months at the villa will make you quite *au fait*, and when you get there, my dear lady, you must not indeed be waited upon by a maid. I do not know a more vulgar thing than for a woman servant to be seen in any apartment in a house beyond a bed-chamber. I speak with the freedom of a relation, but indeed the thing cannot be tolerated. I don't remember having seen a woman servant in my establishment for the last three years. Just before that time I met one of the tribe upon the stairs, and I gave orders for the whole of them to be dismissed. It was a thing that I could not tolerate, and it might have happened again."

"So it might," said Mrs. Phillicody.

"But I will take port with you, ma'am; I really will. I have not tasted port these fifteen years—not for the full half of my life."

"Your lordship forgets the evidence of the red book against the whole of the Upper House," said Mark maliciously; "I am afraid your Lordship must not date at thirty what that tell-tale register will have to be forty; but doubtless it is a misprint."

"Oh, to be sure it is," said Mrs. Phillicody; "how can you be so rude, Mark?"

Ravel turned to the colour of a peony, half with fear of having exposed himself, and half with vexation at being obliged to pass for so old a man as his lord. He contented himself, however, with looking contemptuously at Mark, and then tasting his wine, he put it down with a grimace of disgust, and said, "You must persuade Mr. Phillicody to follow my example, ma'am; he must import his own wine, as I always do. People will not come to your house if you give them bad wine. In fact, there is no mediocrity now tolerated in anything. You must import, my dear ma'am—you must import."

"Oh, certainly," said Mrs. Phillicody, "we must import!"

"Good wine and good dinners, these are the things that ensure you good connexions—import your own wine and have a good cook, and everything else comes as matter of course. Mediocrity in a cook is worse than mediocrity in any other of the fine arts. My cook has two hundred a year and his wine, and *he* never drinks port."

Mrs. Phillicody was both astonished and humbled.

"But a little time will put all these things in order," said Ravel, with the kindest condescension. "When you have once entered on your estate in the midland counties, I think that the next step will be to get Mr. Mark here into parliament. We must get him returned—yes, we must get him returned."

"Mark! Mark! do you hear that?" screamed Mrs. Phillicody.

"Yes, we must have him returned, and I will help him with his maiden speech. I shall have a real pleasure in doing it. Your son, ma'am, will be a rising man—ma'am, a rising man. Yes, we must get him into parliament."

"Oh Mark! oh Phœbe!" ejaculated Mrs. Phillicody. "This is too much for me—my nerves won't bear it! Oh, what an angel of a man your lordship is!"

"Yes, and your daughter Phœbe here, she must not be forgotten. I look forward to her making a good matrimonial connexion, but we must not be in a hurry, I would not on any account have her thrown away. When you enter on your estate in the midland county, and Mr. Mark gets into the Commons, my pretty cousin Phœbe here will have offers out of count; but we must be select—very select, *I* must look after that."

"Oh, my lord!" said Mrs. Phillicody pathetically.

"What is it, my good lady?"

"Oh, my lord, Phœbe—is—already engaged."

Ravel gave a start of astonishment and dismay.

"I hope—I trust—that you are not going to make her a sacrifice!"

"*I* make her a sacrifice! Oh, my lord! I'm sure I never liked Harry Hook!"

"And pray what is he? I suppose some presuming vulgar young man."

"He has some expectations, my lord."

"Expectations, ma'am! and are you satisfied with expectations? What *are* his expectations?"

"He has an uncle a drysalter in a large way, my lord."

"A drysalter! Did you say a drysalter?"

Mrs. Phillicody was ashamed to repeat the word again.

"And would you disgrace your connexions so much as to suffer your daughter to marry a young man who has expectations truly from a drysalter! Why, ma'am, I must say that I can't very well see how she could go down with you to your country mansion—and it strikes me that she must altogether give up the idea of forming one in your new establishment. It must not be said that you are connected with a drysalter—that your daughter has married some vulgar city drysalter—that you are mother-in-law to a drysalter!—that the new M.P. is brother-in-law to a drysalter. Miss Phœbe must give up all the advantages of your new style of living!"

"That I will not!" said Phœbe energetically.

"Then you must give up this drysalter youth," said the would-be peer, in a fine tone of irony.

"That I will!" said Phœbe, "and I wonder at his assurance in ever thinking of me!"

"It would have been a shame if such a fine girl should have been so sacrificed," said Ravel, "and doubtless you will form great connexions. Mr. Mark here must marry an heiress."

"O, my lord, you were born to be the making of our family! Your goodness overpowers me."

"It is time that I was gone," said Ravel; "I am obliged to attend a cabinet dinner, and from thence I shall have to take my seat in the House, and am expected to speak with all my accustomed vigour. It is a hard thing to have much anticipated from us, a hard thing for a whole nation to have all its eyes upon you, and expecting more than mortal exertions, but it is the penalty which we must pay," and Ravel heaved a sigh at the weight of his own greatness. "I wish I could ask you to my mansion, but I think that, until you get to your villa, it would be better not—it would compromise your future consequence to have a taint of the soapboiling and the air of Bermondsey breathed upon you. No—you had better not come to my town-house until you are established in your villa."

"But your lordship will come to us again!" breathlessly gasped Mrs. Phillicody.

"I will have the pleasure—I shall do myself the honour—"

"Yes, pray do," said Mark; "I have not enjoyed any company so much for an age. Yes, pray come again, my lord."

"Pray don't flatter me, my young friend," said Ravel with a condescending and self-satisfied smile.

"I never flatter anybody," said Mark, "and I declare, with the utmost sincerity, that I never saw anybody like you in my life. I have enjoyed every word you have said most mightily, and I shall quite long to see your lordship again."

"Doubtlessly," said Ravel with an air of dignified self-esteem—"doubtlessly there is a difference between a coroneted brow and the canaille—the lip of honey, and the eye of—of—light—no fire—to—to—"

"Between a fool and a man of sense," said Mark.

"Exactly—yes—there *is* a difference."

"I see it," said Mark, "and pray repeat your visit soon, my lord, that I may see it again."

"I will," said Ravel, "I shall have much pleasure. No farther—not a step farther—I will find my way out, I dare say, through these wretched courts into some street—yes, I dare say I shall. I could not of course bring my carriage to Dock Head, because my servants would have felt themselves insulted. But I will see you again—your most amiable family. I dare say I shall not be ill—yes, as soon as my parliamentary duties will allow me, I will see you all again. Adieu, my dear ladies—adieu, Mr. Mark."

And so saying, Ravel picked his way on the points of his pumps through the dirty no-thoroughfare court, followed by the admiring eyes of Mrs. Phillicody and Phœbe, who afterwards returned into their dwelling with the whole fabric of their former castle-building turned completely upside down.

SONG.

FROM THE WELSH OF LLYWARCH HEN.

ALTHOUGH, oftimes, when youth *will* leave,
Even for vanished griefs men grieve;
And when their feelings' freshness goes,
Repine they even for lost woes:—

And though, again, a brightening ray,
May steal along our dreary way,
When now our hearts have ceased to beat
With quicken'd pulse at woman's feet.

(As when the unclouded memory:—
Of hope's bright beams in Beauty's eye,
Shed its soft radiance through the mind,
And lights up scenes left far behind):—

Still there's a wound Age cannot heal,
A pain some may not cease to feel:—
The heart's first tendril that is torn,
Will bleed and languish to Life's bourn!

WILLIAM TELL'S BRIDGE.

IN a petty German court, where music is the chief object of the sovereign's expense, as it is almost the sole amusement of his subjects, the opera of *Guillaume Tell* was brought forward, a year or two ago, with a tasteful luxury of decoration and costumes which did honour to the genius of Rossini, while it proved that the Germans knew how to appreciate the talents of the great *maestro*. The critics of the locality vied with each other in plaudits, and the getting up of the first act was especially lauded; the bold elevation of the bridge, which was thrown across the stage from one abrupt rock to the opposing point of another, offered a path worthy of the daring hero, and shouts of enthusiasm followed him across his frail and lofty road as he pursued one of the tyrant's satellites, and then commenced the struggle which ended in the liberation of his country. The first representation of the opera was entirely successful; and the artist who undertook the principal character crowned his reputation as a tragic actor, and, more particularly, as a consummate singer.

The *impresario* was delighted with such a result, which made his profits a sure speculation, lost no time in announcing a second appearance. The theatre was filled, and the overture on the point of striking up, when the first actor, M. Cornelius Schoemann, the same who had performed the part of *Guillaume Tell* so triumphantly, sent a message desiring to see him immediately. The manager was disturbed, because he knew such an interview with the hero of such a night as the former one was not only likely to be costly, but boded no good in other respects. The subjects generally discussed on these occasions are connected with expensive re-engagements, leave of absence, immediate augmentation of salary, and a variety of caprices which actors only indulge in, and which actors only understand. However, he could not avoid going; so he repaired to the dressing-room, where he found M. Schoemann attired as a simple and undistinguished mortal of the nineteenth century, and walking with hurried strides round the chamois-skin raiment of the liberator of Switzerland.

"My dear friend," exclaimed Schoemann, "I am very much distressed; but you must return the money directly, as I cannot possibly play to-night."

"Return the money!" screamed the frightened manager, while his hair stood on end at the suggestion; "return the money, indeed! why, M. Schoemann, I would not do such a thing to have Switzerland freed over again."

The despairing artist flung himself into the only arm-chair with which his dressing-room was furnished, and hid his face in his hands. There is a secret sympathy between an actor and manager, by which they are enabled to read each other's minds without the necessity of an oral explanation; and, on this occasion, the director saw at a glance what the grievance was, by which the soul of his premier was afflicted.

"Well, well," said he, "never mind; we will get over this in future; I will make Robertz take the part to-night."

Now Robertz was a sort of supernumerary, who had no more voice than a violin with loose strings, and Rossini's opera could never be understood with such an interpreter. But the hour was come, and it was indispensable to hit upon some expedient; so the manager ordered the curtain to rise, advanced to the foot-lights, bowed, put his hand to his heart, coughed, and thus began:—"Gentlemen and ladies, it is quite impossible for M. Schoemann to sing the rôle of *Guillaume Tell* this evening; but M. Robertz has most handsomely undertaken to supply his place, and craves, through me, your kind indulgence for his attempts in so arduous a part."

Let the reader only just fancy the feelings of the audience at the Queen's Theatre, to whom it is proposed to listen to Signors * * * or * * * instead of Lablache or Rubini. There was a tumult, a hurricane of groans and hisses.

"Schoemann, Schoemann! he must come; let him appear! There's nothing to hinder his performing! He is not ill, I saw him in the street ten minutes ago! He dined at the Prince Alfred Hotel this afternoon! What's the matter with him?" were the shouts that proceeded from all parts of the house, and which it was expected the manager should answer at once, and in the same breath.

"I am happy to say there is nothing the matter with his health," replied the manager, bowing to all quarters of the excited theatre.

"Then why don't he play?" was the unanimous demand.

"Because it is impossible, gentlemen and ladies," was the prompt response.

Here the tempest recommenced. When there was a lull in the storm, and the director was able to get a word heard, he resumed.

"Gentlemen and ladies, I believe I can make you acquainted with the true reason why M. Schoemann is unable to sing this evening."

"Speak! Speak! Let us know."

The director half turned himself from the audience, and pointed with his finger to the bridge which joined the two rocks at the back of the stage.

"Well, what then? explain yourself."

"The fact is, gentlemen and ladies, M. Schoemann is the father of four children, and has the misfortune to be very short-sighted. That bridge, which any one with even the strongest eyes and head could not cross without the utmost care, is not unlikely to be fatal to a weak-sighted person; and M. Schoemann was so convinced of this on the night of the first representation, that nothing could tempt him again to hazard a life which is so necessary to the happiness and comfort of Madame Schoemann and their four children."

An English pit would still have grumbled and insisted upon M. Schoemann making the experiment, notwithstanding his conjugal and paternal scruples; a French audience would have laughed; but the German house listened, and began to discuss the validity of the excuse.

"Ah! ah!" shouted out an amateur, who cared more for Schoe-

mann's voice than he did for his acting ; " let him sing, and put on a pair of spectacles."

The director disappeared like a flash of lightning. In the wing he ran against the unhappy Robertz, who had again fallen to his operatic discount, and in his hurry upset him. Without stopping to pick him up, he said as he passed :

" You can change your dress, M. Robertz ; I am much obliged to you, but M. Schoemann will sing."

When he saw the latter, he exclaimed ; " Come Schoemann ! come, come ; don't be alarmed ; the bridge is strong ; there shall be ropes across ; and you can wear your spectacles."

Schoemann flung himself into his manager's arms ; dressed as fast as he could ; and a quarter of an hour afterwards William Tell boldly crossed the perilous bridge, guided by a superb pair of tortoise-shell rimmed spectacles, with silver branches. The roof of the house was nearly cleft asunder with the ascending shout which greeted his appearance ; and when the first act was over, M. Schoemann adopted his spectacles as a useful *property*, and wore them to the end of the piece.

We received a letter from Germany the other day, and we learn from it that this ornament is so little injurious to the scenic illusion, that the same M. Schoemann has played the part of *Achilles* in a pair of gold spectacles presented to him by his manager.

Neither Agamemnon, Clytemnestra, Iphigenia, nor a discerning public, have found cause to complain of the necessary innovation.

P.

SONNET.

BY T. WESTWOOD.

I SAW a mother o'er her first-born bending,
 Pressing soft kisses on his cherub brow,
 While hope, and pride, and deep affection, blending,
 Lent to her tranquil countenance a glow
 Of holiest beauty. Feeling without stain
 Beamed from her eyes, and the pure soul of prayer
 Seemed breathing in the gently murmured strain
 That trembled on her lip—it was a scene
 That angels, from their homes of ecstasy,
 (Homes, where dark Sin, the spoiler, ne'er hath been,)
 Approving might have viewed, well pleased to see
 That in a world, of so much light bereft,
 Some share of primal love unsullied still was left.

ΕΠΕΑ ΚΑΙ ΠΡΑΞΕΙΣ,

OR,

SAYINGS AND DOINGS IN THE UNIVERSITY OF
OXFORD.

LETTER IX.

Lectureship at Barnsley—The Rev. Obadiah Megrim—The Rev. H. Chatterton
Chatterton—Martyr for conscience sake—Articles cancelled—Flesh is weak—
Divinity plucks.

TO RICHARD VIVIAN, ESQ., THE GRANGE, ATHERLY, NOTTS.

X—x. Coll., Nov—, 183—.

DEAR DICK,

A few long Oxfordshire miles east-north-east of this city lies a small collection of houses, half-town half-village, called Barnsley; its vicinity to Oxford does not tend to the improvement of the morals of its inhabitants, the majority of its females, at least the young ones, flitting and flying as vacation begins, and returning with the first day of term. The vicarage of this place is in the gift of our college, and, being but a poor hundred and twenty per annum, is held in commendum with a fellowship. Some few years back the heads of the college, and of the town or village, whatever its kind is, concocted an evening lectureship, which, though nominally in the hands of the rate-payers, was generally given to the vicar as a help to his vicarial pittance. The election is annual, and an opposition candidate having come within sight of the head of the poll the year before last, a vigorous attempt has been made with combined forces to oust the college nominee, as their new vicar Eadmonson is kindly termed. As soon as Eadmonson had preached, some of his congregation discovered that he was "too churchy for them," and ere the whitsuntide election for the lectureship came on, two candidates entered against the new vicar.

The first candidate was the Rev. Obadiah Megrim, a hot-Bath gosseller. The reverend candidate was supposed to have been educated at Saint Bees, and ordained for a South Sea mission, if at all. A great mystery hangs over his early years previous to his sudden ordination, and he has been observed to be uncommonly oblivious as to the name of the Right Rev. Prelate, from whose hands he was a recipient of holy orders. Tall, spare, sallow, with long straight, black hair, his body coverings brownish black, his tie begrimed with a week's dirt, his hands red and gloveless; he proves to all the world his distaste for the creature-comforts, or the miserable tawdries of dress. For some years he reigned supreme in the most fashionable chapel at Bath, until one of his hearers, more inquisitive than the rest, discovered that the Reverend Obadiah was wont to inscribe his sermons

in several small, black-bound, bible-like duodecimos, in a small cramped hand, and therefrom read out his extemporary exhortation to his flock, under the plea of frequent reference to the holy text. On this too fatal discovery, the learned Obadiah's quicksilver sank at once to changeable, and at last fell to bad weather, whereupon, after a slight endurance of the pelting storm, he sold the chapel cheap to a real living extemporiser, and, after a few idle wanderings, started for the lectureship at Barnsley.

The Rev. Thomas H. Chatterton Chatterton, the other candidate, once bore the harmonious name of Tom Hogg, under which title he was educated at a small foundation-school in the north, succeeded, as the senior scholar of the five who composed the school, to an exhibition for ten years at Clare Hall, Cambridge, on which he contrived to exist, got through his degree, and retired to the north, whence, after a short space of time, he came forth in the list of deacons, ordained by the Lord Bishop of Durham, as the Rev. Thomas H. Chatterton Chatterton.

The whitest and finest of white ties encircled his neck, black, crow black cloth enveloped his form, pale slate gloves with black seams covered his digits.

“ He was tall and slim, and thin withal,
And his raven locks did in ringlets fall,
And, oh, the young ladies did nothing at all
But gaze on the bachelor parson.”

He was too good a speculator to marry, knowing full well that matrimony is a most out-of-the-way shelf for a fashionable preacher. His lack of knowledge forbade his composing a good discourse, though his clear, soft voice enabled him to deliver a sermon with astonishing effect; so, determined to take “the goods the gods provide,” he dispensed to his congregation, second hand, the sermons which a dissenting minister had preached on the previous Wednesday evening in the neighbourhood of Camberwell, and which the Rev. T. H. C. Chatterton had taken down from the lips of the preacher. At last the trick was discovered, the chapel thinned, seats fell to a discount, and the reverend gentleman left the metropolis to try his voice and looks against the new vicar of Barnsley.

I accompanied Eadmondson on one of his canvassing tours among the leading voters of the place; there are the retired Oxford brewer, and wholesale draper, both churchwardens, and great men in their way, the chief attorney and vestry clerk, and the heads of the vestry, the butcher, the baker, the tailor, and the grocer, all excellent men in their own way of business, and undoubtedly eminently qualified to exercise a theological franchise. Having sent up our cards to Mr. Tubbs the X brewer, we were ushered by a slipshod maid into the worthy's study; a small back and dirty parlour, with dull glass window, and mahogany bookcase, with curtained doors to hide the peculiar nature of the learned elector's library, which some have asserted (I know not with what truth) to consist of sundry coats, waistcoats, and lower habiliments. There sat Mr. T. looking uncom-

mon wise over the last Sunday's Dispatch and the Oxford Chronicle, his favourite studies.

"To what am I indebted for this visit, sir?" began the churchwarden, bowing stiffly from his easy chair, and motioning us to our respective seats. Eadmonson stated his intentions of standing for the lectureship, and his hope that Mr. Churchwarden Tubbs would be one of his supporters. Mr. Tubb's consequence now came full upon him; he swelled, and puffed, and crested, and spoke with due severity.

"I presume, sir, we are to have our consciences coerced, forced, shackled, violated."

Eadmonson stared.

"Ah, sir," continued the brewer, now in a high state of fermentation; "ah, sir,—you may stare, sir—you may look astonished, but your Dons have determined to eject all who will not vote against their consciences, and to violate that bulwark, sir, of English liberty, the freedom of election. What do you think of that, sir?"

"Think," replied Eadmonson, "that you have been most grossly misled."

"Misled, sir! why, there it is in full length in the Oxford New Chronicle."

"And do you believe that paper?"

The X brewer assented.

"Then I presume I am not to expect your assistance, Mr. Tubbs."

"Oh, dear me, sir!" rejoined the now frightened churchwarden, who, with the fear of the non-renewal of an advantageous lease before his eyes, began to sing uncommon small. "I am sure I never said so, I was merely stating what the newspaper stated; the respect I have for you, sir, and the college, will always render me a firm and a consistent supporter of your and their interest."

We now retired disgusted at Mr. Tubbs's patriotism. Support Eadmonson he did, but at the same time kept up his character as a most cruel instance of a college conscience-sake martyr, as one who would have died for liberty, had it not been that he wanted a new lease.

We next visited Mr. Tapes, the ticket shop draper, or, as he called himself, the wholesale Manchester warehouseman. We found him in his counting-house, a small false-lighted cupboard at the back of his shop, whence, seated on a lofty stool, he could overlook the tricks of his helpers, who, in very white ties, rejoiced in the names of cash-book and warehouseman.

"Pray, sir," said the chattering draper, after a few formal preliminaries,—“pray, sir, what article of doctrine do you intend to sell—I mean to preach?”

"Such as the church prescribes," replied the vicar.

"O dear me, sir, that'll never pay—we must have some new fashion or other. Why, Mr. Chatterton told me he had quite a new doctrine, which no one had ever heard of before."

"Most probably not," replied Eadmonson.

"Ah, sir, that's what we likes. You must measure your stuff by a new rule; the old one's quite worn out."

"I do not quite see how we can preach new doctrines without a new revelation, or so long as our Articles remain unaltered."

"Articles, sir, why they have been out of the market long ago—cancelled, sir, these twenty years, and the indentures given up."

"I was not aware of that fact," remarked his astonished auditor.

"Patent New Jerusalem Review, page fifty-three, line five, for last month," shouted the draper, as Eadmonson bowed and retired from the warehouse.

Mr. Pluck hoped the new vicar would not touch upon matters of controversy, as he looked upon theology as an intellectual amusement for the higher classes. Mr. Tottle tried to persuade Eadmonson to allow discount on his salary, or to take parish bills at three months; whilst Mr. Vestryman Dough, having bowed and scraped to the candidate, under the idea of his being a new customer, suddenly showed off his importance before two old almshouse women, who were in the shop, by saying, or rather shouting, "Well, sir, you are all to take a spell at the preaching-box, and him that suits me best I'll vote for. Now, I'm for voice and action, so mind your hits."

Poor Eadmonson was so disgusted with these specimens of the electorate of Barnsley, that his friends had some difficulty in keeping him in the field. Canvass he would not—preach he did, and his congregation allowed that his doctrines were quite new to them. What would have been the result of the contest had all parties gone to the poll, it would have been difficult to calculate; but happily for Barnsley, a few days before the election, the Rev. Brother Obadiah was safely locked up in the watchhouse for drunkenness and disorderly conduct; and the women's favourite, the Rev. Thomas H. Chatterton Chatterton, led away by the flesh, and perhaps unwontedly excited by the prospect of success, was about the same time found in too familiar conversation with the pretty, but hardly virtuous barmaid of the Fox and Goose.

All now exploded; fathers of families looked grave—mothers discoursed on the faithlessness of man—young ladies looked demure—and some few old ones firmly believed in a devil. Poor Mr. Tubbs was no longer a martyr; voice or no voice, hit or no hit, Eadmonson walked over the course to the great delight of the sober-minded portion of the inhabitants, but to the evident disappointment of the electioneering portion of the same body. Thus ended this ever-memorable contest for the lectureship at Barnsley, of which you will herewith receive a full, true, and particular account from

Your affectionate friend,

EDGAR HAMILTON.

P. S. The dreariness of this November term is always enlivened by the *recherché* discoveries and lucubrations of the would-be passmen who crowd our examination schools. Tom Goolden, the stroke of our boat, a first-rate cricketer, and no very bad hand at a leap, whose notions of divinity have been derived from Johnie Watts, a Skeleton Card, and Vincent's Analysis, thought to persuade the hard-hearted examiners to place him among the nameless lot, "Qui exa-

minatoribus satisfecerunt." By dint of coaxing, his Latin writing was made passable, his Euclid decent, and his translations on paper far from bad. Encouraged by such unexpected success, he proceeded to his vivâ voce with coolness and confidence. The schools were crowded, as many bets had been booked on the event, and a dead silence reigned when Tom was called to the "cutting up table."

"I think you will find a Testament in that row," said the examiner, pointing to a long, dreary-looking row of little noteless German editions.

Tom looked and found, and, obeying further orders, turned to Luke xxii. 54. As soon as he heard the word Luke his countenance became clouded, as calculating on the run there had been on that Gospel for three days, he had not looked it up for some months. However he went on bravely, with a few helpings from his kind examiner, until he came to the words, "*ἐκλαυσεν πικρως*," and here he stopped.

"Well," said the examiner, "Peter went out," &c. &c.

"And," said Tom —

"*ἐκλαυσεν πικρως*," continued the examiner; "*πικρος*—bitter—sharp."

"And shut the door sharply," said Tom, with an effort.

The odds fell—ten to one against him—no takers. However, he was helped over the stile, and the examination once more set agoing. After some very good answers in Scripture history, the examination veered to St. Paul, a subject he knew by heart.

"Where was St. Paul born?" asked the examiner.

"At Tarsus in Cilicia," was the reply.

"Where educated?" continued the examiner.

"At the foot of Gamaliel," replied Tom.

"Very good," said the Rev. John Copton. "And now what do you know about Gamaliel?"

Tom thought for a minute, and answered, "O, 'twas a high mountain in Thessaly."

Poor Tom was plucked—alas! poor Tom—Scripture geography was not his forte.

LETTER X.

Shrove revels—Dreams—Sir Thomas White and the Triune Sisters of St. John's—
All Souls' Mallard—Bene nati—Bene vestiti—Modice docti.

THE REV. SCRIBLERUS STEVENS, F.A.S., SILCHESTER.

X—X Coll., Feb.—, 18—.

DEAR ANTIQUARY,

Right gladly would it have pleased your curiosity-seeking eyes, had you seen our late resuscitation of the old Shrove Revels, where—with our ancestors were wont to relieve the tedium of study in the good old days of Anthony a Wood. Having, with some difficulty, obtained leave from our Vice President, (the preses ipse being happily absent,) under a promise of conducting our mummeries decently

and in order ; a notice was put up in Hall, on Candlemas eve, warning every under-graduate, of less than two terms standing, to prepare a speech to be spoken on the following Shrove night, before the bachelors and under-graduates assembled in common hall. The prize, a cup of caudle and bishop ; the fine, salted, sour small beer.

At eight o'clock on Shrove, the hall was opened for the procession. First came six choristers, two and two, bearing dusty folios, and preceding the Senior Bachelor, in a white sheet robe and red night-cap, followed by the resident B.A.'s in shirts over their robes and trencher caps. Next came, "*longo autem intervallo*," the senior under-graduate in his academics, girded with a linen towel, in which was stuck a broad punisher, or cobbing lath, similar to harlequin's wand, followed by the remaining under-graduates, walking three and three, and arrayed in their gowns turned inside out, caps in their hands, and white stockings drawn over their shoes and half-way up their legs. On the high table, which stretches athwart the old hall, were seven chairs for the bachelors, and below, on the dais, seventeen more for the senior under-graduates, in the front of which eight more chairs were placed for the new members. In mid-hall was a table, at which sat a Bible Clerk, as secretary ; and on either side of the door stood two more as sentries, whilst the fourth acted as messenger to the council.

"*Silentium, silentium*," said the clerk, "*readabo prescriptum convocatio magna habitura sit in aulâ collegii in diem de Shrove, apud nonam horam post meridianum, ut omnes novi homines istus collegii ad gradum superiorem admitterentur.*"

"SIMON RUFFHEADIMUS, B. A., Senior.

"PETRUS HATEWATERIUS, Nond. Grad. Senior."

As soon as the prescript had been read, three loud knocks were heard on the hall-door.

"*Quis ferit ?*" said the president to the messenger.

"*Coquus ferit*," answered the Bible Clerk.

"*Quid vult ?*" said the Preses.

"*Inire vult*," was the answer.

"*Placet ne vobis domini Baccalaurei placet ne vobis nondum graduati*," said the President.

"*Placet, placet*," came from the assembly.

"*Inire licet*," said the clerk, and the messenger proceeded to the door.

As soon as the portal was thrown open, the cook's procession entered the hall. First came four scullions, in pairs, bearing kitchen pokers, preceding two deputies, who bore between them a reeking caldron of caudle and bishop, a beverage not to be sneezed at ; then marched the bearers of the silver cups, followed by two more, bearing an equally huge caldron of punishment, followed by a scout with a quart-pot. The cook in his full kitchen dress concluded the procession.

Advancing towards the table, the cook said, "*Adsum.*"

"*Video*," replied the clerk.

"*Aliquid habeo*," returned the cook.

"Quid habes?" replied the clerk.

"Unum cauldronum," said coquus, pointing to the caudle.

"Bonum?" asked the clerk.

"Optime bonum," said the cook, as he placed the huge vessel before the clerk's desk.

"Unum cauldronum," continued coquus.

"Malum?" asked the clerk.

"Pessime malum," was the reply, as the other vessel was placed alongside the former.

"Accipe quod tibi do," said the clerk, giving a purse of silver to the cook.

"Accipio," replied coquus, bowing and backing out of the hall. After the good caldron had been well tasted, the door was once more rapped, and to the question of "Quis ferit?" the reply was given of "Leo ferit."

"Monstra Leonem in," said the senior B.A.

Whereupon one of the freshmen was admitted, bound, as to his hands, with the leading-strings of his gown, and ornamented with a white tie and paper bands, a yard long at the very least.

"Jurabis ne?" said the clerk.

"Jurabo," answered the freshman.

And then an old shoe having been given into his hand, the following mock oath was administered.

"Jurabis, quod penniless bench non visitabis?"

"Juro." A bow—and touch on the mouth with the shoe.

"Jurabis quod vinum bonum semper drinkabis?"

"Juro."

"Jurabis quod aquam pumpaginis nunquam drinkabis?"

"Juro."

"Jurabis quod porci petitoes aut asini caudam non eatabis?"

"Juro."

And here the mummary having been repeated, he was placed on the end of the clerk's table to make his speech.

"Vestri altissimi, may it please your densissimi, non sum qualis eram.

Ego nunquam audiui,
Such terrible news,
As at this present tempus,
My senses confuse.

"Dies adest. I supplicate your facies. I abhor and detest illud vilissimum collegium slinkomaleanum, and I do not esteem tabernam to be pejorem than ignem purgatoriam, nec credo that vinum is worse than holy water: quare precor Baccalaurei coctilissimi et subgraduati thurricissimi me ad gradum superiorem sine pœna, necnon cum præmio admittere."

The senior B.A. then rose, and proposed to his brethren to admit the candidate, which being accorded, he was taken down from the table, his hands were then untied, and a cup of caudle administered to him ere he took his seat among his brethren. Some fared better than others, but all were admitted at the expense of the entire caudle, whilst one tumbler of punishment served for every execution.

A grand supper concluded our resuscitation of this curious custom, that had lain *perdue* since the days of Charles I.

The foundation legends of some of our colleges are much after your marvellous-loving taste. Report tells us that that worthy man, and venerable citizen, Sir Thomas White, having been informed in a dream that he should raise a college for the education and support of youth, and their training in religion and useful learning, where three separate trees issued from one stem, journeyed to Oxford, and thinking that he had discovered such a marvel of nature, began to build near old Gloster Hall. The vision, however, still haunted him, and as he believed in Homer's creed,

“ γὰρ τ' ὄναρ ἐκ δῖος ἐστίν.”

he rested not until he discovered a most marvellous threefold tree within the precincts of St. Bernard's College: there he hastened to build, “where,” as sings poor Nicholas Amherst, the exiled from Oxford, the neglected of Pulteney and Bolingbroke.

“ Where the famed Isis laves the verdant soil
With fruitful streams, and crowns the labourer's toil:
Sacred to learning, sculptured domes arise,
And heave their hoary summits to the skies;
Amid these reverend piles, these seats of worth,
An elm luxuriant lifts her triple birth,
In comely rank the sister-trees upshoot,
Share the same vital sap, same parent root.”

I know not whether these fair trees now exist, or whether the ruthless axe of the wood-bursar has not long since levelled the wide-spreading boughs of the Triune Sisters of St. John's.

Archbishop Chichele, too, the learned and pious founder of All Souls, had his dreams and his visions, and believed in them; and why should we not believe in dreams and visions? Is there any antecedent reason against such? And does not scripture furnish us with instance upon instance of their truth. Jacob, Samuel, the officers of Pharaoh, the lord of Egypt himself, in the Old Testament; and in the New, Joseph, the wise men of the East, Pilate's wife, and Peter, are likely to occur of every one; and then, to descend to our own times, the remarkable vision of Lord Lyttleton and its exact fulfilment, the accuracy of the dream respecting Bellingham, makes me at least hesitate before I refuse to credit the authority of dreams. But to return to Chichele, and the very curious scene of discovery said to be connected with his foundation of All Souls. In the eighth chapter of the fifth book of “The Wonderfull and Surprizing Eventys,” it is thus recorded:—

“Right well worthy of note is the famous tale of the All Souls mallard. When Henry Chichele, the late Archbishop of Canterbury, had a mind to found a college in Oxford, where prayers might be offered for the souls of the founder, of King Henry IV., and all who fell fighting in France—he was greatly puzzled where to fix his buildings. During his doubtings he was informed by the Virgin Mary in a dream, that where he should find a live mallard beneath the earth, grown to an enormous size, there to erect his walls.” The dream

also hinted at the neighbourhood of Cats Street, now the Ratcliffe Square. Having duly consecrated a couple of spades and an axe, he visited the supposed spot, then an open space of garden, and "then" continues the narrator, "they had not long digged ere they heard a violent, and as it might seem, within the womb of the earth, horrid struggling and fluttering, and anon violent quackings of the distressed mallard. Then Chichele lifted up his hands and said Benedicte. Now when they brought him forth, behold the size of his body was as a bustard or ostrich; and much wonder was thereat; for the like had not been seen in this land nor in any other."

To commemorate this great wonder, an annual feast was held, with all due ceremonies, on the 14th of January—in which a swapping mallard took as great a share as the boar's head at Queen's. A canticle similar to that at Queen's, was also sung in the following words:—

Griffin, bustard, turkey, capon,
Let other hungry mortals gape on,
And on the bones their stomach fall hard,
But let All Souls-men have their mallard.
Oh, by the blood of King Edward,
Oh, by the blood of King Edward,
It was a swapping, swapping mallard.

The Romans once admired a gander,
More than they did their chief commander;
Because he saved, if some don't fool us,
The place that's called the head of Polus.
Oh, by the blood of King Edward,
Oh, by the blood of King Edward,
It was a swapping, swapping mallard.

The poets feign, love turned a swan,
But let them prove it, if they can;
As for our proof, it's not at all hard,
That it was swapping, swapping mallard.
Oh, by the blood of King Edward,
Oh, by the blood of King Edward,
It was a swapping, swapping mallard.

Come let us sing, and dance a galliard,
To the remembrance of the mallard;
And as the mallard dives in pool,
Let's dabble, and dive, and duck in bowl.
Oh, by the blood of King Edward,
Oh, by the blood of King Edward,
We've got a swapping, swapping mallard.

In the year 1749, an attempt was made by a reverend antiquary to degrade the old bird into a goose; but this vile attempt only brought down on its contriver's head the concentrated vengeance of an All Souls concocted pamphlet, completely vindicating the mallard from the injurious reflections of the Rev. J. Pointer. The mallard feast has long since expired and gone to the tomb of all the Capulets, there to lie until some antiquarian fellow shall resuscitate the revel when we are aged or perhaps passed away.

Few colleges have been more misrepresented than All Souls, the

old joke of their fellows being required to be "*bene nati, bene vestiti*," but only "*modice docti*," has gone down from Lord Radnor to the Dispatch, without a doubt of its truth, and uncanvassed by all, save those few who will believe that the first qualification is the test of legitimacy; that the second relates to the college dress, and is but a parallel to the "*vestibus subfuscis aut nigris*" of our university statues, or the provisions in the Magdalen code about close gowns and high-lows; and that the "*modice docti*" requires the addition of the words "*in musica arte*;" showing how that masses for the dead were to be sung by the members of the foundation. But give a dog a bad name, and you may as well hang him at once; the dicta of lord "this" or "that" are more spiteful, and, therefore, carry more weight with those who have a case to make out, than the steady denials of so-called interested friends; and with this class, he who represents an All Souls fellow as retiring from the top of the stage to a private room in the Inn to comb his whiskers, is much more amusing, and consequently goes down with a larger class, than the one who would appeal to the class list for their honours gaining fellows; to the bar for their hard-working men, and to the incumbents of their livings for their worthy clergymen. And why? because the former says what is ill-natured, if true, and therefore suitable to the present taste; whilst the other is dull and prosy—is defending some relation or friend—is a partner in the concern, an interested advocate.

O the "*cacoethes scribendi*," how it increases! "*crescit indulgens*."

So now to salt water and dry bread, for having trespassed so long on your time. A pleasant Easter.

From your friend,

EDGAR HAMILTON.

LETTER XI.

Oxford tradesmen—A wine-merchant's cellar—Mild old port—Full-bodied claret—Tom Squire's last trick—The book trade—Jabez Schrumachen and his false entry.

TO RICHARD H. HAMILTON, THE BURY, AMERSHAM, BUCKS.

X—x. Coll., Oxford, Feb. —, 183—

MY DEAR FATHER,

Your most acceptable inclosure arrived quite safe, and being drawn for no very heavy amount, as the Irishman said, did not overweigh the frank. You ask me whether Oxford tradesmen, in this enlightened age, are as bad as in your ancient days, when an under-graduate, who had not knees and silks, was forced to dodge the proctor from street to street, and white ties and long bands flourished among the High-street bucks. My short experience hardly warrants me, as some have done, in writing them down, as a class, as bad, radically bad, the system vile, the supporters of it admirably adapted to their work. Yet report does say that, in Oxford parlance, plain dealing

is folly, cheating goes by the name of "taking advantage," and down-right robbery as "sharp practice." "Experto crede."

On the morning after my first arrival, the news having circulated most electrically through every shop in Oxford, my table presented a patch-work covering of cards and bills, blue, white, red, and yellow. An obsequious tailor jostled an equally obsequious horse-dealer; a gilded and fringed pastrycook tried to obscure a copperplate bookseller; whilst a cigar-maker and wine-compounder contended for the centre of the table. "Under advice," as Mr. Latitat says, I do not intend employing one of these contending parties, as I am not fresh enough to pay superfine classical prices for second-rate cloth and two-year old waistcoat patterns; nor do I prefer cabbage and lettuce leaves under the high-sounding titles of Woodville's and Queen's, to the fragrant leaf. My own quiet nag will do well enough for a constitutional; and as for hunting, it does seem to me uncommon green to pay five guineas a-day for following a poor pack over a poor country, merely because pinks are prohibited articles, and hunting in the teeth of the dons is "damned fine." University teas are first-cousins to birchbrooms and brothers to sloe-leaves, and university wines are made fresh every day.

The stock of some Oxford wine-makers might be resolved into the following elements: One pipe of new, hot, low-priced port, just fresh from Oporto, one large copper of slow-juice, one cask of vinegar, a hogshead of best cape, an anker of brandy, and a barrel of first-rate gooseberry. If to these be added a little orris-powder, a little bergamot, a few pounds of burnt sugar, and a good recipe for thickening syrup, and a good pump, he will supply you with every wine, from cape to lachryma christi, at every price, from twenty-four shillings to five pounds per dozen.

"John," says Mr. Gripegiver, when he returns from his morning touting-expedition, "two dozen of mild old port for Mr. Boltem, of Christ Church; very mild, John."

"Umph!" replies John, rubbing his head, "ten wine, ten water, two sloe, and two syrup."

"One and a half sloe and two and a half syrup,—likes a body," replies his master.

"Very well, sir," says John, making a note as to which of the last brewings came nearest to the order.

"Two ditto full-bodied claret," continues Mr. Gripegiver.

"Out sloe, in vinegar; half an ounce orris."

"Exactly, John—mind the crusts, John."

"Ay, ay, sir; you never saw such splendid crusts as that last batch of Sam's painting, they're perfect pictures, sir."

Next came two orders for brown sherry, alias brandied and brown sugared cape; and old madeira, alias ditto slightly vinegared. If men will not encourage the London tradesman, who now, thanks to the rapidity of communication, is ready to forward his goods from the Land's End to John o' Groat's house, they must reconcile themselves and their pockets to very high prices for moderately decent articles, or cultivate the acquaintance, not of the cheap and nasty, for that is not known in Oxford, but of the dear and nasty, at the risk of the

cholera. So much for the ingenuity of the trade; now for a specimen of their barefaced impudence.

A few days since, whilst enjoying a solitary breakfast and my newspaper, the cold single tap of a tradesman sounded on my inner door. "Come in," I said without raising my eyes, in my haste to finish a speech before the intruder appeared. Leave given, in walked, with a bow, a stoop, a cringe, and a smile, Mr. Tom Squires, the most rascally wine-merchant in the whole world; luckily I knew the fellow by report, and was tolerably prepared for his tricks.

"I have the honour, sir"—and here he handed me his card—"of serving most of your fellow collegians."

"Well!" I said, looking at him with a face of perfect indifference.

"May I have the honour of placing your name on my books?"

"No!"

"Thank you, sir," replied the fellow, pulling out his order-book.

"I tell you I do not want anything of you."

"Thank you, sir," replied Tom; "very fine old port, sir, only 65, sir, dirt cheap—"

"Cheap dirt, you mean."

"Oh dear no, sir! hah, hah, very facetious, hah, hah!" and here Tom grinned his widest; "fine sherry, sir, 45, sir," continued Squires.

"How often am I to tell you I do not intend having any?"

I almost shouted at the tiresome brute.

"Thank you, sir;" (a bow,) "would you allow me a pen just to make a note in my book," intimated Tom, with his blandest smile.

The note was made, and Tom backed himself out with "thank you, sir," to the end of my passage.

That day I was engaged to dine with one of our fellows, and, on returning from my walk to prepare for the feed, was not a little surprised at finding several dozen of red and black corked bottles ranged along one side of my room, and a very suspicious sawdust path from my oak to the black regiment. Whilst I was contemplating the array and ruminating on the occurrence, in marched Mr. Tom Squires and his deputy, bearing another dozen of shortnecks: Tom bowed, and his deputy pulling a curl, proceeded to range the last dozen along with the former.

"What are you bringing all this wine here for?" I inquired, with a slight degree of anger and alarm.

"The twelve dozen, sir, you were so kind as to order this morning," replied the imperturbable scamp.

"Twelve dozen of wine!" I replied with a stare.

"Six dozen old port—six ditto brown sherry," read Mr. Tom Squires from his order-book. "Mr. Hamilton X——x College, before five P.M.," continued Tom, handing the order-book to me with a most innocent look.

"Why, you know I told you I would not deal with you," I replied, rather staggered with the fellow's cool impudence.

"Very well, sir, of you to say so now; but all I know is, that there is your order in my book, and there is your wine," continued Master Tom, with cautious gravity.

"I tell you, sir, I never gave you any order, and you know it," was my rather angry answer.

"I only know that you gave the order, that I wrote it here before you with your own pen, and that I have brought the wine; take it or not as you please, I leave it here," rejoined Squires.

"I refused to have a single drop of you, and I never will as long as I remain in college," I replied, now thoroughly heated.

"All mighty fine, indeed!" continued the rascal. "Sam!"

"Yes, sir!" said Sam, looking as innocent as a sucking wolf.

"Did not I tell you Mr. Hamilton ordered that the wine should be sent to-day?" continued his master.

"Yes, sir," replied the devil's deputy, pulling a curl.

This lie with a witness was past all endurance, so I forthwith pitched the note-book at the brute, and ordered him to take himself and his composition out of the room, or I would send him and it out bodily. Instead of obeying me, he coolly sat his body down to my table, opened my portfolio, and commenced drawing out his bill on a sheet of my own letter-paper. This put my pluck up; so, having forcibly ejected the little brute and his deputy, I retired to my room to dress. Soon after back he came, and talked about "mistakes," and "was I quite sure that I did not order it?"—"should be sorry to offend," and the like. Thinking the fellow might for once have made a mistake, I consented to take one dozen of each, on condition of the remainder being marched out forthwith; however, finding that Mr. S. rose in his demands as I gave way, I walked off to dinner, leaving the honest Tom to keep watch in my room over his one hundred and forty-four short-necks, until his patience failed. On my return from my dinner-party, where my tale had been welcomed as "Tom's last," the black regiment had marched, and on my table was a most humble epistle from Mrs. Squires, laying the entire affair on the temporary hallucination of her husband, arising from the heat of the day and a little too much wine, (his own I trust). Thus ended my first exploit with Mr. Tom Squires, of Oxford notoriety.

As for horse-dealers, they are the same all over the world, and when a Wesley and an Adam Clarke take to horse-chanting, it is difficult to find fault with the "*profanum vulgus*."

The booksellers are by far the most respectable, and certainly the most necessary tradesmen of our city. Books are our food—nothing but books, and, save a few of the black sheep who taint every flock, (and who are apt to forget whether Mr. Brown of Christ's Church, or Mr. Brown of Oriel, ordered Swiggen Swanchen's praxis on the Greek pronouns, and settle the difference by putting it down to both; who, when a book coming out in monthly numbers is ordered and never sent, do not forget to send their dun to demand one pound fifteen shillings for fourteen undelivered numbers,) they for the most part prove the rule by being exceptions to it. One little dirty scamp must not pass unnoticed. In a narrow lane leading out of the High-street, was a dirty second-hand book-shop, of which a dark, swarthy, stunted Jew was the proprietor; for many years he was only known as a buyer of sundries at Wise's book-sales, and as a retailer of sixpenny grammars and delectuses for incipient scholars. Then he rose to

greater purchases, and at last started a gay shop in the High-street, with Jabez Schrumachen, Bookseller and Publisher, over the front.

A namesake of ours, a member of Oriel College, attracted by the gay display in Schrumachen's window, effected a few purchases in his first term; but having heard what sort of a fellow he was, he never employed him again, transferring his custom to the all-devouring Parker. Friend Jabez, discovering the cutting of his custom, favoured him one morning by sending his mealy-faced dun to his rooms, just as he was turning out of bed. The dun presented the bill, the little account, at the head of which, much to Mr. Hamilton's astonishment, appeared a Logic ordered and sent one month before his arrival in Oxford. He threw the bill to the dun, and told him it was incorrect, and that he would settle it as soon as a true bill was made out. A few hours hardly elapsed ere he received the following note from Mr. Jabez Schrumachen.

" High Street, Oxford, Jan. 15.

" SIR,

" Unless my account of 2*l.* 17*s.* 6*d.* is duly paid to me before two o'clock this day, I shall summons you into the Vice-Chancellor's court.

" JABEZ SCHRUMACHEN.

*" To Mr. Hamilton,
" Oriel College."*

The intended victim, accompanied by a friend who had come into residence on the same day with himself, forthwith proceeded to Mr. Jabez Schrumachen's gay shop, and in the presence of several intending customers, who were peeping round the shelves, presented the note and the enclosed account to Jabez, demanding, in no very low tone, whether they were his writing, and sent by his order. Jabez looked over his spectacles at his questioners, and seeing them to be both young under-graduates as he thought in a slight stew, boldly assented to the queries.

" Very well," replied Hamilton's friend, " so far so good."

" Do you demand payment for every item in that account?" said Hamilton.

" Certainly, sir," growled Jabez, with a very faint blush on his yellow cheek; " do you think I should make false charges?"

" Yes," replied Hamilton, looking him full in the face, " I do."

Jabez got warm, and would have exploded, had not another question cut him short.

" When was that first item ordered—the Logic?"—asked Hamilton.

" On the sixth of last October," was the reply, after a reference to the order-book, " and not paid for yet."

" And sent?" continued Hamilton.

" On the following day," replied Jabez in triumph, handing the book to Hamilton's companion, who read the entry.

" October 6.—Mr. Hamilton, Oriel—Aldrich's Logic, with notes—sent 7th. J. S."

"Then, sir, I tender you the rest of your bill, and refuse to pay for that item," said Hamilton, paying down the money on the table.

"You won't—won't you, and pray why?" asked Jabez.

"Because I never ordered it, and you never sent it," was the reply.

"Very like a gentleman, to try to cheat a poor honest tradesman out of his hard-earned gains—does you great credit," sneered Jabez.

"It is you who are the cheat, and you know it—you honest?"

"I am not"—growled the bookseller, "and unless you pay me that six-and-sixpence, I will summons you into court."

"And I, sir," replied the intended victim, "will sue for your being discomfited for making false entries."

"False, sir! cut in Jabez—you hear that, John?"

"Yes, false entries in your books, and setting down orders against me, and declaring that you sent the book thus falsely ordered just one month before I was matriculated, and nearly six weeks before I came into residence."

Jabez looked very cold.

"And now, sir," continued his executioner, "write me out a new bill, and receipt it before I leave this shop."

With various mutterings about large business—errors—fault of shopman, et cetera, Schrumachen obeyed orders, and handing the new bill and receipt to Hamilton, bowed them out with an inward prayer that some stray flower-pot from his upper floor might damage the cranium of the leading actor in the interlude. His intending customers left, as soon as Jabez returned from bowing out his paid-off tormentors.

Thus far *de famosis latronibus* in these branches of trade; the *famosissimi* of the tailoring and printselling tribes must wait until my next despatch, when they shall be measured and fitted, sketched and painted, framed and glazed, to the best of the abilities of

Your affectionate son,

EDGAR HAMILTON.

P.S. For the next edition of Cocker.—Given one under-graduate at Oxford, burning one small fire per diem, three *sacks of coal*, at 3s. 6d. per sack, and two large bundles of fagots per fortnight; to find how much is lost by the under-graduate, and what are the respective gains of the coal-merchant and bedmaker.

SONGS OF SPAIN.

BY MISS H. B. MACDONALD.

Cancion No. IV.

I.

AWAY, my dark-eyed lover !
Like the speed of a falling star,
From its heaven-home a rover,
Let my flight be swift and far !
Last night, in hall and bower,
I bloomed at the festival,
'Mid many a beauty's flower,
The gayest of them all.

II.

When my mother's soft looks won me
For ever to her side ;
And a dark eye turned upon me
With the glance of a father's pride ;
When lovers were gazing after,
And young companions round,
In the spells of their silvery laughter
My happy spirit wound !

III.

But I leave these soft devices
For the gaze of the midnight star ;
And instead of the musical voices,
The night-winds round me are :
And the flowers—like the thoughts of childhood—
Wherewithal my brow was drest,
I have flung them to the wild wood,
And the red cross from my breast !

IV.

Then, away ! my dark-eyed lover !
My steed is bold and free,
And hill and plain bounds over,
Like a madman in his glee !
And we heed not that Quadalquiver,
Nor the roll of its threat'ning tide,
Since nothing now can sever
ABDALLAH and his bride !

Cromarty, Sept. 1840.

HISTORY OF THE JEWS,¹

FROM THE DECLINE OF THE MACCABEES TO THE PRESENT DAY.

BY M. CAPEFIGUE.

THE testimony both of historians and poets informs us that the contemptuous demeanour of the Romans was much increased after the taking of Jerusalem, and the dispersion of the Jews. From that period the princes and magistrates were much less scrupulous; even Titus compelled all the Jews who would uphold their religion, and worship in private the God of their ancestors, to pay a didrachma to the Capitoline Jupiter.* A tax was levied upon them the same as on prostitutes, and their inspection was committed to the pretor of the taverns and watermen of the Tiber, who formed a distinct class in the laws and regulations of the government. We have already related from Suetonius† to what indecent investigations the Jews were exposed, to facilitate the collection of a tax exacted upon the unalterable marks of circumcision; and the receivers of the treasury, as well as the grasping publican, often exceeded even these rigorous measures, especially during the violent administration of Domitian. When Nerva assumed the laurel of Augustus, he modified the barbarous laws of his predecessors. Numbers of Jews who had been exiles from Rome obtained leave to return under certain conditions common to all strangers. He abolished likewise those persecutions against "*the crime of impiety and Judaism*," a singular association of ideas, which, in the sanguinary epoch of Domitian, was so frequent a pretext for the oppression of the Christians and Jews in Italy. We discover also by a medal, that this prince abolished the heavy Jewish tribute‡—an obscure expression, but which is explained by a passage of Origen. "The didrachma was paid as usual, but all the exactions of the publicans, and the secret and arbitrary contributions which they levied, either for the public treasury or for their own profit, were rigorously prohibited."

These measures of prudence and of conservation, which the prince could easily carry into effect at Rome, were more tedious as well as more difficult of application in the provinces. The Grecian and Syrian population of Egypt and of Asia Minor, whom a long-established hatred separated from the Israelites, remained under the first impression which the siege of Jerusalem, together with the violent measures of former reigns, had produced. They could not conceive that the protection of the Cæsars could be extended to those rebels who had so lately dared to resist the Roman legions. In Alexandria and Antioch, where the Jews were very numerous, the populace would frequently rise up in arms against them. In the theatres, in

¹ Continued from vol. xxviii. p. 157.

* Xyphilin in Vespasiano, p. 127.

† Suetonius, lib. viii. p. 187.

‡ This is the text of the Inscription "*Calumnia Fesci Judaici Sublata*."

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the circus, in those assemblages, in fact, where the spirits are so easily excited by a passionate interchange of thoughts and sentiments, the people loudly demanded the expulsion of the Jews; sometimes they would rush into their quarter with sticks and stones, and a desperate struggle would ensue throughout the city. The proprætors, or the proconsul of the province, indifferent to all these quarrels, rarely interposed the authority of the Cæsars; or rather, when they did think interference necessary, their decisions were generally dictated by interested prejudice, not by a calm and unbiassed opinion; and as the Greeks and Syrians professed the religious doctrines of the Roman world, as they were the most wealthy individuals in Alexandria and Antioch, and composed the principal society of those towns, it was very rarely the Jews could make their complaints with any hope of success, or find a just and impartial magistrate to redress their wrongs.

This perpetual subjection of the Israelites, and the imprudent or unjust conduct of the Roman proconsuls, were not calculated to rectify the irresistible tendency of this unhappy people to sedition and revolt. Scarcely forty years had elapsed from the taking of Jerusalem and the triumph of Titus, when three revolts burst forth simultaneously: one at Cyrene, a town in Libya, another in Mesopotamia, and a third, the most serious of all, in the island of Cyprus.

The Jews had lived at Cyrene for many ages, when certain disputes between them and its Grecian inhabitants induced a general commotion throughout Libya. The children of Jacob succeeded in expelling these Gentiles from every part of the country: more than two hundred thousand of those infidels, according to the Hebrew historians, perished. Trajan, in his extreme old age, was obliged to send Marcius Turbo, the ablest of his generals, to put down the revolt; and so ruthless had been this war of extermination, that Adrian a few years afterwards was obliged to encourage colonists to go and people the country, which was nearly deserted.*

At the same time Mesopotamia was the theatre of a sedition not less deplorable. The Jews had loudly murmured against the Roman governor, and threatened to throw off the yoke of the empire. By order of Trajan, Lucius Quintus advanced with several legions upon this province; and Eusebius declares that the soldiers massacred nearly the whole of the Jewish population in that extensive country.† In the island of Cyprus the revolt was even more general, and attended by circumstances peculiarly offensive on the part of the Jews. We quote an account of this frightful tragedy from the exact and impartial Dion. "The Jews, led by one Andrew, put to death indiscriminately both Greeks and Romans. In their hideous festive rejoicings they ate the flesh of their victims, and made vestments of their skins. The poor wretches were hurled from the tops of cliffs, or thrown to wild beasts. In the island of Cyprus alone, two hundred and forty thousand were sacrificed to their odious fanaticism; inso-much that Adrian, after having reduced this barbarous nation, gave strict injunctions that every Jew who might hereafter happen to put

* Ganz. Chronic. p. 104. Salom ben Virgæ, Tribu Judæ, p. 65.

† Eusebius, Hist. lib. iv.; Xyphilin, ex Dion, lviii.; Orosius, lib. vii. chap. xii.

his foot on the island, whether in the course of a voyage, or from the chances of shipwreck, should be instantly put to death.*

All these commotions, which the inhabitants of the empire beheld, no doubt, with astonishment and dismay, were not to be compared, however, to the general insurrection of the Jews under the false Messiah Barcochebas. During their longest and severest trials, Israel had almost always seen men rise up within her bosom, who, inspired by God, had become the liberators of the people. In these times of calamity men's hearts were so easily led to indulge in hope, that hypocrisy and imposture could practise without difficulty upon the general tendency to credulity. During the captivity of the Roman empire, as well as in that of Babylon, false prophets often appeared to arouse the courage of the Jews, and to recall to them that promise of universal dominion which the Rabbins exaggerated daily in their writings. The more miserable the times, and the more irksome their constraint, the more did the Israelites sigh for those blessed days when the conquering Messiah would impose his laws over the known world, and when thrones and generations should adore the glory and greatness of Jehovah through eternal ages.

After the two last revolts which had harassed the declining years of Trajan, the legislation and the measures of government became much more severe towards the Jews. The anxiety which the Jews displayed to visit Jerusalem had created and strengthened the idea, that as long as the wrecks of their capital subsisted, the rebellious nation would endeavour to find, even in its ruins, a point of union and attraction. Adrian, in order to efface the last vestiges of the powerful ties of an ancient country, gave instructions to build a new city on the site of Jerusalem, to be called *Ælia Capitolina*, from the name of its founder. On the very spot so lately dedicated to the worship of Jehovah, Jupiter received homage in a magnificent temple, which the prince and the senate constructed with the annual didrachma which the Jews were obliged to pay into the public treasury, and which was originally instituted by them for the use of their priests and pontiffs. The burning of incense, and the celebration of profane rites, replaced the holy adoration and the sacred ceremonies of Scripture.† At the same time Adrian, in imitation of Domitian and Nerva, prohibited circumcision. The Jews could not under severe penalties present their babes to the Rabbins to receive the sacred mark which Jehovah imposed on the tribe of Israel.§

These rigorous measures, followed up and executed without the slightest regard to opinion or scruples of conscience, caused a general insurrection amongst the Jews. But the presence of Adrian, and the legions of Egypt, checked it in the bud. The Israelites contented themselves, says an historian, with selling bad arms to the soldiers,

* Dion Cassius, lib. 68. Compare with Xyphilin, p. 789.

† Ganz. Chron. p. 102.

‡ Xyphilin in Adriano, p. 263, Eusebius, lib. iii. chap. 6, place the completion of *Ælia Capitolina* after the revolt under Adrian.

§ Spartianus in Adriano, p. 7; Modertinus after Casaubon in Spartian., p. 37, and Julius Paul, Recept. Sentent. lib. v. lit. 52. One finds in the works of this jurist some very curious information relative to the legislation on Jewish circumcision.

so that their weapons might fail them in the hour of need, and contribute to their defeat.*

But Adrian and his soldiers had hardly left Judæa before tumults broke out in every direction. The Jewish doctors ascribe an absurd origin to this revolt. They had an ancient custom, on the birth of a son, of planting a cedar before their houses in token of rejoicing; if it was a daughter, they planted a pine. These trees grew up and flourished together, and when any of their children came to be married, the trees respectively planted at their birth were taken up and cut to pieces to make up a bed for the newly-married couple. The Rabbins suppose that a daughter of Adrian, (though Adrian never had a daughter,) in the course of a journey through Judæa, broke the axle of her chariot, and stopped at one of the towns to have it repaired, and that, from a scarcity of wood, her attendant tore up one of these cedars, which had already attained a goodly growth.† The whole town was in commotion at this audacious profanation, and, ere long, Israel was in revolt. Perhaps an insignificant circumstance like this might have precipitated the revolt without immediately causing it; but the reasons we have assigned, the prohibition of circumcision and the building of the temple to the Capitoline Jupiter on the ruins of the sanctuary, were quite sufficient of themselves to account for its taking place, as they would far more seriously affect the minds, and alarm the superstition of the Jews.

It was during these transactions that Coziba or Barcohab made his appearance. The Rabbinical traditions give a royal extraction to this crowned Messiah. He was, they say, the son of Coziba, king of the Jews; but such is the character of these deceptive records, that they always exaggerate the birth and dignity of any one who was in the least degree celebrated in their nation; and sometimes, moreover, the pompous title of king means only an office in the synagogue, or a rank in the Sanhedrim. However this may be, in the midst of the public distress, Coziba announced himself as the liberating Messiah, that Messiah who was to subdue the nations. We read in the "Seder-olam," that in order to acquire the confidence of his brethren he fulfilled many of the conditions necessary to substantiate the truth of his mission. In the first place he changed his name to Bar-cohab, which signifies the "*Son of the star*," to induce them to believe that he was "*that star which Balaam had foreseen*." He detected delinquents *merely by his smell*, which, according to the Thalmud, was an essential condition for all those who pretended to the sacred destinies of the Messiah.‡ He chose a forerunner, or to use the singular language of Basnage, "*a standard-bearer, as John the Baptist had been the standard-bearer of Jesus Christ*."§

This forerunner was an old man, called Akkiba, who performed a

* Xyphilin, p. 262.

† Ibid.

‡ Compare for these facts, Rabbi Abraham, Cabal. Historie, by Petit. Observat. sac. ad. ann. 388; Jud. lib. iii. chap. 4; David Ganz, p. 102; Seder Olam, chap. xxxi.; ex Gemar. tit. Sahedrim, chap. ii.

§ Ganz, Chronic. p. 99. Akkiba composed two cabalistic works, which will be analysed in that part of this work which is intended for the Literary History of the Synagogue.

part not less important in this general insurrection. This Rabbin, whose judgments are to this day so much esteemed "*because God had revealed to him what he had withheld from Moses,*" had passed the greater part of his life in teaching and prayer. He had counted twenty-four thousand scholars, and the academies of Jamnia and Tiberias had long resounded with his able discourses: insomuch that "*the Temple itself would not have sufficed to contain all the remarkable things he had said and done.*" He was the chief of the Sanhedrim at the moment of Barcochab's appearance in Judæa; and when this individual came to visit the schools, Akkiba exclaimed, as if by inspiration, "Behold the star which should arise out of Jacob!" and these words, repeated from mouth to mouth, served to awaken the hopes of Israel, which took up arms to follow the victorious Messiah.

The Thalmud declares that two hundred thousand warriors assembled as one man, whose strength was so prodigious, that each of them, in passing by on horseback, could tear up a cedar of Lebanon.

The rebels had chosen for the seat of their government Bether, or Bethoron, a fortified town not far from Jerusalem, which the Rabbins call the *House of Spies*, because the Romans placed guards there to watch who went to Jerusalem to worship contrary to the decree of the emperors. The traditions say that this town was the dowry of the daughter of Pharaoh of Egypt, when she married Solomon, and that this prince had given it to the Levites, on whose domain it stood. The false Messiah there received the kingly unction, and coins struck in his name attest the supremacy of his power.*

So long as Barcochab confined the display of his mad ambition within the precincts of the synagogue, and refrained from proclaiming abroad his vain determination of conquering the world, Adrian knew not, or despised, his empty boasting; but when intelligence reached Rome that the whole of Judæa was in a state of revolt, that the evil hourly increased, and that unless an immediate remedy was applied, it was to be dreaded that Syria would likewise rise up and shake off the Roman yoke, he ordered Terentius Rufus to march immediately against the rebels, and to exterminate the implacable nation. The first efforts of this general were not successful: the veterans of Rome were defeated by the enthusiastic multitude which followed the standard of the Messiah. Adrian was obliged to send Julius Severus, who commanded the legions of Britain, into Palestine, and afterwards to proceed thither himself. Such were the uncertain character of this war, and the hard-won successes and bloody reverses of the Roman armies, that Adrian, in writing to the senate, forbore to use the usual formula of congratulating the conscript fathers on the victories of the republic.† The taking of Bether put an end to this long war, as well as to the power and the life of Barcochab.

During this revolt, more than five hundred and eighty thousand persons fell in battle, without counting, adds Dion, those who perished by famine, privation, and fire. The Rabbins have deplored the death of so many learned masters, and of so many generations of scholars, applying themselves day and night to the study of the law. We read

* Compare the evidences collected by Basnage, lib. vi. chap. 9.

† Xyphil. p. 163. Compare with Dodwell, Dissert. in Iren. sec. 3.

in the Mischna that Akkiba, the principal instigator of the movement, "was flayed alive, and that thus the honour of the law disappeared." He was such a scrupulous observer of rules, that even in his prison he applied to his prescribed ablutions the water which was given him to drink. Ischabod, one of the scribes sentenced to death, expired about the hour of prayer, and his body, deprived of burial, became the prey of dogs and ravens. Chanania, the son of Theradion, one of the numerous scholars who had contributed towards the defence of Bether, was bound to the book of the law and thrown into the fire, for having attempted to teach, contrary to the prohibition of Adrian.

In this deplorable transaction there perished, according to the *Thalmud*, more Israelites than escaped from the captivity of Egypt. Streams of blood carried to the sea stones of four pounds weight, and for seven years the soil, fattened with the dead, dispensed with manure, and furnished abundant harvests. The Jews have preserved the memory of this disastrous war; and their liturgy contains a hymn in which Israel deplores the taking of Bether, and the death of so many celebrated masters. Full of bitter reflections, and thirsting for revenge, the people there compare Adrian to Nabuchodonosor, king of Nineveh, the greatest persecutor of the house of Jacob; and pray the Lord, the God of battles, to remember that this cruel prince had destroyed four hundred and eighty synagogues in Judæa alone. A strict fast is observed in the synagogue, in commemoration of this great disaster.*

After having subdued, to use the term of the historian Dion, the implacable nation of the Jordan, Adrian redoubled his severity towards the Israelites. The site of *Ælia Capitolina* was enlarged—Grecian and Syrian colonies came and settled in the new city: and as if to insult the religious sorrow of the conquered people, the stones of the ruined temple were employed to build a splendid circus, where the profane sports of the gladiators and actors were celebrated with all the pomps of paganism: "At last," says St. Jerome, "the prince placed the image of a swine over the gates of *Ælia*, to keep away the Jews."† As it was feared, that notwithstanding the horror which this image inspired, the Jews might come to gaze upon the sacred places of Jerusalem, Adrian stationed posts all round; and if any Israelite attempted to cross this barrier, the ruthless guards instantly punished his pious curiosity. "And now," continues Jerome, "old men covered with rags, and women in mourning, might be seen painfully ascending the Mount of Olives; and when they beheld the profane grandeur of the city of Adrian, tears would bedew their cheeks, and this sacred mount resounded with their sobs and agonized lamentations. The legionaries and tribunes sold them, for a piece of gold, the melancholy privilege of being able to weep at the sight of Jerusalem; and those who had purchased from Pilate the blood of Jesus Christ were obliged, by a terrible expiation, to purchase from the avarice of the Romans the right to shed tears."† The greatest number of those Jews whom

* Not to multiply quotations too much, compare Joannes à Lent, *de Judaorum pseudomessias*, p. 17. *et seq.*; Mischna in Sot. 515, p. 303; Ganz, *Tremah David*, p. 103; Gemara, tit. Sanhed, sect. 14; *Thalmud*, the same title; Wagenseilus in Sota; and the Rabbinical Library of Bartolucci, word Akiba.

† St. Jerome, *Chronic.* p. 168.

the chances of war had placed in the power of the legions, were sold in the market of Teribinthis at the same price as "*the most meagre horses of the desert.*"* A Rabbin remarks that Israel was exposed to this disgraceful traffic on the spot where Abraham was visited by the angel of the Lord.

The design of Adrian in this war had been to eradicate every vestige of the Jewish religion. On a medal struck in honour of that victorious prince, Judæa, still in the garb of a female, offers incense on her knees to the gods of Rome and of the empire, as if she had at last been reconciled to their worship, and recognised their power. The smoke issues from the tripod, and ascends in long curling vapours towards Olympus. Judæa, stooping, holds in her arms two children, whom she seems to dedicate to the gods of Rome. On another medal she addresses her vows and her incense to the image of the prince; the emperor raises her up, and appears as if admitting her to rank amongst the faithful provinces of his empire.†

Yet the prohibition of circumcision, the sad necessity of absenting themselves from Jerusalem, and the profane outrages committed against the temple of Solomon, had profoundly irritated the Jews; and a sense of weakness, rather than a real desire to obey the laws of Rome, and the will of the Cæsars, maintained the public peace during the latter years of Adrian's reign. The virtuous Antoninus had hardly succeeded to the empire, when he was obliged to carry his arms again into Judæa. The Jews had risen, according to the expression of Tertullian, to reconquer the "sign of alliance;" and such was the character of wisdom and moderation which distinguished Antoninus, that after having suppressed this sedition, in his anxiety to deprive the Israelites of any future pretext for rebellion, he restored to them the liberty of circumcision.‡

Such are the general statements of history respecting the situation of the Jews in the Roman empire, until the reign of Antoninus Pius. But the synagogue possesses particular traditions upon this epoch. Many Rabbins have compared the annals of the Israelites during the glorious administration of Trajan, Adrian, and Antoninus; and their accounts, though full of chronological errors and peculiar traits, may serve nevertheless to make us acquainted with the particular turn which history assumes under their fertile pen.

While the Roman armies, commanded by Marcius Turbo, invaded the cities of Judæa, and while the name of Trajan carried consternation amongst the Israelitish population of Libya, the doctors of the law, who hardly notice this disastrous war, retrace with a holy enthusiasm the religious injunctions and the miracles of the Rabbin Joshua. The world was in arms, yet all the occupation of the Talmudists was to dwell on the pious influence which Joshua exercised over the minds of the emperor Trajan "*and his daughter Imrah.*" Imrah delighted in the lessons of her master, and often went to his modest abodes, and

* St. Jerome in Zachar. p. 506.

† See the Commentary of Tristan, *Adventus Aug. Judæa. Hist. Adrian*, p. 363.

‡ Compare, on the legislation of Antoninus with regard to the Jews, with Origen *contra Celsum*, lib. xi. p. 68. St. Justin Martyr, *Apologia pro Christianis*, xi. p. 72; *Dialog. cum Tryph.*, p. 234.

sat amongst the wisest and most devoted of his disciples. David Ganz relates even that she bore such an affection towards the worthy Rabbin, that she abstained from wine, and abandoned her showy garments, in order to please him.* One day she said to him, "Master, how can such a puny body as thine contain so much wisdom?" To which he replied, "You may easily understand that, my child: take some dates and some wine, and instead of putting them into those light earthen vessels which the slaves carry about at feasts, shut them up in one of your beautifully wrought silver vases, of a hundred drachmas in weight." Imrah did so; but the wine in a very short time turned sour. Trajan remonstrated, but the doctor answered, "This experiment teaches a wise lesson: a slight body is like a baked earthen vessel; it keeps what it contains, that is, its spirit, which is like wine for strength, in all the purity of its essence; but if the spirit is confined in too large a body, it will much sooner degenerate, for it will undergo the law of the body, as the wine has undergone the law of the silver vase in which it was shut up." Trajan was struck with this reply, and regarded the doctor more and more favourably every day.

During the revolt of Barcochab and the revolution of Judæa, Terentius Rufus, who presided over the government of Syria, demanded several interviews, if we may believe the Jewish annalists, with the Rabbin Akiba.

The Jewish chronicles are even more extraordinary in what they relate respecting Antoninus Pius, and his long intercourse with Judah the Holy. This great prince is perhaps the only one of the Cæsars of which the annals of the synagogue speak well. But while the Roman world admired in the successor of Adrian the virtues of Titus and the justice of Numa, the Jews extolled the pious Antoninus, because he persecuted the Christians and received circumcision.† We read in the Schiaschelet Hakabala, or chain of traditions, that Antoninus Pius was exchanged at his birth with Juda the Holy, and that, having thus sucked Jewish milk, he secured happiness to himself both in this world and the next.‡ As he grew older, he had this same Juda, with whom he had been exchanged, for his master in the learning of the law: and it was at this period that he circumcised himself with his own hands, "*so as to be able to eat of the paschal lamb.*" Nevertheless, as Antoninus ruled over an idolatrous people, he could not openly declare his real sentiments; but if, on grand occasions, in the temple and in the circus, he worshipped the false gods and divinities of the Capitol; in his private devotions, and in the secrecy of his heart, he adored the God of Abraham and of Jacob. Every night he repaired privately to the house of Juda; and placing two faithful sentries at the outer door, he gave himself up, with his master, to the study of the law and the cabalistic combinations. Some Rabbins even add, that Antoninus assisted the aged Juda in the compilation and arrangement of that record of ancient traditions which the Jews revere to this day under the name of the Mischna. Then confounding dates, places, and empires, they give the succession of Adrian to a son called Ahasu-

* Ganz, Chron. p. 70; Otho, Hist. doct. Mischn, p. 126.

† Ganz, Tremah David, p. 107.

‡ Gedaliah, Schiaschelet Hakabala, p. 67.

erus; and, in their utter ignorance of the state of society and affairs around them, they transform this master of the world, the successor of the Cæsars, into a Rabbinical controversialist, disputing alternately with his teachers upon the soul, the fate of the body, and "*the nature of that host of stars which adores the Eternal.*" *

Though very little credit ought to be attached to these mystical relations, which, according to the account of the Jewish chronologists, united the Cæsars of Rome in degrading them below the dignity of sober reason and of the empire to some obscure doctors of the synagogue, it is still certain that, from the reign of Antoninus Pius, the situation of the Jews improved all over the Roman dominions. History ought, no doubt, to reject the reasons for the change assigned by the lying Rabbins, but it cannot let it pass without examining its true cause, and without alluding to its principal features and results. Some historians have attributed this change, so beneficial to the Jews, to the personal virtues or the philosophic indifference of the emperors who governed the Roman world from Antoninus Pius to Diocletian; but if, during this period, some good princes appeared to console humanity, there were also monsters who made it groan for their crimes and atrocities. It cannot be doubtful, therefore, that motives of a more generous and more exalted nature acted on the inclinations of the people, and influenced the legislation of the emperors. We think that a clear and succinct exposition of the changes which took place about this time in the philosophical opinions, the religious ceremonies, and the worship of the Romans, may, to a certain extent, explain the moderation of the laws, and the diminution of those prejudices which ignorance and superstition had introduced and strengthened against the religion and the little understood doctrines of the Israelites.

Under the first emperors of Rome, the sectarians of Polytheism were divided into two distinct classes, each with its peculiar principles and opinions. The one, consisting of the populace, surrendered a blind belief and gave implicit credence to the mythological system of antiquity. At all the public festivities, the temples were crowded with this enthusiastic multitude; the altars groaned beneath their offerings, and while the blood of heifers flowed on the pavements, and the perfumes of sacrifices acceptable to the gods mounted in wavy columns towards Olympus, they tremblingly awaited the solemn words of the augur or soothsayer, as he consulted with pious excitement the palpitating entrails of the victims, or the flight of birds, to regulate their conduct and discover their fate. The other class, composed of philosophers brought up in the scepticism of Epicurus, uniformly rejected every religious idea; the fables of paganism, the idea of a spiritual world, seemed, to their minds, a childish superstition, which ought to be abandoned to old women and children.† The solemn march of poetry, in order to strike the imagination and excite enthusiasm, still made use of the names of Jupiter, chief of gods and men, and of those mythological personages whom an ancient compared to the great machine of a theatre; Virgil, Tibullus, Propertius, had rea-

* Ganz. Chron. lib. i. p. 18. Compare also the Gemara, tit, Sanhed. c. xi. sec. 5, 6, and 7. Coccenis, duo Tract. de Thalmud.

† Juvenal, Satire vii.

sons enough for not rejecting the soft fictions of Olympus and the charm of love ; at the same time, under the poet's pen, the vast assemblage of the divinities of Paganism was nothing but an ingenious vocabulary which furnished emblems and colouring for the richness of his composition ; often indeed the poets would trifle with the most sacred matters ; and in the polished age of Augustus, Horace makes the god of gardens declare, that the workman who erected his frail statue hesitated for a long time whether he should convert the stem of a fig-tree into a bench or an immortal god.*

In presence of these two modes of thinking, equally hostile to every contrary belief, Judaism, as we have already seen, awakened in one, that religious frenzy which an opposing fanaticism always excites, and in the other, that philosophical contempt which gave utterance to its scorns and sarcasms with so much the more pride and bitterness, as it considered the Jewish superstition to be antisocial. But in the second century, whether it was that polytheism no longer sufficed for the religious wants of the multitude, nor the scepticism of Epicurus for philosophy, or that the presence of the christian religion, and the more frequent intercourse of the empire with Asia, had exposed the necessity and afforded the means of presenting a barrier to that sublime novelty which threatened to invade the opinions of the Roman world, a philosophical system was suddenly seen to spring up, adapted to perfectly new forms of religion, and which inspired the enlightened classes with feelings of greater benevolence for the opinions of the synagogue.

Philosophy, in fact, then presented the appearance of two vast theories : First, Eclectism, which consisted in selecting from former and contemporaneous opinions whatever was good and reasonable, and rejecting those of an adverse nature. Secondly, Neoplatonism, or the mysterious exaggeration of the doctrines of Plato and Pythagoras, mixed up with the great theologies of India and Persia. In the system of Eclectism, the comparative study and examination of every opinion was the first condition. In the school of Alexandria, where Eclectism had appeared in its fullest developement, all doctrines and opinions lived, as it were, in harmony. The Jews, Aristobulus and Philo, studied by the side of the gymnosophists of India and the grave philosophers of the portico ; and in those frequent meetings to which their controversies gave rise, they had the leisure to acquire and to appreciate their respective doctrines. While Josephus and Philo imbibed with ardour the ideas of Plato and of the more complicated philosophy of Pythagoras, Celsus and Porphyry studied with not less zeal the Holy Scriptures of Jehovah and the Books of Moses. In these assiduous polemics, mutual concessions were usually made, of which Eclectism, or the calm and unprejudiced selection of ideas gathered from each system, was the result. And even when such concessions were not made, yet the profound and most impartial examination of every system had been obtained ; a circumstance which,

* *Olim truncus eram ficulnus, inutile lignum :
Quum faber, incertus scamnum, faceretne Priapum
Maluit esse deum.*

HORACE, lib. i. sat. 3.

at that time, became infinitely favourable to the antiquities and philosophical doctrines of the Jews.*

It must be stated, however, that in this free choice of opinions which philosophy had consecrated, one fundamental idea prevailed—an enthusiasm for the doctrines of the East, which was the indispensable basis of Neoplatonism. This system, which rested on certain principles darkly compounded from various oriental theologies, was a sort of fashionable belief of the age, from which it was difficult to escape; and as the books of the Hebrews, especially those written after the captivity of Babylon, were stamped with this Asiatic colouring, as the secret doctrine of the Rabbins had a singular affinity with their enthusiastic metaphysics, their combination of numbers, ideas, and immortal essences, the history and religion of the Hebrews no longer excited in the schools that philosophic contempt which formerly caused them to be looked upon as the absurd expression of a barbarous superstition. In the testimonies we are about to cite, many results will be perceived, which it is important to point out as the proofs of a manifest revolution in contemporary opinions as to the religion of the Jews.

In his *Book of the Sovereign Good*, the philosopher Numenius examines and compares the different opinions which are referable to the system of the Neoplatonians: full of enthusiasm for the doctrines of spiritualism, he ranks the Jews amongst those happy nations of the East who admit of nothing corporeal in the divinity.

“Who is Plato,” he exclaims, “but Moses, speaking Greek?”† According to the Neoplatonician Hermippus, Pythagoras had learnt from the Jews the sublime system of philosophy, which he taught the Greeks in after ages. He had travelled in the East, says Jamblicus, and in the course of this pious journey he collected the discourses of the Magi, the revelations of the priests of Egypt, and the ancient lore of the Chaldæans and Hebrews. Moses instituted a holy worship, says Diodorus Siculus; he allowed of no statue or image of the gods, because he considered that the human form was not adapted for the divinity, which was the vast sky which surrounds the whole earth.‡ Dion Cassius pays a just tribute of praise to the piety of the Jews, while he admires the immense temple without a dome, an august imitation of the sanctuary of the Magi.§ In his book on the philosophy of the oracles, Porphyry puts the following solemn words on the wisdom of the Hebrews in the mouth of the Delphian Apollo:—“The way of the blessed is narrow and strewn with thorns, its gates are of iron, and the bye-ways multiply as one advances on the good road; the Egyptians knew these holy paths, to the benefit

* Many facts will be found collected together, remarkable rather for their arrangement than their philosophy, in *L'Histoire de l'Ecole d'Alexandrie*, by M. Matter. I have treated this question in detail in the second volume of this history, where I have followed the *Synagogue of Egypt*.

† All the testimonies of Numenius, favourable to the Holy Scriptures, have been carefully collected by Dr. Lardner, in his great work, “*A Large Collection of Ancient Jewish and Heathen Testimonies of the Truth of the Christian Religion*,” tom. iii. p. 108.

‡ Diod. Sic. lib. xi.

§ Dion. Cassius, lib. xxxvii.

of mankind; but the Phœnicians, the Assyrians, and the Hebrews have entered into the sanctuary itself.*

The same oracle being consulted on the heavenly revolutions, answers,—“That the Chaldæans and the illustrious Hebrews have fixed the true epochs of astronomy in keeping holy the seventh day.”†

This is also the reply of Diana of Ephesus: “The Chaldæans and the Hebrews alone have discovered the true wisdom: they alone honour the Eternal King with a pure worship.‡

These testimonies plainly reveal an enthusiasm hard to be concealed, for the religion and worship of Moses; we look in vain amongst them for the sarcasms of the poets of the Augustan age, or the philosophical sneers of the Epicureans; the general opinions are altogether modified, and have no resemblance to the ancient prejudices we have been analyzing.

We have seen likewise, that the principal motive of the contempt and hatred which Polytheists bore against the religion of the Hebrews, sprang from a deep-rooted conviction in those days, that this religion was incompatible with the worship and customs of the Roman world. But at this second epoch of Polytheism, to the character and spirit of which we now allude, this feeling also subsides; the Jewish religion is no longer an isolated superstition worthy of the execration of the human race, but a branch of that grand system, the noble and exalted conception of the priests of Egypt and the Magi of Persia: they are confounded in a common admiration. Thenceforward it became the object of special regard, as it is the principle of a peculiar form of godliness; the books of Moses were studied like the works of Pythagoras; the sublime commandments of Jehovah like the sage prescriptions of Zoroaster; and the solemn accents of Daniel and Isaiah like the oracles and the Sibylline verses.§

The first result of this comprehensive method and confined enthusiasm was the establishment of a kind of universal religion, based upon a common principle. All the various forms of religion, according to the philosophers, sprang from one original and fundamental system of worship, only varying in their outward symbolical expression. In their opinion, the creating power had been manifested under the names of Bacchus, of Orpheus, of Dionysius, of Osiris, and of Mithra, and every people had rendered him a common homage. The object of all their ceremonies was to celebrate the heavenly revolutions and the great natural features of the universe; all their festivals were intended, so to speak, as a signal commemoration of those useful communications, which had revealed to man the science of agriculture and the arts of civilization.||

* Porphy. lib. i., de Philosophia, apud Eusebium, Præparat. Evangelic. lib. ix. cap. 5.

† Ibid.

‡ Ibid.

§ The works of the school of Alexandria, and of the Neoplatonicians, are particularly stamped with this character.

|| We merely pretend to give in this place a brief *résumé* of the general opinions of Porphyry, Numenius, Diogenes Laertius, Jamblicus, and all that Neoplatonic school, whose doctrines have been so ably collected by Brucker. *Histor. Philosoph.*

In this tendency of men's minds, the worship and the ceremonies of the Jews were subjected to the general law. Plutarch, who had studied with such ardour the fundamental religion of Bacchus, or of the Dionyssii, discovers a peculiar affinity between it and the worship of Jehovah. "The religion of the Jews," he says, "is completely similar to that of Bacchus. The Jews, in fact, observe a long fast, so that during the vintage they may load their tables with the choicest fruits of nature. They sit for a whole day in bowers decked with leaves of ivy and the vine, and called the Feast of Tabernacles. Then the priests and the people celebrate the pomps of Bacchus, called "*Æredephorni*." You see them carrying branches of palm, while the Thyrophori enter the temple waving their thyrses, and uttering joyful exclamations. Their pontiffs carry small tubes in their hands, like the soothsayers in the Bacchanalian feasts, to evoke the Deity; others advance playing the lute, which they call, also, "*lelius*," or "*levius*," interpretations equally applicable to Bacchus. I think, also, that Dionysius is not entirely a stranger to the feasts of the sabbath,* for, in the midst of the orgies, the word '*Saba*,' in the mystical languages, is used instead of Bacchus. The high priest of the temple on feast-days wears a mitre; he is covered with a faun-skin, embroidered with gold, and a tunic which reaches to his feet; he wears the buskin, and a great number of little bells are fastened to his robes, as well as the thyrsus which he waves. All these minutiae assuredly appertain to no other divinity than Bacchus. They employ no honey in their sacrifices; for Dionysius substituted the juice of the grape for this savage nutriment; and the Jewish law holds wine in such estimation, that one of its severest punishments is to be deprived of it for a certain time."

However inaccurate this description may be, or however false the conjectures of Plutarch, the fact we have indicated is not less certain, namely, that Polytheism no longer rejects Judaism as an absurd superstition distinct from the opinions of mankind; it even condescends to admit it into the grand system which governs the universe, and to view it as a particular expression of the common doctrine. This general tendency of the spirit of philosophy, at this epoch, was not merely confined to a vague assimilation of theory; for facts of the highest historical importance prove that it soon became powerfully manifested in the outward march of events. In the life of Antoninus Heliogabalus, who governed the Roman world at the commencement of the third century, Lampridius relates, "that the emperor caused a palace to be built on the Palatine Mount, not far from the imperial palace; this temple, dedicated to the god Heliogabalus, whose priest the prince avowed himself to be, was to receive and unite into a kind of friendly alliance the Roman divinities, the mother of the gods, the vestal fire, and the shield of Mars; he was even desirous, continues the historian, *that the religion of the Jews and the Samaritans, and the worship of the Christians*, should be admitted there, in order that the mysteries of the god Heliogabalus might comprise every species of mystery existing."†

* Plut. Quart. Rom. 104; Symposiac, lib. iv.

† Dicebat præterea Judæorum et Samaritanorum religiones et Christianam devo-

Thirty years afterwards, the Emperor Alexander Severus endeavoured to give even greater scope and effect to this religious category. According to the biography of this prince, every morning the young emperor burnt the incense of sacrifices in his private oratory adorned by the Augustan images. The altars and the statues of certain great men likewise, such as Apollonius of Tyanes, Jesus Christ, Abraham, and Orpheus, had each a place assigned to them.* Before he appointed a governor of a province, he made known his name to the public, so that if there were any accusation against him, the people might expose his misdemeanours. This prince used to say, that as the Jews and the Christians adopted this plan in appointing the priests, it was much more important to observe it in the nomination of magistrates, who were to dispose of the lives and fortunes of citizens.† In his spirit of impartial justice he often had proclaimed by the public crier this beautiful maxim, which he had imbibed from some Jew or Christian, "Do not unto others that which thou wouldst not they should do unto you." It is about this period that Diogenes Laertius gives some details on the temples of the unknown God, which were increasing in "Greece and Italy, and where no painted images or marble statues were to be seen. It is pretty obvious that this form of worship was taken from the temple of Jerusalem, or from the churches of the Christians." And the historian cannot refrain from observing "the immense change which had been effected in men's minds since that time, when Tacitus poured out his bitter contempt upon the empty temple of Jerusalem, and the sanctuary without a divinity."

This alteration of sentiments is not only visible in the judgment of Polytheists as to the theological system of the Israelites, but also with regard to those religious acts and performances, which had so often excited the sarcasm of the poets and the derision of the philosophers. We have seen, indeed, the contempt expressed by the philosophers for the practices of circumcision, of abstinence from certain meats, and the secret ceremonies of Judaism. But, from this time, a complete change takes place, and their practices assume a sacred and venerable character in the eyes of the pagan world, and the philosophers allude to them with that respect which the Neoplatonicians ever professed for customs borrowed from the people of the East.‡

tionem illuc transferendum, ut omnium culturarum secretum Heliogabali sacerdotium teneret.—Lamprid. Heliog. chap. iii. p. 796.

* *Usus vivendi eadem hic fuit: primum, ut, si faculta esset, id est, si non cum uxore cubisset, matutinis horis in lavario suo, in quo et divos principes, sed optimos, electos, et animas sanctiores, in quibus et Apollonium, et quantum scriptor suorum temporum dicit, Christum, Abraham, et Orpheum, et hujusmodi deos habebat, ac majorum effigies rem divinam faciebat.—Lamprid. Sever. Alexand. chap. xxix, p. 930.*

† *Dicebatque grave esse, quum id Christiani et Judæi facerent in predicandis sacerdotibus qui ordinandi sunt, non fieri in provinciarum rectoribus, quibus et fortuna hominum committerentur et capita.—Lamprid. Alex. Sev. chap. xlv. p. 997.*

‡ *Diogen. Laert. in Epimenid. lib. i. seq. 110, p. 71, 72. A thesis maintained before the University of Cambridge, July 1724, under the title of "Ara ignoto deo sacra," contains some curious remarks upon this subject.*

In his book on abstaining from the flesh of animals, the enthusiast Porphyry places the sacred custom of abstaining from pork amongst the virtues of the Egyptians and Jews. Whereas the epicureans, ranged round the table of the Apicius of Rome, luxuriously indulged in the delicate flesh of swine stuffed with thrushes, yolk of eggs, and sausages; a dish, which Macrobius compares to the Trojan horse.* The philosophers of the new school placed this animal amongst the foul productions of matter. "The pious Egyptian," says Jamblicus, "looks with aversion upon a swine as an unclean animal; and if any one in that nation happens, even accidentally, to touch one, he goes and purifies himself in the sacred waters of the Nile. Pig-drivers are excluded from the temples of Isis, and their connexion is a stain upon families, for which reason they marry amongst themselves."†

After having described the origin and the manners of the Jews, Plutarch, according to his philosophical custom of generalizing beliefs, endeavours to account for the sacred practice of abstaining from pork. "I do not know whether it is from a respect for swine, or from an aversion to it, that the Jews submit to this abstinence. But the swine, it may be said, is an ugly and filthy animal: what can be deduced from that? It is not more ignoble than the griffin, or the cat, or the crocodile, which are worshipped by the Egyptian priests. Besides, there are quite enough motives for sparing the swine; in the first place, by turning up the earth with his snout, this animal may have suggested the idea of tilling it, and have pointed out the manner of using a plough. The Egyptians, who inhabit a fertile soil, do not even use the plough; but, after the waters of the Nile have subsided, they send their swine into the fields, who naturally turn up the earth, and scatter the seed. It need not be wondered, then, if this motive have induced a people to abstain from the flesh of this animal, as we know animals amongst barbarous nations adored for reasons far less deserving. The Jews, therefore, cannot be said to have an aversion for swine; for if it were so, they would kill them, as the magi do rats; but as their religion has taught them to worship an ass, because that animal led them to a spring of water in the desert, so likewise it teaches them to reverence the swine, because it taught them the way to cultivate their fields."‡

Thus the abstinences of the Jews, and their horror for certain animals, became the subject of grave commentaries and of critical examination amongst the polytheistical philosophers. They are often deceived, no doubt, as to the causes and religious motives of these ancient customs, but the care they take to explain and generalize them, indicate an important modification of public opinion. Even the practice of circumcision finds admirers and followers. In fact, so long as the altars of the Egyptian divinities, and the ideas of Asiatic philosophy, were excluded from Rome by an austere senate, or by rigid emperors, the practice of circumcision, like many other customs of the East, had met with universal derision, and philosophers

* Macrobius. *Athénée*, lib. ix.

† Porphyry. *de Antro Nypharum*.

‡ Plutarch. *Symposiac*, lib. iv. quæst. 5.

often asked each other of what possible use this painful mutilation could be, either for the worship of the gods, or for the welfare of mankind: but when Orientalism, overcoming every obstacle, triumphed at Rome; when emperors chosen in Syria, in Egypt, and even among the Arab hordes, brought together with their power their gods and their national customs, circumcision no longer excited either surprise or contempt.

Indeed in Egypt, in Syria, and among the Arabs, this painful rite had long been adopted as a pious mark of nationality; and in the temples of Memphis it had even been prescribed for young girls,—a custom which a sense of modesty had excluded from among the Jews. When the emperors Heliogabalus and Philip, exhibiting in Rome the spectacle of Syrian pomps or the adorations of the desert, prided themselves on bearing the mark of circumcision, their subjects might well tolerate, without murmuring, a practice of which the sanctity came recommended to them by the example of their prince. As for its purity, all were agreed in opinion upon that; but the extraordinary thing was, that the Hebrews were denied to have been the first to introduce this venerable custom, and according to the expression of a commentator of Mischna, nations disputed amongst themselves the honour of having instituted circumcision, as formerly seven celebrated cities disputed the glory of having given birth to Homer.

At the same time the secret assemblies of the Jews, and their frequent meetings, were no longer suspected by the people, and jealously watched by the Roman government. When Paganism still kept up all the publicity of its worship, and displayed its joyous ceremonies in the midst of the circus, the population of the great cities of Italy naturally regarded with dread these mysterious meetings apart from the national pomps, as if to conceal their rites and superstitions. It was to be feared lest fanatical sectarians might privately mature their guilty projects and designs, under cover of the celebration of those ceremonies which were purposely enveloped in such mystery. The magistrate, therefore, watched with vigilance the synagogue of the Jews, as well as the love-feasts of the Christians; and the edict of Trajan on secret societies was often applied to the worship of Israel. But when the capital of the Cæsars was inundated with the superstitions of Asia, when they took the place, as it were, of the public and national religion of the Romans, mysteries and darkness were looked upon as the sign of eminent sanctity. Some met in the dark caves of Mithra, others in the vaults of the temple of Cybele, or in those obscure corners where the *tauroboli* and the *crioboli* were celebrated,* and like, in imitation of their customs, the adepts of the mysteries submitted to abstinence, to circumcision, and to various other trials and mortifications, it was evident that those secret meetings, which were formed in like manner, and as it were apart from a number of holy associations, could no longer be held criminal and seditious.

* For all the secret forms of Paganism, consult the learned discussions of Van Dale, in 4to. M. de Saint Croix has drawn particularly from this source in his excellent treatise on "*Les Mystères du Paganisme*," with Notes, by M. de Sacy.

To all these motives, which may serve in some measure to explain the sudden favour which the law of Moses and the doctrines of the synagogue acquired in the eyes of Paganism, must be added the union which was springing up, as it were spontaneously, amongst all varieties of contemporary opinions against the Christian religion, whose onward movement and rapid progress were equally alarming to them all. In proportion as the most zealous sectarians of Paganism studied the common origin and characteristics which had so long confounded the Christians with the Israelites, and as they became better acquainted with the nature of their recent controversies and the bitterness of their disputes, they found out that Judaism, in its envenomed revelations, could supply them with powerful weapons against the Christian faith, and that consequently, to the general arguments of reason and philosophy, they could add particular objections drawn, not only from the sacred books which Christianity had adopted, but also from the traditions of the synagogue on the birth and actions of the Messiah. Almost all the documents which have been handed down to us, on the religious disputes which existed, in the third century, between the philosophers and the fathers of the church on the divinity of Christ, and the sacred character of revelation, exhibit to us this new feature of philosophy, no longer content to invoke the universal traditions of mankind against the infant church, but attacking Christianity in its fundamental principles, either by appealing to the words of the prophets, or by quoting the impassioned histories of the Rabbins. In the book which Celsus entitles "*Treatise of Truth*,"* and which he directed against the principles and manners of the Christians, the philosopher alternately puts forward a Rabbini, who quotes the text of the sacred books and the commentaries of Mishna, to turn into ridicule the traditions of Christianity, and an epicurean who maintains in the dispute the doubts and pyrrhonism of his sect. Porphyry has followed the same plan; and what is most astonishing is, that this philosopher has not disdained to comment on the prophecy of Daniel on the seventy weeks of the Messiah; and that abandoning the arguments with which a severe criticism might have supplied him against the prophecy itself, whose date and authority he could deny, he adopts it as an incontrovertible book, contenting himself with applying to Judas Macabbeus, the liberator of Israel, those prophecies of Daniel which the Christians interpret in favour of Jesus.† Let us add, that frequently the priests and pontiffs applauded the ardent zeal of those Israelites who, in the provinces of Egypt and Syria, denounced the Christians before the tribunal of the proconsuls, and called out by acclamation for their execution in the middle of the circus.

* This discourse is only known to us by the refutation of Origen. It is fortunate for history that this father of the church has given us the objections of the philosopher in their original text—a circumstance which at least gives us an idea of the primitive work of Celsus. (See Origen *adv. Celsum*, in his works in folio, tom. 1.)

† The works of Porphyry have come down to us almost entire: all in them which relates to Christianity and to Judaism, has been most carefully collected in the learned work of Dr. Lardner, already alluded to.

GENIUS-WORSHIP.

BY W. THOMPSON, B.A.

THE VESTIBULE.

MATUR'D in sleep, its columns form'd of air,
I built a temple, and recalling oft
Its visionary chambers, made me there
A cell for warm heart-worship. Sweet and soft
Comes every thought, what time this fane aloft
Rears up its unsubstantial dome, to greet
The solemn hour of peace, and doubly sweet
In inward calm the tributary lay
To frame, and there, on bended knee, to pay
You homage, O ye Shades! that there united meet.

NICHE FIRST.—SPENSER.

We owe thee much, thou intellectual sire,
Whose offspring, nurtur'd on ambrosial food,
Were very giants. At thy fervent fire
Did many light their torches; what was rude
Became all smoothness; what was evil, good.
And though thy children overtop thine height,
Though their young fame makes pale the ancient light
Of glory that around thee plays, yet still
None seeks thy page without a rapture-thrill—
And still thy volumes old are monuments of might.

NICHE SECOND.—SHAKSPEARE.

Lord of the tear and laugh! how coldly tame
The hymn of one poor voice uprais'd to thee!
Thee, who the praise of all the earth may'st claim.
Nor unregarded Nile, with voice of glee,
Proclaims it to Hymettus constantly.
To the queen-city of the sister hills
In turn he pours it, whilst from her the rills
Of Italy take up the swelling lay,
Which speaking Hadriatic waves convey,
Till each fair scene thou knew'st, with thankful music thrills.

NICHE THIRD.—MILTON.

To do thee homage worthily, thou bard
Of things above the earth, who dares aspire?
To him must fall an union rare and hard,—
Hebrew sublimity and Grecian fire—
Lore of the closet and a silver lyre,
Swept by a hand that from the cope of heaven,
From earth beneath, and ocean wildly driven,
Hath gathered stores of beauty. Say to whom
Yet born, or still within the future's womb,
This combination strange shall e'er again be given.

NICHE FOURTH.—SCOTT.

The very essence of creative health
Breathes its full freshness on thy storied song ;
Man—maiden—sprite grow wondrous in the wealth
Of rapid thought and action : that belong
To all, the lored in good, the steel'd in wrong ;
They are the gifts to make a poet's tome
A book of pictures, and to fasten home
The fancy, sick with unsubstantial shade,
With hints of beauty—from her wand'ring, made
Happy with scenes defined, where guided she may roam.

NICHE FIFTH.—SHELLEY.

On Nature's acts of wonder thou didst gaze,
Ev'n as the full-orb'd infant watches still
A mother's motion ; unto thee her ways
Were joy. Thy spirit from the Grecian rill,
Had of a holy madness drunk her fill,
And Plato—lov'd Athenian—lent the bowl
Its deepest treasur'd sweets. Benighted soul !
That so didst fail to learn one truth from him—
To seek, when thought's bewilder'd aisle grew dim,
The guiding beams that clear round Israel's altar roll !

NICHE SIXTH.—BYRON.

Least honour'd—yet how far !—of this bright band !
Whom beckoning glory and the spurs of scorn
Goaded to speed ; whom slander from thy land
Of birth, and hate, had mercilessly torn :
Nearest whose vengeful heart was ever worn
An amulet of scorpions, hind'ring still
Incoming kindness or departing ill !
Fierce eloquence, faint promise of amend,
And fiery fancy furnish claim to blend
Thine image with the shades that this calm shelter fill.

NICHE SEVENTH.—HEMANS.

Sole sister in this constellated group
Of brothers ! yet most worthy thou to share
Their stellar brightness, nor condemn'd to stoop
To them, like vision-stars of old. I bear
A scroll of pity from the dark despair
Of Silvio, prison'd in an Austrian cell,
Traced in thy tremulous hand—and oh ! too well
It brings to drear remembrance all thy fate,
Thy spirit is the prisoner, and the grate
That girds it, is the world whose chillness none dispel.

NICHE EIGHTH.—WORDSWORTH.

Thou stand'st, to give her mysteries a voice,
Before the oracle of Nature ; thou,
Upon her tripod throned, may'st well rejoice,
And bear a thankful gladness on thy brow,
For loyally thou keep'st thy priestly vow,
And in the accents of simplicity,
When word to thought is link'd, and may not be
Dissever'd without loss, dost summon home
Those who in gewgaw temples straying roam
To Nature's smiling hearth, her roof of majesty.

ITALY.¹

BY AN EXILE.

SECOND PERIOD. ITALIAN REPUBLICS.

§ IV. Decline and Fall of Italian Liberty.

Italian Condottieri—Success of their arms at home and abroad—Their pernicious influence on the destinies of the country—Francesco Sforza—Camagnola—Ladislaus of Naples—Origin of the Medici—Conspiracies at Milan—at Florence—at Rome—State of Italy towards the end of the Fourteenth Century—of Europe—Foreign invasions—Charles VIII.—Louis XII.—League of Cambray—Holy League—Wars of Francis I. and Charles V.—Effects of the Foreign Invasions on the National Character—A View of the surviving States—Venice—Genoa—Andrea Doria—Last downfall of Florence—Savonarola—Macchiavello—Francesco Ferruccio—Crowning of Charles V.—Conclusion.

THE enjoyment of independence and freedom could only be continued in Italy by the same instrument with which it was originally secured—superiority in arms. As long as the population of the Lombard towns could be mustered in steady battalions before their walls, or ranged behind their bulwarks to the direction of their engines of war, the hosts of their ancient rulers, the German emperors, had no chance of establishing a firm footing in the country. They ventured sometimes across the Alps, they swept adown the open plain with awe and mistrust, they conciliated the good-will of those restless republicans by flattering their factious propensities, they crowned their Cæsar on the capitol with little pomp or ceremony, and hastened back to their home in the North, glad to have so cheaply escaped from a fated land, which had been the tomb of myriads of their predecessors.

But those warlike virtues, which were no longer put in requisition to repel the attacks of foreign invaders, were turned to the gratification of unnatural ambition, were made subservient to the mean spirit of municipal jealousies, were exhausted in the atrocities of brotherly feuds. Milan, Venice, and Florence, the most conspicuous and powerful cities, conspired against the liberties of such of their neighbours as had, by their co-operation and alliance, been most efficient to bring about the triumph of their national cause. Como, Crema, Tortona, Brescia, Verona, and a great number of others whose names sounded so glorious for deeds of heroism during the wars of the Lombard league, had long since disappeared from the list of free towns. Finally, in 1406, Florence consummated her long-premeditated fratricide by the extinction of Pisa. No sooner had the final doom of any of the conquered republics been sealed, than all public spirit and energy, industry and commercial prosperity, were at an end. The generous and active, who had not perished in the defence of their municipal independence, removed to new scenes of action, or emigrated to foreign countries, preferring the evanescent hopes, the vain regrets, the misery and loneliness of exile, to the spectacle of the degradation

¹ Continued from p. 26.

and thralldom of their native city. The lowest classes plunged into utter dejection and apathy, and remained neutral spectators, if they did not actually exult at the dangers that threatened their conquerors. The power of Milan and Florence thus essentially diminished in the same measure as those cities strove to increase the extent of their territory.

But when the disorders of tumultuous democracy paved the way for the rise of domestic despotism,—when every town, especially of Lombardy, had fallen victim to the valour or to the cunning and perfidy of a daring chieftain, the enthralled population were either easily induced by weariness and despondency, or forcibly compelled, to lay down their arms. The defence of the state was trusted to the care of him who had alone an interest in its preservation, and the Italians were trained up to that school of absolute passiveness which alone can befit a generation of slaves.

The earliest tyrants upon whom the protection of the states they had unlawfully seized upon thus naturally devolved, were indeed generally equal to their task. Whatever might be the vices and crimes with which their memory is contaminated, the military talents of such men as Mastino and Cane della Scala, of Matteo and Bernabò Visconti, of Francesco da Carrara and Castruccio Castracani cannot be called in question. In all the endless contests in which their mutual suspicions and jealousies constantly engaged them, they were always seen at the head of their soldiery, exciting their warlike enthusiasm by striking examples of personal prowess.

The usurpers of republican freedom seemed to have, for a long period of years, inherited and concentrated upon themselves all the splendour of republican bravery. But the leaders were almost the only Italians that fought in their armies. The warriors they led into the field were not natives of the country in whose defence or for whose possession they were made to lavish their blood. Their ranks were filled up by those swarms of northern mercenaries whom want of fame, or curiosity, or not unfrequently hunger and poverty, led into Italy in quest of adventure. To these half-savage hirelings the Lombard princes, who could not or would not rely on the support of their reluctant and murmuring subjects, entrusted their personal safety, no less than the furtherance of their ambitious schemes. The terror struck among the inhabitants of Italy by the fierce aspect and habits, and by the bloody executions, of those ferocious Northerners, had no little effect to deter them from those martial pursuits to which their comparative mildness and civility seemed to unfit them. The progress of trade and agriculture, and the wealth attendant upon their cultivators, invited the laborious Tuscans and Lombards to more peaceful avocations; and war, which had hitherto been the freeman's duty, became the soldier's trade, and was given up to those French and German cut-throats who seemed to be born for no other more honest or human calling.

But the Italian princes, as well as their subjects, had soon occasion to repent the haste with which they had laid down their sword and abandoned themselves to the mercy of lawless robbers. For a few years the whole unarmed country became a prey to their ravaging

fury. After having offered their services to the highest bidder, and fought for any state that could afford to hire them and their horses, finding themselves at large after the restitution of peace, they carried on the war on their own account, and declared themselves the enemies of all the world. Had there ever been among so many elements of material strength only one superior leading genius to give their depredations union of design, Italy might perhaps have bowed before them, and its independence have met with a premature fate. But, as it was, their career was only a work of destruction. Werner, Lando, Hawkwood, and Walter of Montreal, notwithstanding the romantic interest excited of late in favour of some of them, were nothing but brutal freebooters, distinguished among their French, English, or German followers, by no other quality than a stronger frame, a fiercer countenance, and a heavy-dealing hand.

But the day of foreign bondage had not yet come for Italy. As soon as they perceived how the mercenary swords of their foreign auxiliaries could be turned against their bosoms, the Lombard princes, made aware of their improvidence, called their subjects to arms; Florence mustered her bands of undisciplined and yet undaunted burghers; all Italy arose sword in hand, and for another century she ruled uncontrolled over the battle-field.

We have already said, that from the day in which the appeal of Petrarch had power to induce the Italians to free their country from those bands of foreign marauders, a company of Italian men-at-arms was formed by the order of Gian Galeazzo Visconti, commanded by Alberigo di Barbiano, in 1378, which, under the name of Company of St. George, soon proved formidable to the French and German leaders, under whom Alberigo himself and the greatest part of his followers had made their apprenticeship.

The school of Barbiano gave Italy that long succession of celebrated condottieri who, down to the descent of Charles VIII., raised the art of war to its highest standard, and gave the Italians a wide ascendancy over their foreign competitors. Towards the beginning of the fifteenth century, Braccio da Montone and Sforza Attendolo, the inventors of different systems of military tactics, enrolled in their ranks the most generous Italian youths, and the *Bracceschi* and *Sforzeschi* schools constituted two emulous military factions, and disputed against each other the palm of superior valour and skill in a hundred encounters.

By falling into the hands of the Italians, the art of war seemed to have laid aside, in a great measure, its horrors, and participated of the gentleness and refinement for which a more advanced civilization gave that nation, in the middle ages, so great a superiority over their ultramontane neighbours.

The perfection to which the Milanese armourers had brought their manufacture of defensive weapons, had gone far to secure the absolute invulnerableness of man and horse; valour, directed by foresight and intelligence, gave rise to that complicated order of manœuvres and stratagems which the ancients so well knew how to turn to advantage, but which was looked upon with contempt by the headlong impetuosity of feudal chivalry. The Italians first taught how the greatest

results could be obtained with the least possible effusion of blood. These gallant adventurers, mostly issuing from the same school, generally enlisted in a cause to which they were perfect strangers, substituted love of fame and generous emulation for the thirst of prey, or for the rabid inveteracy of party spirit. Feelings of chivalrous courtesy and forbearance, indivisible from genuine bravery, soon prevailed among men who were actuated by no personal rancour. The maxim, "*Uomo in terra non fa più guerra*," (never strike on a fallen foe,) is characteristically national. The custom of setting prisoners of war unransomed at liberty, soon after the first heat of conflict, arose from a natural impulse of the Italian soldiery, which their leaders in vain would have attempted to resist.

A battle in Italy was little more than a tournament. The conqueror and the vanquished parted with nearly balanced losses, soon to meet again on another field, and under different standards.

Perhaps this system of mutual mercy and indulgence was carried to extravagance; and when we read in Macchiavello (who, however, in this case is by no means to be relied upon,) of some engagements such as those of Anghiari and Castracaro, in which, after the action of a whole morning, only two or three men were lost, and those only in consequence of the heat of the day and the weight of armour—we may feel tempted to laugh. But as long as that kind of warfare was sufficient to protect the country from all foreign aggression, and had power to spare the trembling multitude the spectacle of useless carnage; as long as those kind-hearted champions were dreaded and revered abroad, and their service requested by the most liberal offers—as it happened in France and Burgundy, during what was called the "*war of the public weal*," where the Italians measured their forces against the adventurers of every nation,—we have hardly reason to quarrel with them if, by allowing their enemies to escape unhurt, they enhanced the importance of their services, and prolonged the duration of the campaign to secure the continuation of their appointments.

It was only after a period of one hundred and twenty years at the epoch of the descent of Charles VIII. in 1494, that the Italians found themselves once more in front of foreign armies, and then the relentless cruelty with which the French cavalry slew their prostrate enemies in cold blood, and the many instances in which a surrendering garrison was put to the sword against all the rights of nations, struck a new panic among the descendants of Braccio and Sforza, who could not see the reason of that wanton barbarity. The whole discipline of an army had also, by that time, undergone a complete revolution. The battalions of Swiss infantry had learned in their Burgundian wars to withstand the charge of the best cavalry of Europe. The use of field artillery, also a new and quite anti-Italian invention, which destroyed whole ranks at one stroke, and doomed to the same fate the bravest as well as the meanest combatant, had a demoralising effect upon the southern soldiery, among whom every man-at-arms was accustomed to rely rather on his individual powers than on the combined efforts of masses. But we anticipate events.

Before those companies of Italian militia were driven by foreigners from the field which they occupied during the whole course of the

fifteenth century, they had been one of the most efficient instruments to undermine the spirit of Italian nationality. The difficulty of training men and horses to the complicated manœuvres of the heavy-armed cavalry, widened the distance between soldiers and citizens. Those were Italians, but by no means national troops. They owed their origin and their support to a tyrant, and found their interest in ministering to his ambition. As is but too often the case, even in more enlightened ages, the soldiers hated and despised the people from which they were chosen; they were apt to consider the public property as their own appanage; they trod upon their native land as on the prize of conquest; they laid the country, which they had sworn to protect, under a summary execution, whenever their employers were slow or reluctant to fulfil their engagements. On their part, they were not always scrupulous in maintaining their promises, they evinced a very indifferent fidelity to their employer, and oftentimes divided his states between them. Jacopo del Verme, Facino Cane, Pandolfo, Malatesta, Ottobon Terzo, and other captains of adventure, to whose guardianship Gian Galeazzo Visconti had committed the minority of his two sons, Gian Maria and Filippo Maria, took advantage of the disorder and anarchy into which the state had fallen, and seized upon the cities of that large duchy to the spoliation of its legitimate heirs. (1403.)

Forty-four years later, Francesco Sforza, son of Sforza Attendolo,—of that adventurous leader, who, by changing his woodman's hatchet into a trooper's battle-axe, had raised himself to the rank of the greatest condottieri,—obtained the hand of Bianca, the illegitimate daughter of Filippo Maria, the last Visconti, and was by him raised to the sovereignty of Cremona. After the death of the duke, who left no legitimate heir, (for the imperial bull which had invested Gian Galeazzo with the duchy of Milan in 1395, expressly excluded women from the succession,) the ambitious Sforza resolved to make good by the strength of arms a title to which his marriage gave him no claims. He offered his services to the Milanese, who, after the demise of their last duke, had reconstituted their ancient republic, and allying himself with the Venetians, their enemies, led his victorious armies against the Lombard capital, and after a short siege was by its half-famished inhabitants acknowledged as their absolute master.

These examples soon proved contagious among the unprincipled soldiery by which the country was overrun. It seemed as if the good old times of chivalry had been revived, when the meanest page had only to set out on a fine morning, and let the reins loose on the neck of his courser, sure that the faithful instinct of that sagacious animal would carry his rider to the land of peril and adventure, where he could, at his choice, aspire to the coronet of a lord, or the hand of a princess. To the thirst of gold, and the enjoyment of sensual pleasure, which seemed alone to animate the bands of foreign plunderers in the preceding century, the Italian condottieri substituted the wary designs of a loftier ambition. Braccio da Montone, Niccolò Piccinino, Bartolomeo Coleoni, and many others, established each of them their dominion in some of the towns of Romagna. The cities of that province, from which the best combatants were especially recruited,

underwent a complete military organization, and were almost daily forced to acknowledge new despots. Venice and Florence alone knew how to associate those leaders in the defence of their territories, without ever allowing them to interfere with their governments, or to march their troops into their capitals. It was only a century later that Florence was at length compelled, in her last extremities, to depart from this line of policy, and the final overthrow of her free state was the consequence of the trust she put in the support of a soldier of fortune, Malatesta Baglioni.

Venice, owing to her impregnable site, or perhaps to the arts of that dark suspicious policy by which she watched over the generals she held in her pay, never met with a similar fate. She defeated all their ambitious schemes by adroit counterplots; she knew, at the slightest intimation of defection or treason, how to rid herself, by fair means or foul, of her dangerous defenders. Francesco Carmagnola—a Piedmontese, who had also risen from a peasant to the rank of one of the best generals of his age, who had by turns established and shaken the throne of Filippo Maria Visconti, and who, out of resentment against his former employer, had entered into the service of his enemies the Venetians,—having awakened the sleepless mistrust of that jealous aristocracy, was allured to Venice by every demonstration of honour and friendship, and there, having unwarily suffered himself to be separated from his guards, was surprised, arrested, and beheaded in the square of San Marco, with all that silence and hurry, with all that awful mystery, which long since involved all the proceedings of the Venetian oligarchy. (1432.)

Meanwhile the Italians, as a nation, had long since ceased to offer any resistance to the usurpations of power. They had learned blindly to recognise the right of the strongest; they had felt that their efforts could have no better result than a change of masters; and resigned themselves to abide by the decrees of fortune, and bear the yoke of any man whom the chances of combat had given power to impose it.

In Florence alone, force was not yet a supreme, uncontrollable arbiter. The wealth and prosperity of that commercial republic enabled it to oppose the resources of inexhaustible treasures against the incessant efforts of the tyrants of Lombardy. It was a war of gold against iron.

The best lances of the Italian free companies were ever at the service of the Florentine merchants. The adroit management of their diplomatists never failed to enlist in the cause of their republic the remotest auxiliaries. Fortuitous circumstances, such as sudden deaths, famine and pestilence, seemed to conspire to the protection of Florence. Gian Galeazzo Visconti, who, since the year 1390, having added to his ample possessions of Lombardy, Genoa, Perugia, Sienna, Lucca, and Pisa, encompassed all round the Florentine territory, was suddenly struck by the hand of Providence on the very eve of removing the last obstacle to his sovereignty of Italy by the subjugation of Florence. (1402.)

Ladislaus king of Naples, son of that Charles of Durazzo who had deprived Queen Joan of her crown and life, having, by an unblushing violation of all faith and principle, cleared his way to the throne, and

prevailed over the princes of the rival branches of Anjou, was seized by a vague ambition of extending his dominion beyond the confines of his kingdom. He took advantage of the state of anarchy into which the States of the Church had been thrown since more than half a century by the dissensions of the great western schism, subdued Rome, Perugia, the March and the Duchy of Spoleto, and advanced towards the centre of Tuscany. A long series of campaigns ensued, in which the great masters of the Sforzeschi and Bracceschi schools had frequent opportunities of measuring their forces. The Florentines would, however, according to all probabilities, have succumbed in that unequal contest, had not a sudden illness again come to their rescue, and forced Ladislaus back to his states, where he only arrived in time to expire in his capital. (1484.)

War continued to rage at Naples with redoubled vigour during the reign of Ladislaus' sister, Joan II., a weak and profligate woman, who, obeying the influence of worthless minions, gave, by her frequent adoptions, rise to the pretensions of several competitors, and plunged her kingdom into numberless factions, from which it never recovered until Alphonso the Magnanimous, king of Arragon and Sicily, after long disastrous vicissitudes, made good his own rights against his opponents, and revived in the two Sicilies the happy times of Frederic II. (1442.)

Gian Maria Visconti, and Filippo Maria his brother, cowardly, but crafty and ambitious despots, proved no less dangerous enemies to Florence than Gian Galeazzo their father had been before them. But the sudden assassination of Gian Maria, their alliance with the Venetians, and the opportune defection of Carmagnola, operated in favour of the Florentines; and after the extinction of the Visconti in 1447, their successors, the Sforza, never felt sufficiently strong on their throne to meddle with the affairs of Tuscany, so that this province was freed from all molestation on the part of external powers, until the evil destinies of Italy started up new enemies from the other side of the Alps.

Meanwhile there flourished at Florence a family, who, arising from utter obscurity, had acquired immense riches by engaging in deep commercial speculations, and lavished that wealth in the promotion of public welfare, to make it an instrument of political ascendancy. Cosmo, the third representative of the family of Medici, in his youth the wealthiest merchant in Europe, a lover of literature, and a friend and patron of its cultivators, a liberal, hospitable, affable man, affecting popular feelings and habits, and courting the public favour by unbounded liberalities, rallied around him the numerous malcontents, and set up a strong opposition against the burgher aristocracy, which, especially under the guidance of Rinaldo degli Albizzi, monopolized the sovereignty of the republic.

The headlong impetuosity of his competitors, and the unjust sentence of banishment that was pronounced against him, centered all the popular predilections upon his head, and, at his return, he found himself the idol of the multitude, the sole arbiter of the popular voice.

Cosmo died in 1464, and the flattering, but in that age rather

common, inscription of "Pater patriæ," was engraven upon his tomb. Piero, his son, who succeeded to his wealth, did not equally inherit his talents or his popularity. But the party that had been for thirty-four years attached to his father's fortunes did not desert him, and he was enabled to transmit, at his death in 1469, the lustre of his family undiminished to his children, Lorenzo and Giuliano. Thus had lassitude from long political turmoils, the influence of the irresistible ascendancy of wealth, and the display of liberal accomplishments, carried into effect what violence might, peradventure, never have been able to accomplish—the subjection of Florence. The jealous watchfulness of those turbulent republicans was gradually lulled to sleep by the blandishments of an obsequious *parvenu*, by the blessings of uninterrupted tranquillity, and the consequent progress of trade and industry, and by the splendour of a revival of literature.

The people of Lombardy were, therefore, forcibly resigned, those of Tuscany willingly conciliated, to the loss of civil freedom: terror or gratitude had equally established order and silence among the lowest classes; but there lived still in Milan, as well as in Florence, a great number of ardent minds, who could not be so easily induced to subscribe to the enthrallment of their country, and submit to that levelling system to which all centralization of absolute power displays more or less an open tendency.

The spirit of resistance had passed from a riotous multitude to an emulous nobility. The age of insurrections was followed by the age of conspiracies.

Already, in 1412, Gian Maria, the eldest son of Gian Galeazzo Visconti, guilty of the most revolting atrocities, had perished at Milan by the hand of noble conspirators. Filippo Maria, his brother, owed his safety merely to his pusillanimity, by which he shut himself up, during his whole reign, a prisoner in his palace. Francesco Sforza, his illegitimate successor, disarmed his enemies by his brilliant valour, no less than by his frank and generous confidence. But his son, Galeazzo, who rivalled and surpassed the worst of his successors in deeds of cruelty and libertinism, fell a victim to the just indignation of three generous Milanese youths belonging to those noble families that had offered the warmest resistance to his father's usurpations. In the midst of his guard, on the threshold of a church, surrounded by a trembling multitude, the dagger of patriotic resentment found its way to the tyrant's best blood. Two of those noble assassins were struck down by the side of the murdered duke. Olgiati, the bravest of the three, threw himself among the crowd, calling the Milanese to arms and liberty; but was soon overtaken, and atoned for his offence by the most excruciating martyrdom. He proved, by his rare constancy in death, by what noble feelings he and his associates were actuated. Never was a people called to liberty by more disinterested enthusiasts. But the people looked on and stood silent. (1476.)

Frequent disturbances threatened, in the mean while, the gradual progress of the house of Medici at Florence. Bernardo Nardi, one of the many exiles who filled Italy with the grievances they endured from the crushing ascendancy of that fortunate family, resolved on a

rash and hopeless attack of the petty town of Prato, where, with all the impatience and restlessness of an exile, he hoped that the Florentines only awaited a signal, needed only to hear the rustling of an insurrectionary standard, to rise in open rebellion.

The headsman of Lorenzo de Medici soon cured him of his illusion. (1740.) Eight years after the doleful tragedy of Prato, the Pazzi, a noble, numerous, and powerful family, seconded by the most conspicuous houses of the Florentine aristocracy, entered into an awful conspiracy against the life of Lorenzo and Julian. Pope Sixtus IV., a violent and sanguinary despot, and Ferdinand, a natural son of Alphonso the Magnanimous, and his successor to the throne of Naples, both of them harassed in their own states by frequent conspiracies—were privy to this murderous complot—an archbishop, Salviati, and two priests, engaged in the most active part of its execution.

The place chosen for the perpetration of the deed was a church—the time, the awful moment of the elevation of the host.

Julian fell pierced by nineteen wounds on the steps of the altar, but Lorenzo extricated himself from the hands of his assassins; his partisans rallied round him,—and the dispersed conspirators, to the number of four hundred, paid with their life the forfeit of their ill-digested attempt. The seas and the mountains afforded no shelter against the vengeance of Medici. (1478.)

The failure of repeated conspiracies at Rome and Naples had led to analogous results—to cement the power against which their efforts were aimed.

Since the reign of Boniface VIII., in the age of Dante, the temporal power of the popes had been, for two centuries, shaken to its foundation. The removal of the Papal seat to Avignon, and subsequently the endless disputes of the great western schism, had rendered the presence of the pope at Rome, a very rare occurrence. The varying feuds of the Roman nobility, and the continual devastations of foreign and national soldiery, had for all that long interval spread desolation and anarchy in the states of the church. The papal supremacy had long ceased to be recognised even in words, and the liberal municipal institutions which Rome and the principal cities had always preserved under the patronage of their pontiffs, were trampled down by the violence of factions, and utterly obliterated.

Long after the close of the great western schism, Nicolas V., a man of haughty and imperious temper, re-established his residence and re-constituted the Papal authority in its absolute supremacy at Rome. (1447.) But the memory of their popular liberties still lingered in more than one Roman breast. Stefano Foscari, a noble citizen, dared to raise a voice for the revival of the ancient rights of the Roman people. He engaged in unsuccessful insurrections and conspiracies, which ended at length in his own destruction, and in that of his numerous accomplices. (1453.)

In the midst of a trembling population was thus the Papal power definitively settled in the capital by a deed of bloodshed. The unswerving ambition and animosity of the fierce Sixtus IV.; the unscrupulous perfidiousness of the profligate Alexander VI.; and the warlike ambition of the haughty Julius II., brought about the final

dispersion of the proudest Roman barons, and the extinction of the petty tyrants of Romagna, and put an end to all pretensions of foreign powers to the territories of the church.

Thus, of the great number of independent states that had been flourishing ever since the earliest dawn of Italian liberty, five large and almost equally-balanced divisions remained towards the end of the fifteenth century; Milan, Venice, Florence, Rome, and Naples. The lords of Mantua and Ferrara, the Dukes of Savoy, and the republics of Lucca and Sienna, followed the destinies of their more powerful neighbours.

Had any of these five principal powers possessed sufficient strength and activity to draw all the others after its political views, or had they, with mutual understanding, joined in a common alliance against common dangers, Italy, deprived as it was of all public spirit, of all national cohesive vitality, might still offer a generous resistance against the ultramontane nations that were about to renew, in that country, all the horrors of the Vandalic invasions. But their mutual suspicions and jealousies, the narrow-minded views of a cowardly policy, involved these potentates in a maze of diplomatic intrigues, in which, under pretext of maintaining a just equilibrium between them, they conspired against each other's tranquillity, until one of them, seized by a sudden panic, had recourse to the fatal measure of calling in a foreign auxiliary.

While thus Italy, divided, disarmed, enslaved, lay at the mercy of her tyrants, all around the circle of the Alps, from the north, from the east and west, nations, which had hitherto either hardly been known by name, or distracted by factions and wars, appeared now suddenly reorganized and become gigantic, and all at once, by a fatal providence, joined in her ruin. The Swiss, whose very name was as yet utterly new in Italy, elated by their exploits at Granson and Morat, began to look down from their Alpine regions and covet the sunny lands of Lombardy, that lay in all their tempting luxuriance at their feet. Complying with the imprudent request of Pope Sixtus IV., the rude mountaineers of the canton of Uri had already entered the territory of Milan, and engaged in a skirmish against the ducal troops at Giornico, which had proved fatal to the Italian arms. (1479.)

The German empire had been restored to a better state of order and union under the house of Austria; and Maximilian, who had, by his marriage with Mary of Burgundy, laid the foundation of the greatness of his more fortunate successor Charles V., was ready to arm his pretensions upon Italy, grounded on rights of imperial supremacy which his predecessors had foregone ever since the age of Frederic II.

Charles VII. of France had, through the almost miraculous intervention of a virgin heroine, reconquered from the English his fairest provinces. Louis XI. had since humbled and chastised the arrogance of his rebellious vassals, added Provence and Flanders to the French crown, and fixed the confines of his monarchy nearly to their present extent. England rested herself from a hundred years of continental wars, and from her long civil dissensions under the despotic sway of the house of Tudor. France, secure in that quarter, had leisure to

come forward to the vindication of her rights on the kingdom of Naples and the duchy of Milan ; and the youthful ambition of Charles VIII. was already irremovably bent on schemes of conquest.

The crowns of Arragon, Castile, and Sicily, had been united by the marriage of Ferdinand and Isabella, (1469,) and their combined efforts had driven from the peninsula the Moors of Grenada : (1492 :) a bastard branch of the house of Arragon already reigned at Naples, and the pretext of affinity was soon to give the Spanish monarchs a right to interfere in the affairs of that kingdom.

Finally, the Turks, led by a succession of heroes, had accomplished the final overthrow of the Eastern empire under Mahomet II., had established themselves on the banks of the Bosphorus, (1453,) and their victorious fleets had spread a sudden consternation all along the Mediterranean coasts. Already the crescent had been seen ominously gleaming on the Italian lands as far as Aquileia ; (1478 ;) while, in the south, the lieutenants of Mahomet II. had surprised and stormed the sea-port of Otranto. (1480.) The building up of all the other nations of Europe was the undoing of Italy.

The times being thus too fatally favourable to the consummation of our ultimate ruin, Ludovico Sforza, called *Il Moro*, sent an invitation to Charles VIII. of France to cross the Alps to the conquest of Naples.

After the assassination of Galeazzo Sforza in 1476, Gian Galeazzo his son, a child of eight years of age, peaceably succeeded to his father in the dukedom, under the regency of Bona of Savoy, his mother. But the uncles of the young duke, especially Ludovic the Moor, taking advantage of the imbecility of the minor, and of the helplessness of the regent, wrested from their hands the sceptre of Milan, and, under the specious pretext of paternal tutorage, kept his languishing nephew in close confinement. Ferdinand of Naples, who had married a Neapolitan princess to the much-wronged young duke, threatened to interfere in his favour, and march his forces against the unnatural usurper. Ludovic saw his danger, and thought of averting it by conjuring up the storm that was to involve his own in the fate of his country.

Charles VIII. of France, a young and sickly, but vain and presumptuous monarch, with a mind surfeited with all the inanities of chivalrous legends, resolved on rivalling the exploits of Charlemagne and St. Louis, looked upon Naples only as a starting point, whence he intended to sail for his conquest of Palestine. The time had come to bring forward his titles to the crown of Naples as a successor of the house of Anjou. Ludovic the Moor had heated his youthful fancy by representing to him the facility of that conquest. Nowhere, in fact, could the French army meet with any serious resistance. Savoy and Montserrat, the great guardians of the Alps, were at that time governed by women. The republic of Genoa, subjected to the dukes of Milan ever since the times of the Archbishop John Visconti, opened all its fortresses to the invading enemy. The republic of Venice, anxious about its eastern possessions, seemed bent on keeping its neutrality, and induced the Lords of Ferrara and Mantua to enter into its views. Lorenzo de' Medici had died at the head of an acquiescent

republic, (1492,) and his son Piero, by coveting rather the appearance than the reality of power, had abandoned the line of policy of his predecessors, and undermined a supremacy that was based merely on popular partiality. With a cowardice and precipitation that cost him his expulsion from Florence, he gave up to the French the strongholds of the Appennines. Pope Alexander, wholly intent on the aggrandizement of his son Cæsar Borgia, was but a faithless and powerless supporter of his threatened ally.

King Ferdinand of Naples had broken the charm that had attached the Neapolitans to his father, Alphonso the Magnanimous. His long reign had been spent in ineffectual struggles to quench the ever-springing conspiracies of his disaffected barons. The fate of Niccolò Piccinino, one of the greatest condottieri, whom he had put to death by an unheard-of perfidy, had alienated from Naples all the soldiers of adventure on whom that court might still rely for a steady defence. The kingdom was discordant and exhausted; numerous Neapolitan exiles followed the standards of France; frequent seditions broke out in the capital on the very eve of the French passing the frontier. Meanwhile Ferdinand had died early in the year 1494. Alphonso II., his son, and Ferdinand II., his grandson, were panic-struck at the approach of the enemy. They deserted their posts, one after another, with unaccountable precipitation.

Naples was lost—nor was a sword unsheathed nor a lance broken in its defence. Thus had Italian independence irretrievably perished. (Feb. 1495.)

The French were indeed driven out of the country in as great a hurry as they had been imprudently let in. The ever-restless anxiety of Ludovic the Moor, the wary though temporizing policy of the Venetian senate, the jealousy of Spain and Germany, armed the league of Venice to the destruction of France. Charles VIII. retraced his way hastily and confusedly towards the north. Italy started up new enemies at every step on the path of the fugitive. Arrested on the banks of the Taro by the army of the Milanese and Venetian allies, the French fought with the courage of despair. The battle of Fornovo was the first, since the time of the Lombard league, where the Italians found themselves in the presence of a foreign foe, and they never since, as a nation, reappeared on the field. Charles made good his escape; a twelvemonth after that conquest, there was not a Frenchman left in the country they had so readily overpowered.

But the cataract had been broken open, and the inundation could no longer be checked. The charm of the invincibility of the Italian military school had vanished, and Italy appeared in all her unwarlike nudity. The delights of her soil and climate, the luxuries of her wealthy communities, the riches of her temples and palaces, had been revealed to the eager eye of her wondering neighbours,—they all raved with impatience of securing their share in the prey. The short-sighted and selfish policy of her pusillanimous government was confounded by the novelty and gravity of the event. As it happens but too often among the victims of a sudden disaster, they provided for their own safety by the sacrifice of their natural allies. They sat silent and passive on the downfall of their brothers, unaware that

every hour hastened the maturity of their own. Nay, more ! They sued for the aid of a foreign sword to bring down their rivals, nor saw that that sword had two edges, and struck blindly and mercilessly against friend and foe.

The storm now gathered around the head of the first promoter of that national calamity. Nothing daunted by the reverses of his predecessor, Louis XII. led the French to the conquest of Milan, which his vanguard was alone sufficient to achieve. (1499.) Ludovic the Moor, abandoned and betrayed by his Swiss mercenaries at Novara, fell into the hands of his enemies, and died, after a long captivity, in France.

Meanwhile the monarchs of Spain and France agreed on the partition of the kingdom of Naples, to the exclusion of their ally and its legitimate heir, Don Frederic, the last prince of the Arragonese house of Naples, who also died a captive in France. (1501.) But that unnatural compact between two emulous nations could not last long. Hostilities broke forth between France and Spain, and Gonzalvo of Cordova secured for his master the entire possession of the realm. (1503.)

Next came the turn of Venice. A compact had already been entered into between Louis XII. and Maximilian of Austria, for the partition of the Venetian terra firma. (1504.) But the ambition of the warlike Pope Julius II. raised up new enemies against Venice, and nearly all the powers of Europe signed the League of Cambray. (1509.) The republic, all alone, menaced by so powerful a coalition, showed itself worthy of her ancient renown. Her troops fought the French gloriously, yet disastrously, at Agnadello : they drove from Padua, Maximilian of Austria, and his host of one hundred thousand combatants. Their magnanimous defence reconciled the goodwill of the French monarch and the proud heart of Julius II., and Venice was allowed to come out safe and sound from that unequal contest. (1510.) But her vital strength was gone, her influence as a continental power was lost for ever ; and limiting herself to a passive, defenceless policy at home, she turned all her efforts towards her native element, where a long and noble struggle awaited her in the East.

The League of Cambray was followed by the Holy League. Julius II. called on the Italian states to join him in his generous but illusory scheme of driving the barbarians out of Italy. The lieutenants of Louis XII., attacked by the Swiss, Spanish, and Italian confederates, notwithstanding their high-purchased victory of Ravenna, were ultimately compelled to evacuate the country. (1512.)

But the struggle was soon renewed at the accession of the two formidable rivals, Francis I. and Charles V. From the battle of Marignano (1515) to the rout of Pavia (1525) the plains of Lombardy were turned into a vast battle-field, until the captivity of Francis I. laid the whole country at the discretion of his fortunate antagonist.

Only two years afterwards, a band of Spanish and German robbers, led by a renegade traitor, stormed and ravaged Rome in the name of Charles V. (1527.) From that day the haughty pontiffs of Rome

were made aware that, like the rest of Italy, their very existence was at the mercy of foreigners. There was one more short struggle at Florence, (1530,) and then all was submission and silence.

The downfall of Italy was embittered by the virulent accusations of her foreign dominators, who highly proclaimed that that nation only met with the fate that its cowardice and perfidy fully deserved. Woe to the conquered!

The subjugation of a country, whose different states never, but on one fortuitous occasion, fought under the same banner, accomplished by the combined attacks of three colossal powers, was attributed to the unwarlike and pusillanimous disposition of its inhabitants. In vain did the last remains of Italian militia lavishly bleed at Agnadello, at Padua, at Ravenna, and on the Garigliano! In vain did Hector Fieramosca and his twelve followers chastise the taunting arrogance of an equal number of French men-at-arms in the private encounter at Barletta. (1503.) The ugly stain of cowardice was indelibly inflicted on the Italian name, nor ever since that day has it ceased to brand our national character.

The arts of cunning and perfidy, and the double dealings and falsehoods with which foreigners so bitterly reproached the Italian princes in the fifteenth century, might, perhaps, have been excusable on the part of weak and defenceless governments brought all at once into an unequal contest with widely superior forces. But when we see the lion stooping to the wiles of the fox; when we see Spain and France coolly parting between them the states of their confiding Neapolitan ally; and again France and Germany conspiring to the extinction of inoffensive Venice; and the honest Swiss, not only basely deserting, but even delivering the fugitive Ludovic the Moor into the hands of relentless foes; and the French aiding the Pisans to shake off their yoke, only to sell them back again to the Florentines whenever it suited their interests:—when we read of so many treaties and alliances shamelessly broken, of so many flagrant defections, complots, and treacheries, we must confess that French, Germans, and Spaniards, were but too soon initiated in that crooked policy of which they so loudly complained, whilst they could not even allege a state of weakness and helplessness as an extenuation of their duplicity. But perfidy and duplicity remained among the characteristic traits of the Italian nature, and foreigners, in general, make it a duty to look upon every person they meet, on their way through our country, as a professor of the unprincipled doctrines of Cæsar Borgia or Machiavello.

The deeds of sanguinary execution by which the conquest of Italy was accomplished or secured, were utterly new and unexampled in the annals of the country, even among the darkest records of the barbaric invasions. The French, never shrinking from any open violation of the rights of nations, surprised and stormed Capua, while a parley was going on, butchered seven thousand unarmed citizens in the streets, and committed every brutal outrage on their defenceless wives and daughters. (1506.) Louis XII., after granting an honourable capitulation to Genoa, sent the Doge and the principal citizens to the scaffold, thus punishing their heroic devotion to the cause of

their country. (1507.) The same monarch, irritated by the delay occasioned by the manly resistance of the town of Peschiera and Caravaggio, hung their commanders on the battlements of their citadels, and put to the sword their surrendering garrisons (1509.) A French officer beset with fire the mouth of a cavern, wherein the women and children of Venice had taken refuge during the wars of the League of Cambray, and nearly six thousand of these innocent victims perished among the cruel agonies of suffocation. (1510.) Such were the exploits of a king and a nation who boasted of having signalized their age by the revival of chivalry. The morals of the country were shocked by the constant perpetration of such nefarious outrages. The hunted-down population had scarcely any resource left but the dagger and poison. Yet even the arts of assassination and treason were brought into Italy, or at least carried into perfection, by foreigners, if at least we are to believe that Rodrigo Borgia, Pope Alexander VI., was a Spaniard, and the Constable of Bourbon a Frenchman. But as a ferocious and sanguinary propensity is always found combined with dastardly timidity, no nation has ever been impeached with more wanton cruelty and bloody-mindedness than the Italians. The poniard is said to be essentially a national weapon, from their proudest noble to the bandit of the Appennines; and from the death of the Dolphin of Francis I. down, we believe, to the trial of Madame Laffarge, not a poisoned cup has been administered without an Italian being in some manner or other suspected to be privy to the deed.

The free and easy manners of republican Italy were superseded by the gorgeous style and by the gross adulation of foreign courtiers. The very language of Dante was diluted into the empty phrases of a pompous grandiloquence, and the awkward mode of addressing the third person was imported from Spain and naturalized into the Italian *lei*, a mode of speech, till the sixteenth century, unknown in Italy. Still the Italians are pretended to be the inventors of every kind of servility of language, and their cringing, coaxing, fawning manners are a theme of the constant reproach of their European brothers, who think they have reason to argue from it the unfairness and meanness, the emasculations and degeneracy of their national character. Woe to the conquered! The lustre of their Italian name faded with the loss of its independent existence. The vices and crimes, which were either engrafted on them by their foreign invaders, or were only the consequence of oppression and vassalage, were laid to the charge of the fallen race, and became their characteristical distinction.

From that general wreck of Italian nationality, only two of the principal ancient states still preserved a precarious and, to a great extent, nominal independence—Venice and Genoa; and four new, or newly-aggrandized states, arose to an ephemeral and tinsel lustre—Savoy, Ferrara, Tuscany, and Rome. These were all destined to dispute against each other the prominence on the stage of Italian politics, always under the shade of the influence of some of the great potentates who exercised, by turns, a paramount authority over the country. We shall have occasion to witness their prosperity, and gradual

decline, during the period of Italian principalities, which we next propose to examine. Meanwhile, it remains for us to show, in a few words, the situation in which each of those states found itself at the close of the glorious epoch which we have hitherto traced down to its expiration—the epoch of Italian liberty and independence.

Since the deadly experiment of the war of Chiozza (1378—1381) had given the Republic of Venice a wide superiority over Genoa, and the continental wars, by which that state overcame Francesco da Carrara, Lord of Padua, Vicenza, and Verona, (1404, 1405,) and conquered Brescia and Bergamo from the Dukes of Milan, (1427—1430,) had secured it the possession of a vast territory in *terra firma*, Venice, elated by success, anticipated the moment in which she might assert her supreme influence, if not her absolute sovereignty, over all Italy. With a disinterestedness of patriotic feelings, which aristocracy alone is wonted to foster and strengthen, the Venetian nobles not only lavished their blood and fortunes to the promotion of their national glory, but even voluntarily renounced the privileges of their rank and the inalienable rights of men, submitting to a violent, arbitrary, iron rule, that their government, relying on absolute unanimity and security at home, might boldly and freely pursue its conquests abroad.

The warlike Francesco Foscari, invested with the supreme dignity of the state, beheld with more than Spartan firmness the repeated tortures that the dark Council of Ten inflicted on his ill-fated son. A year after his son's demise, the doge himself had become obnoxious to that suspicious tribunal, to which the chief magistrate of the republic was no less subjected than the meanest of citizens. Without uttering one word of murmuring or complaint, the nonagenarian hero deposed a sceptre, which he had wielded with so much honour for thirty-four years, and died broken-hearted, as it were, on the steps of his throne, as the peals of the bell of St. Mark announced the inauguration of his successor. (1457.)

Antonio Grimani, who was cast into irons on his return from an unsuccessful expedition in the Levant, (1499,) forgetting his country's injustice in the hour of danger, with a magnanimity of which Victor Pisani had, a century before, given such a signal example, passed from his dungeon to the command of the Venetian forces, and restored, by his presence, the fortune and confidence of the Republic.

Andrea Gritti, one of the most conspicuous Venetian generals, had given such high testimonials of a rare heroism in many encounters by sea, and by land at the battle of Agnadello, as to command the respect and admiration of his French and Ottoman enemies. A prisoner at Constantinople in 1503, and in France in 1513, he knew how to turn those friendly feelings to the advantage of his country, and from the loneliness of his captivity he was enabled to negotiate a peace with Bajazet II. and Lewis XII., on such terms as Venice could hardly have dared to anticipate.

Such was the spirit of true greatness by which the lion of St. Mark was still animated; by such traits of republican virtue it sustained itself during the long struggle against the Turks from 1463 to 1503,

and against the French, during the Cambray and Holy Leagues, from 1508 to 1516.

But it lay now weary, exhausted, and bleeding. The wounds which it had scarcely felt during the heat of that action now burst open afresh, and it was made to feel, in its full extent, the utter exhaustion of its forces. Still there was life around its heart, and during the whole course of the sixteenth century we shall see it renewing its frequent struggles against its Mussulman antagonists, and making the last stand in Italy in favour of freedom of thought.

THE GOLDSMITH'S DAUGHTER.

A LEGEND.

BY MRS. VALENTINE BARTHOLOMEW, LATE MRS. TURNBULL.

FAIR maiden, let thy father make a ring of jewels rare,
And with some curious workmanship entwine this lock of hair ;
I mean it as a gift to one whose beauty is my pride,
So, prithee, let the ring be wrought fit for a royal bride.

The maiden's cheek turned deadly pale, as he repeated o'er
The order for that fatal ring beneath her father's door.
How often had that treacherous knight stood there with whispers bland,
Relating tales of faithful love, as he fondly pressed her hand !

But honied words and sunny smiles will lead young hearts astray,
And looks as gentle as the lamb's sometimes the wolf betray.
That Knight's dark eyes are turned from hers, there's coldness in his tone,
And bitterly that maiden wept in silence when alone.

The ring is wrought with sapphire stones, encircled round with pearl,
And emerald and diamond wreaths surround a raven curl,
And tears stole down the maiden's cheek, as her trembling fingers strove
To weave the hair in some device that told of treacherous love.

One morning at the Goldsmith's gate a cavalcade was seen,
And on a snow-white charger rode a knight of graceful mien :
" Make haste, my child," the old man cried ; " make haste, and hither
bring
To the princely knight who waiteth here, his lady's bridal ring."

With faltering steps the girl obeyed her father's hard commands,
And in the wildness of despair before her false love stands ;
He gave her but one thrilling look, and then with rapture cried—
" The ring, beloved one, is for thee, my beautiful, my bride !"

LORD KILLIKELLY.¹

BY ABBOTT LEE.

CHAPTER XXVIII.

VERONESE had just returned home to the little house in Lisson Grove, toil-worn and dust-be-sprinkled. She had been out teaching quantities of the fine arts to the chubby children of a selection of butchers, and bakers, and cheesemongers, and tallow-chandlers; and having found them rather inapt in forming lines of beauty, and somewhat deficient in the capability of spreading out aerial tints, and having been very much wondered at that some Anna Marias or some Eliza Matildas were not quite so accomplished as the old masters after two whole quarters' instruction from her—she had returned, as we have said, rather out of love with the world, and with all things in it.

We are quite sure that women were never intended to do anything else but to fill home with sunshiny smiles, to be happy themselves, and to make everybody happy around them. What business have they in the elbowing crowd of the world? Ah! but when necessity drives, as it did poor Veronese! Well, then, we suppose it was well to do as Veronese did.

Veronese had thrown off her shawl, had untied her poke straw bonnet, and suffered it to drop on the floor, and had let herself fall into a chair, in a very heroinish style, and had contrived to derange her hair after the most approved fashion of damsels in distress. Her cheek was flushed, her lip disdainful, and her eye bright with scorn.

"Veronese, how nervous you make me, sitting in that miserable way! You ought to have a little more consideration for me," said Mrs. Rowland.

Now Veronese thought that Mrs. Rowland might have had a little more consideration for *her*.

"Pray, is anything the matter with you, that you sit in that way?"

"I am rather tired, mamma," said Veronese.

"Tired! and so am I every day of my life. When I was as young as you, I should have scorned to have been tired with a little bit of a walk."

"My dear," said the painter, interfering, but with great meekness, "you were more robust than Veronese."

"Robust, Mr. Rowland! robust! I was always particularly delicate!—particularly delicate! Grant me patience! How can anybody call me robust, and see me suffer as I do."

"Yes, my dear, yes—I see—I see; but I meant when you were young, my dear—I meant when you were young."

"When I was young, Mr. Rowland! when I was young! Well, I do think that reflections upon people's ages are the most illiberal, the most unhandsome, the most ungenteel——"

Mrs. Rowland's indignation took from her the ability of illustrating her rhetoric by any of the figures of comparison which were floating like vapours through her brain.

¹ Continued from p. 221.

"Yes, my dear, yes—I see, I see; but age has nothing to do with beauty, my dear."

Now as this is rather a pleasant doctrine to ladies on whose cheeks the pearly, pinky, peachy blossoms of young life have faded, Mrs. Rowland began to entertain a rather new idea of the possibility of Mr. Rowland possessing a little sense in his head after all.

"Well, I don't think myself that youth has much to do with beauty," said Mrs. Rowland, rather more placidly; "I know many a young bit of a chit with no more pretensions to beauty than—than—Veronese's great grandmother."

"She was a splendid woman!" said the artist, lifting up his head from his painting, and contemplating the ceiling in a sort of rapture of recollection,—*"she was a splendid woman!"*

"She might have been passable whilst she was young, but I am speaking of her when she was old, and wrinkled, and stooping, and withered."

"So am I," said the artist; "but those wrinkles were magnificent. Such curves! such lines! ah, there was real beauty!"

"A real fiddlestick!" said the artist's lady.

"Well, my dear, well," said the artist, meekly.

"No, it isn't well that you should talk such provoking nonsense."

"Ah, my dear, you don't see the beautiful of things."

"The beautiful of rubbish!" scornfully ejaculated the artist's lady.

"Yes, my dear, yes; there is great beauty very frequently in those heaps which mistaking and indiscriminating people vulgarly and unphilosophically call rubbish."

"As much beauty, no doubt, as there is in wrinkles," said the lady contemptuously.

"Wrinkles are fine things," said the artist, "exceedingly fine things! Beauty consists not in red and white, though it be, as the poet saith, by Nature's own sweet and cunning hand laid on; but it dwells in expression; beauty is altogether intellectual: it is of the mind, my dear—I speak of the beauty of mind."

"I didn't know that a mind made a good complexion, or gave bright eyes, or an aquiline nose, or a handsome mouth, or fine hair, or a shape and a figure; and I always thought, though of course I must be mistaken, that these things were beauty."

"All very well, my dear, in their way, but the mere beauty of the world. The intellectual expression that I mean is an emanation of divine grace. I remember that I was once in love——"

"In love!"

Unfortunately the artist was too obtuse to take warning, and continued.

"I was once in love three whole years, from merely seeing the shadow of a lady's petticoat upon the wall. I caught sight of nothing but the wave of her garment in its shadow; but there was such grace, such tenderness, such delicacy in that soul-subduing shadow, that I could think of little else for full three years after."

"Well, I *am* surprised," said Mrs. Rowland, and she said it quite as if she meant it; "and pray did you follow the—the—the thing?"

"The shadow—yes, I followed it as soon as I recovered sufficient

recollection ; but I had stood entranced too long, and I lost it. Yes—I lost it for ever !” and the artist sighed very piteously.

“ Well, I never heard !” ejaculated Mrs. Rowland.

“ Such grace !” said the artist rapturously : “ such ravishing grace !”

“ And so you tell *me—me—*your own wife—that you actually were in love with a bit of a trumpery petticoat ?”

“ It was the perfect grace, my dear, the perfect grace.”

“ O, don’t tell me !—don’t tell me, Mr. Rowland ! men don’t fall in love with shadows ; they fall in love with substances.”

“ My dear, my dear, vulgar, mundane, earthly people no doubt do so ; but mine was altogether an intellectual passion.”

“ O, no doubt, sir !—I dare say the creature you talk about was handsome enough.”

“ My dear, I tell you again, I was in love with nothing but a spirit—the spirit of beauty.”

“ O, that won’t do, Mr. Rowland !” said Mrs. Rowland ; “ I’m not quite so simple.”

The artist sighed, and looked quite as if he were.

“ Who would ever be married !” ejaculated the artist’s lady pathetically. “ Only think, for a wife to be told to her face that her husband was in love with somebody else !”

“ My dear, my dear,” said the artist somewhat impatiently, “ you won’t understand !”

“ I understand too well,” said the lady. “ I see now what it all means when I speak to you and you don’t answer me—when I talk to you and you don’t hear—you are thinking of—”

“ I am thinking of nothing, my dear, but the spirit of beauty.”

“ A nasty, good-for-nothing creature !” exclaimed Mrs. Rowland.

“ My dear, my dear,” said the artist, “ I know that you mean well, but you really don’t comprehend——”

“ Don’t I, Mr. Rowland ? I comprehend well enough that I am a wretched, ill-used woman,” and Mrs. Rowland took out her pocket-handkerchief to have it ready.

“ Who uses you ill, my dear ?” said the artist very innocently ; “ only tell me, and I’ll——”

“ Why, you do—you do !” screamed Mrs. Rowland.

Mr. Rowland looked as if his mental faculties were all in the clouds.

“ I’m the most miserable woman on the face of the earth,” said Mrs. Rowland ; “ and you’ve made me so.”

“ Mamma, mamma !” expostulated Veronese.

“ Hold your tongue, miss ! Why do you interfere ? You are always ready enough to take against me.”

“ But, mamma——”

“ Hold your tongue, miss, I say again.”

Veronese turned round and walked out of the room. She felt herself offended with her own mother.

As Veronese walked up the little flight of steep steps which led up to her own room, she was both chafed and grieved to hear her mother’s complaining and reproachful voice, and her father’s disclaiming

and explanatory accents ; but in the midst of the discord she heard, what they did not, the music of the knocker played by some unaccustomed hand ; and having leant her head over the banisters to ascertain who might be the visiter, she caught sight of a certain visage, the recipe for which might have been fairly written out ; viz. a pair of black eyes, very restless and unhappy-looking ; a forehead tolerably expanded and high, knitted into the lines of an anxious frown ; an aristocratic nose, and a proud upper lip, altogether being carried about by a tall thin gentleman, who looked as if his toilette were passing into a state of philosophy or neglect ; and as the eyes of the artist's daughter became cognisant of these external signs of acquaintanceship, her ears were saluted with the tones of a voice speaking in a style too high for pride, and requesting to know if she who was the beholder and auditor were "at home."

Veronese having heard the inquiry, walked straight up to her own little chamber, and directly to the front of her own miniature looking-glass. Now, truth to tell, ladies with dishevelled hair and disordered habiliments may look very well in pictures, and their descriptions may sound well in poetry ; but, for the veritable matter-of-fact, a certain air of tidiness is altogether indispensable to real agreeableness of person. Veronese looked for a moment on her own reflected portrait ; the sallow hue of discontent had overspread her complexion, her dark eyes were clouded over with unhappiness, and she had parted her disordered hair as a weight from her oppressed brow, and as she thus gazed upon herself, she experienced fully and strongly a fit of that truly disagreeable and uncomfortable malady, which in pithy, homely, but most admirable truth of phrase, is called "*being out of love with oneself* ;" and as self-love is the sweetest, the most nourishing, the kindest and dearest cordial of our life, so being out of this vital aliment is the saddest of all mental famines.

Veronese was roused from this contemplation by the entrance of the maid of their establishment, who filled all its various offices, or left them unfilled, as best suited her convenience, bearing Mr. Wickham's card ; and on this fresh stimulus Veronese immediately took such strong measures as in a few minutes to overrule her disorder into order, and she descended into the magnificently large apartment of their mansion, not so very heroinish after all.

Walter Wickham was standing before that portrait of Lady Killikelly which had beforetime attracted and riveted the attention of the peer ; and as Veronese entered, he turned towards her and held out his hand.

"Does not our common relationship," said Wickham, to the original of this resemblance, "in some measure connect us with each other ?"

Veronese gave him her hand. "It does."

"Let people say what they will of the rights of friendship," said Wickham, "the rights of relationships are stronger. When I look upon you, you seem to bring back again before me, in all the renovation of youth, the kindest and the dearest being that ever blessed a home with her presence — she who nursed my childhood, and made my boyhood happy. Yesterday, when I met you at Mrs. Cavanagh's,

first your strong resemblance, and afterwards finding such an unlooked-for and almost miraculous connexion existing between you and the Killikelly family, I was struck with wonder at the circumstance, and I could not rest without coming to you to-day to apologise for that abruptness with which I left you yesterday."

"I believe," said Veronese with a slight smile, "that man need never apologise to woman for any emotion of his feelings."

"That is a kind doctrine," said Wickham, "but one that it would be rather dangerous to promulgate. The impulses of the feelings often lead us into things to be repented of. I hope your present welcome of me will not be among them."

"A poor welcome," said Veronese, as she glanced somewhat scornfully round on the time-worn garniture and mean dimensions of the apartment in which they were standing,—*"a poor welcome; and yet I might do the honours of a chair."*

Wickham, with a little of the spice of his former gallantry, led Veronese the two steps which conducted to the old worn-out sofa, and seated himself by her side.

"I am learning philosophy in Mrs. Cavanagh's school," said Wickham; "and had I not been placed under her tuition, believe me that I should have been insensible to the demerits of any place in which I had the pleasure of making your acquaintance."

"And you are," said Veronese,—*"pardon me, for I cannot help wondering at the strangeness of all this—you are Lord Killikelly's nephew?"*

"Yes," said Walter, "yes,—but do not misunderstand. I am neither the heir of his wealth nor his honours. I am banished—dismissed from his presence—disinherited. I am almost a beggar, and quite an outcast."

"Had you come to us rich and prosperous," said Veronese, "you would not have needed our sympathy."

"Most probably I should not have found my way to you at all; and had you been rich and prosperous, I should have shunned you equally. As it is, I am feeling that there is a sweetness even in the companionship of disaster."

"Are we to speak freely to each other," asked Veronese, "without the fear of inflicting little mortifications, or wounding and bruising each other's pride?"

"I think that humiliations have broken down the wall of my pride," said Wickham.

"And I think that humiliations are the stones of which mine has been built," said Veronese.

"Show me the kindness of candour," said Wickham, "and let my pride take its chance."

"Then I shall certainly tell you," said Veronese, "that if you are in misfortunes you ought to conquer them, and not suffer them to conquer you."

"Bravely said," replied Wickham; "but my misfortunes come against me in a host, and I, who am to withstand them, am but a unit."

"No matter; buckle on your armour, and imitate the knights of

old. Be a Sir Bevis, or an Earl Guy. What misfortunes are there in this world which mental courage may not overcome? Leave it to woman to sink beneath her troubles."

"And why to woman?"

"Because she has none to help her, and cannot help herself."

Veronese leant back on the old horse-hair sofa, and her countenance assumed the mingled expressions of wounded feelings and rebellious pride.

"And this from you, who preach to others?"

"Those who preach to others may themselves be castaways."

"Do you know," said Wickham, "that you are suffering me to see your heart?"

"You see," said Veronese, "that I am proud, and that I am unhappy. What then! These are the secrets of half the world."

"The secrets of my own heart, too," said Wickham; "I have provoked my own punishment; but what have you done?"

"Rebelled against the whole tissue of my life, from its earliest perceptions."

"And I have been passing down the stream of prosperity, until now I am shipwrecked."

"This should be the date of your new existence. How much more honourable is the condition which men carve out for themselves, than that into which birth or accident may thrust them! Believe me, at this moment, I would wish for no nobler fortune than to have the frame of a man, and the spirit of a man, and the world before me as an arena for my exertions."

"You make me blush for the paltry cowardice of my despondency, and ashamed of my pusillanimity."

"That man is not the happiest who is born to greatness, but he is happiest who achieves it."

"Well," said Walter, "I will go to my dry, musty books with better appetite. I am studying for the bar, as you know, in the delightful luxury of Mrs. Cavanagh's residence. Perhaps, when I am withered into parchment, and starved down into a skeleton, when my head is gray, and my eye dim,—when success has lost its triumph, and life ceased to charm with its attractions, then, perhaps, you may hear that I have got a brief."

"Yes," said Veronese, "and when that day comes, when my own heart shall be silenced, and the pulses of my own frame shall languish, and all the hopes of life be dead and gone,—why then I will the more honour you for the strength of a resolution which could live on in the midst of delay and disappointment, triumphing over a decaying body and fainting hopes, and holding on like a creature of immortality."

"There is something very noble in all this," said Wickham; "but if I were to tell you of nearer and dearer hopes that are disappointed, which no after success can compensate."

"Ah!" said Veronese—and as her quick apprehension caught the thread of Wickham's intimation, and, with all the promptness of a woman's tact, she seized on the implied meaning, and went on unravelling the clue, her face faded down from its flush of colour to its

usual sallowness; "so you have that grief, too. But in a man, even that is not hopeless. You have not to sit quietly down till you are sought—you can *seek*—you can follow—you can breathe the charm of your attentions. You can surround the object of your affections with a perfect atmosphere of sentiment and remembrances, so that no thought of her whom you thus honour, can ever wander beyond that charmed circle. You can do all this—never fear that your bird will fly from such a gilded cage. See your advantage over us. It is woman only that must pine and die in neglect, without daring even to gasp for life."

"I am afraid," said Wickham, "that I have not had this fear quite so strongly."

"Ah, then, not at all," said Veronese.

"I should certainly have put the matter into tamer words," said Wickham; "but, believe me, there would have been as much sincerity in them. My unhappy division from my uncle has no less divided me from a lady to whom I had been accustoming myself to think I was sincerely attached; and however long I might be content to wait for the chancellorship, I must confess that I could not have equal patience in postponing my dearer happiness to the same date."

"If you have the better part of affection," said Veronese, "you must possess it now and always."

"But my lady-love may change."

"Not while you are unchanged."

"Then do you think affection a sympathy?"

"Ah, what else!"

"Is there not a sympathy between *us*?"

Veronese blushed to her very brow.

"And I am not sure that there is sympathy between myself and the lady of whom we speak."

"It is dangerous to speculate," said Veronese; "we establish systems only to make them tests to prove our own mistakes."

"Lord Killikelly was always adverse to my choice."

"And the lady's friends?"

"Were kinder then."

"But now?"

"Now they are against me too. They have proved themselves selfish—worldly—*prudent*—yes, very prudent."

"And the lady herself? She will only love you the better for your misfortunes."

"Ah, but my misfortunes, as you call them, are in truth my faults."

"She will not think so."

"I do not know her thoughts. I was denied admission at her dwelling, and I have not seen her since."

"And you have left her to mourn over your absence—to pine under your neglect?"

Wickham was silent.

"You have left her to doubts of your feelings, grief over your disappointments, apprehensions for your welfare. And yet you talk of your own unhappiness!"

"What ought I to have done?"

"Go to her and prove to her that you are unchanged. Her greatest misery must be your neglect. Go and prove to her that though all outward things may change, your inward heart is still the same. Go and give her this consolation."

"I will do so," said Wickham. "And then tell me if I shall be a welcome visitor to you again. You seem to have breathed into me the breath of life afresh; to have inspired me with renewed vigour; to have given me fresh energy. I will renew my combat with this fighting world. I will try to win from it some of its best honours, some of its sweetest fruits, some of its fairest rewards."

"The world is before you," said Veronese; "go and win a victory, and believe that I wish you all good speed."

CHAPTER XXIX.

Our veritable history carries us again to the soapboiler's mansion at Bermondsey.

Mrs. Phillicody had gone to the trouble of a fire in the best room every day for a week, notwithstanding the cross looks of her maid; she had also incurred the expense of sundry chickens, and jellies, and Talleyrand cakes, so that she might not be taken by surprise by her expected visitor, but have something genteel, quite, of course, by chance, in their mere usual way of living, when my Lord Killikelly should think it proper to pay his promised visit. In truth, Ravel, under his borrowed plumes and pilfered title, had made sad havoc and revel-rush in the soapboiler's dwelling. The autocrat himself had suffered a melancholy diminution of consequence, being snubbed perpetually by both wife and daughter, for the multitude of vulgar habits and ignoble sentiments which he either disburdened himself of more frequently and ostentatiously, or that their freshly filliped up perceptions made them feel and see more quickly and acutely and vividly. As to Mrs. Phillicody, she daily lamented the terrible degradation into which she had cast herself by marrying a soapboiler, and persisted in believing that, had she only waited a little longer, she might have found a lord, as the poor milliner girl of her family had done; but since, unfortunately, the mischief was perpetrated in her own person, she would be prudent for her daughter, and prevent her from losing all similar hopes. To be sure, though the wedding clothes were bought, what would that signify? They ought to bless themselves that they had come to their senses in time, that they were saved from the ignominy of an alliance with the clan of a vulgar dry-salter. As to the poor head of the family, his chief comfort lay in the society of his intended son-in-law. Hitherto they had not been very particularly good friends, but it is astonishing how fellow-suffering attaches people together. The father and the lover were both at fault as to the diplomacy of the house; the soapboiler, because his wife and daughter were rather nervous at the idea of disclosing to him the secret of Phœbe being out of love with her lover, and altogether regarding him as unworthy of the distinguished honour of

aspiring to the right and title of her fair hand, and, in fact, wondering at his impudence in ever having done so; and both of the ladies being perfectly sensible, that until this was done, they could not do anything more effectual than freeze Harry Hooke, and then wait as patiently as they could until they could break the ice; and whilst they were thus devising plans, and waiting for opportunities, a sort of winter, in their manner, so chilled the two gentlemen as to make them seek a little warmth in each other, to save them from being frostbitten to death.

"What must we say to your papa?" exclaimed Mrs. Phillicody; "he will think all our clothes, and all the wine, and the sweetmeats, and the rest of the things, such shocking waste!"

"You know that papa was not particularly for the match," said Phœbe.

"Ah! that was when *we* were for it; but you know that your papa is so contrary."

"And am I to throw myself away for that?" asked Phœbe, in tones of the deepest injury—"to throw myself away to please papa!"

"I was thrown away," said Mrs. Phillicody, with a sigh.

"I don't mean to be," said the daughter, with a very proper spirit.

"What *are* we to do with your papa?" said Mrs. Phillicody.

"O, we shall only have a piece of work," said Phœbe, with an air of great hardihood.

"Yes; a piece of work, indeed," responded Mrs. Phillicody.

"And then have done with it," said the daughter.

"I don't know when we shall have done with it," said mamma;

"I don't ever expect to hear the last of it."

"We've had many a piece of work before," said Phœbe, philosophically.

"Yes, but this will be a blazing one."

"He can't kill us," said Phœbe; "that's one comfort."

"He'll fly off into *such* a passion."

"I think," said Phœbe, "we had better out with it at once."

"But how?"

"Suppose I write to him."

"He'll set the house on fire with your letter."

"Shall I cry for an hour or two, and then take one of my new worked laced cambric handkerchiefs, and go and throw myself at his feet?"

"I'm sure he'd kick you."

"Shall I be ill, and go to bed, and be very miserable, and send for a doctor, and make him say that I've got something on my mind?"

"I should have all the misery then."

"Shall I tell him I won't, because I won't?"

"I'd rather manage it peaceably. Couldn't we contrive to frighten Harry Hooke out of it, and so lay the blame upon him?"

"I don't know what to say to that," said Phœbe. "It's all very well to shake him off, but I should not like him to shake me off."

"I see that you have a hankering after the fellow still," said Mrs. Phillicody; "I wish you had a little more of my spirit."

"I have plenty of my own," said Phœbe, proudly, and with a very well-satisfied air. "But upon the whole, perhaps, it would be as well to quarrel with him, just to pave the way for turning him off."

"And here he comes," said Mrs. Phillicody.

Just at this juncture Mr. Harry Hooke entered the room. Mrs. Phillicody spoke to him in the coldest and most withering manner possible; Phœbe pretended to be reading, and of course did not see him.

Harry Hooke, finding that the eyes of his mistress were not intending to do him the honour of looking at him, took a little sprig of myrtle from his button-hole, and threw it on to her book, saying, "Come, Phœbe, shut your book, and put this mark in the place. A sprig of myrtle ought to be a book-mark, elegant enough for Venus—that is to say, if her goddesship ever read anything but odes and love-letters."

Phœbe looked very much offended, and shook the myrtle-mark from the leaves of her book into the fire, with as much disgust as though it had been an adder or an asp.

"I wish you'd let me be; I don't like to be teased."

"And I don't like to be tormented."

"Who does anything to torment you?"

"You."

"Then you had better keep out of my way."

"Unkind! How can I do that? How do you think I could contrive to exist, if I were never to see you? The cure would be worse than the complaint."

"That is so—so—mawky," said Phœbe, with an insulting air.

Harry Hooke reddened. "Then, of course, I beg your pardon for it, and withdraw it."

"I could exist very well," said Phœbe.

"It is ungenerous," said Harry Hooke, "to wound where there can be no reprisal."

"I don't like people always to be fancying things," said Phœbe.

"Am I *fancying* that you are unkind?"

"There is never any peace with such people," said Phœbe.

"I agree with you," said Harry, "in thinking it intolerable to live with people who are the slaves of whims and tempers."

"Do you know anybody of that class?" said Phœbe.

Harry Hooke looked at her, and smiled archly. "I hope not."

"Hope not! Can't you say whether you do or no?"

"You know everything the best."

Phœbe's face was growing red with anger.

"For my own part, I love a calm and even temper," continued Harry.

"And I hate a tantalizing one," said Phœbe.

"Gentle and unruffled," resumed Hooke.

"Irritating and provoking," continued Phœbe.

"Full of that generous trustfulness which is so utterly forgetful of all self."

"I hate to be talked *at*," said Phœbe.

"We are only making general reflections," said Hooke.

"I know that you mean them individually," said Phœbe; "I know that you meant them for me."

"No more than you intended your observations for me."

"Well," said Phœbe, taking courage as she grew really angry, "I never could spend my days with a man of aggravating temper. I'd sooner ——"

"What?"

"Never be married at all," said Phœbe desperately.

Harry Hooke smiled a smile of scornful incredulity. Phœbe instantly took fire.

"And I have a great mind never to be married at all," continued Phœbe in an increase of mental fever; "a great mind—the greatest mind."

"That is being great-minded indeed," said Hooke, rather too scornfully for a lover.

"More especially to throw oneself away," said Phœbe."

"And not know who might find you."

"It is so foolish to marry over young," said Phœbe, prudently.

"Who would have us when we were old?" said Hooke.

"To live in a cottage where one could not dance a quadrille," said Phœbe.

"Or whirl a waltz."

"With a single maid to take your dinner to the bakehouse and open the door ajar, just wide enough to tell your friends that you are not at home."

"Who might well bless themselves for the happy circumstance."

"Well, for my part," said Phœbe, "love and a cottage are not at all to my taste."

"If love would not please you, I am sure you would not like a cottage."

"I always think of pigs and poultry when people talk about love and a cottage."

"And pray, then, may I ask what you really do prefer?"

"O, a fine, old, well-wooded seat in one of the midland counties," said Phœbe, with a newly-got-up air of family pride.

"Indeed!" said Hooke scornfully, "a family seat that did not belong to one's own family, would be something like arms bought at the herald's office, and they would be in their turn like a coat that had never been made for you—a second-hand—no fit."

"I don't know what you mean," said Phœbe in a state of great mental excitability; "our family have both fine old country-seats and coats of arms, too, belonging to them."

"I beg the whole family's pardon," said Hooke.

"Our family is not to be sneered at in that way, I can tell you."

"My dear Phœbe," said Hooke, "don't let us get serious."

"I was never more serious in my life," said Phœbe.

"Well, I acknowledge that I have been jesting."

"I confess that I have not been able to find the point of your wit."

"The point had no sting then," said Harry.

"It was blunt enough," said Phœbe.

"All the better," said Harry; "it is dangerous to play with edged tools."

"For my part," said Phœbe, assuming dignity, "I like to find myself talking to a *gentleman*."

Harry Hooke felt his face grow red.

"But perhaps I am rather spoilt. The manners of Lord Killikelly are so entirely gentlemanly—so refined, so delicate, so intellectual, that I am afraid they have rather put me out of conceit with every-day sort of people."

"That is very complimentary," said Hooke.

"There is such a difference in people," said Phœbe.

"There is," said Hooke, "especially at different times."

"Sometimes they are all coaxing and flattery."

"And sometimes they find people willing to be coaxed and flattered."

"Sometimes they dare not say that their souls are their own."

"Proving themselves in the presence of tyrants."

"And at others sneering, and tantalizing, and insulting."

"And almost as provoking as a woman."

"Women are never provoking," said Phœbe.

"Never," said Hook. "Dear creatures! they would be if they could, but they don't know how."

"They know how well enough," said Phœbe. "They can be provoking if they like."

"Can they?" said Hooke. "Well, I never saw them so."

"They can plague as well as you," said Phœbe.

"Can *you*?" said Hooke.

"Can *I*?" exclaimed Phœbe, much exasperated at this proof of failure in her attempts to provoke him; "why, don't you know that I can?"

"Certainly not," said Hooke; "but, my dear Phœbe, if ever you wish to provoke me, do tell me beforehand, or else I shall never find it out."

"You mean to say that you think me a fool?" said Phœbe.

"An incapability of giving an affront is rather the mark of an angel," said Hooke.

"Then did you mean that you were too dull to understand when I meant to vex you?"

"I meant that you had it not in your power to vex me."

"You are mightily superior, sir, all of a sudden."

"The more superior you are, the less power have you to wound."

"Well, I like plain straightforward meanings, such as we can understand."

"Then pray practise what you approve, and tell me what your present temper signifies."

"It does not signify anything."

"Not much," said Hooke.

"It signifies this, sir," said Phœbe, in one of her patient papa's

passions. "It signifies this, that you are the most provoking, the most aggravating the most insulting of men."

"Anything more?"

"The most base."

"More?"

"The most faithless, false, perjured."

"Anything more?"

"Wretch!" exclaimed Phœbe, having reached a climax.

"That is enough," said Hooke, quietly; "that quite satisfies me. My dear Phœbe, I am sorry that you have exerted yourself so much—less energy would have sufficed. Really I am very sorry that you should have got entangled with such a very so-so sort of a fellow. But now that I see that you are too good for me, and that I am too bad for you, I could not, of course, any longer aspire to any presumptuous hopes and expectations. You have a great prejudice in favour of a gentleman—I have a similar predilection for a lady, and neither of us finding the one in the other, will part company and begin our search again.

"I would not *have* you," exclaimed Phœbe, "no, not if——"

"What a sympathy there is between us!" said Hooke.

"Don't break your heart," said Phœbe, beginning to be alarmed that, instead of rejecting, she was becoming the rejected! "although I am not so sensible of your merits as you doubtless deserve, yet I hope that you will in a short time meet with some amiable lady who will be so far my superior in all respects as entirely to reconcile you to my loss, and even make you rejoice at it."

"I am much obliged: I have little doubt of being so fortunate."

"It will give me great pleasure to hear of your happiness," said Phœbe, assuming the amiable; "although it is not my good fortune to make it, I shall rejoice to hear of it."

"I rejoice to be able to satisfy your benevolent feelings so promptly: I was never happier than at this moment."

"And it will give me much pleasure to hear that you have formed a suitable connexion," said Phœbe, ascending into the lady.

"The pleasure which I hope to give you very soon."

"And if there is anything that we can serve you in—anything in the way of our connexions, anything that our relation Lord Killikelly can be useful to you in——"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

CHAPTER XXX.

Hooke had gone: but his provoking laugh was yet ringing in poor Phœbe's ears, and she was still dizzy with recent intoxication and present bewilderment, when the voice of Mrs. Reginald Courtney Gibbes roused her from her confused abstraction, and brought her wandering thoughts back again from the metaphysical subtleties of pride and passion down to the mundane things belonging to this globe of dust which we inhabit, and for the grains of which we so industriously quarrel and fight with all our main and might.

Now, though Mrs. Reginald Courtney Gibbes was a thorough lady,
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both externally and internally, mentally and physically, from the highest of her ideas down to the rosette of her shoe, yet if any one of the shapes and forms of her gentility was more strongly stamped than another, it was the sound of her voice in the pronunciation and arrangement of her words. Mrs. Reginald Courtney Gibbes prided herself upon being an educated lady, and her language and utterance were marked by that overdone nicety of care which so often distinguishes those public characters who have emerged from the ranks of the people and volunteered themselves into the offices of instructors of youth; and this cadence of speech being associated in Phœbe's mind with certain dreadful long punishment lessons, and never-to-be-forgotten fasts, and certain goings to bed by daylight, meant for the good of the health of naughty children, but which, for want of knowing better, they never believed to be so—this voice, we say, in its Lindley Murray cadences, now sounded on her ear as horribly and discordantly as did ever the baying of the wolves, while serenading the moon, boom gratingly on the ear of the forest traveller.

"So, Miss Phœbe, are you quite well, my dear? Don't rise"—(Phœbe had not stirred,) "never mind your curtesy. Where is your mamma?"

"Mrs. Phillicody is in her own apartment, maa'm."

Phœbe was now a lady, in her proper element. What business had Mrs. Reginald Courtney Gibbes to call her illustrious mother "your mamma?"—how immensely vulgar!

"What, my dear, is she dressing?"

"Dressing for dinner, ma'am."

"Then you dine later than formerly?"

"We used to lunch early," said Phœbe, "but now Mr. Mark comes home to dinner."

"I suppose it suits your courting hours?"

"Ma'am?"

"I suppose dining late leaves you long mornings for love-making?"

"I don't understand you, ma'am."

"Come, come, Miss Phœbe, don't I know that your wedding clothes are bought? Has not your mamma shown them all to me?"

"I don't understand you, ma'am. I was not aware of any such circumstance."

"O fie, my dear, fie! You may carry modesty too far, especially to an old friend. Your mamma showed me everything. Very handsome and proper indeed. Those horse-hair petticoats are very nice things for making the dress stand well out. I wear them myself. I only gave three guineas a piece for mine; I think your mamma told me that yours only cost a couple."

Phœbe was very much mortified at being obliged to allow that they cost no more.

"And, by-the-bye, my dear, I hope that you have engaged a good dressmaker. I trust that you would not be beguiled into having a second-rate one for the sake of economy. You must be able to say that your things were made in Bond-street. If people begin to find fault, then your answer is ready—'It was made in Bond-street,' and that silences them at once."

Phœbe was dreadfully mortified in being obliged to allow that her best things were made in St. Paul's Churchyard.

"Have they put any wadding in any of your things, my dear? I hope they have not spoiled them with wadding?"

Phœbe was obliged to allow that there was wadding in some of them."

"Ah, I was afraid of that. There is not now a single particle of wadding used in dress. They inflate everything with air, my dear, now. All the boas, next winter, will be puffed out with air."

Phœbe was beginning to have a very poor idea of her own wedding finery.

"But your bonnet, my dear, your wedding bonnet? I wish I had had an opportunity of offering you my advice upon that head. No part of dress is of such real importance as the bonnet; and I confess I was sorry to find that you had been persuaded into having a Regent Circus bonnet. Believe me, my dear, that any one who is a judge in such matters would distinguish with the utmost nicety where a bonnet was made. I know at a glance. There is such a difference in the air—the style—the very puff of a bow, or the sticking in of a flower—or the fall of a feather. And then the shape, my dear—such a little bit makes all the difference in that."

"Well, ma'am, when I have made choice of a husband, I can then make choice of a bonnet too."

"When! Ah, well, Miss Phœbe, it is rather late in the day for you to pretend not to have fixed your affections! Pray, my dear, how is Mr. Hooke?"

"I dare say he is very well, ma'am; but I really have not asked him."

"Asked him? No, I suppose you study his looks. A very fine young man indeed is Mr. Hooke, and I admire your choice."

"I have not made any choice, ma'am. I dare say that Mr. Hooke may be well enough for those who like him. I have no doubt that he is very tolerable in his way."

Mrs. Reginald Courtney Gibbes began to stare.

"In fact," resumed Phœbe, determined to outlady the matter to the uttermost,—*"in fact, we have all a very high opinion of Mr. Hooke. For a young man in that class of life he is really quite superior. I think so, and my mamma thinks so too."*

"I must have been dreaming!" said Mrs. R. C. G., "but I thought, my dear, that the thing was settled. But why then all this wedding finery? You have gone to great expense."

"O, not at all," said Phœbe; "as to wedding finery, I trust that I should do things very differently from this, if I really were going to be married. There are certain things wanting on such occasions, that I am sure you have not heard of here; a house, a carriage, servants, settlements. I am rather surprised, ma'am, that you could think these few trifling things, mere ordinary every-day purchases, could have any reference to matrimony."

"But your mother told me, my dear."

"You may remember that *I* told you it was not so."

"I took that for mere words of course, but I certainly understood——"

"You could not have understood, ma'am, that I should be obliged to think seriously of every one who paid me any attention.

"O no, certainly! I know that by myself. It is impossible to have everybody."

"One can't be too particular," said Phœbe, with a very dignified air.

"Here I *am* surprised," said Mrs. R. C. Gibbes, and she looked first at Phœbe, and then at the looking-glass.

The silence of the two ladies was broken in upon by the entrance of the soapboiler's lady.

"My dear madam, Miss Phœbe has given me such a surprise. I expected to have congratulated her and wished her joy, and I find that there is to be no wedding after all.

"I hope," said Mrs. Phillicody, "that when my daughter Phœbe does decide among her admirers, she will not disgrace her family. We are allied to the nobility, ma'am, and I should feel it, I acknowledge that I should feel it severely, if a girl of mine were to make an inferior connexion."

"I quite agree with you, ma'am," said Mrs. R. C. Gibbes; "and we must not forget that Phœbe was formerly a pupil of my own, and I hope that I took care to instil a proper pride, and a real decorum, and a just regard for herself, whilst she was under my tuition. I wish I could say that others of my establishment had profited as much from my lessons as Miss Phœbe has done;" and Mrs. R. C. Gibbes lifted up her angelic eyes, and heaved a long-drawn sigh from the deep sea of her benevolence of nature.

"Whom do you mean, ma'am?" asked Mrs. Phillicody, in alarm.

"Pray don't alarm yourself, ma'am," said the amiable schoolmistress; "we are none of us responsible for the actions even of our relations. I am sorry to wound your feelings, but I think it right that you should know."

"For goodness sake, what!" exclaimed Mrs. Phillicody.

"Pray don't agitate yourself," said Mrs. R. C. G. "though *I* have been quite nervous ever since I saw them, but I am so easily excited."

"Saw whom?"

"My dear ma'am, I beg of you not to alarm yourself. There is no controlling people—especially young people; but pray do you know anything of those poor relations of yours—everybody, I suppose, has poor relations, though *I* have not—those young women the Warwicks?"

"No," said Mrs. Phillicody, "never since they left their lodgings in that shameful way, without acquainting any of their friends; though we had all been so kind to them. I gave them all Mr. Phillicody's and Mark's shirts to make, as well as the mending, and I assure you, in such a family as ours, that was a very pretty thing."

"And I am sure that whilst Miss Warwick was in my establishment, I allowed her every indulgence—treated her quite like a member of my own family. I never could tell you the many ways in which I quite spoiled her. I used often to take the fatigue of the children on myself for half an hour in the evenings, and that too in my delicate state of health, on purpose for her to do little matters of

shopping, or to collect my bills, merely for the sake of affording her a little amusement, and if any of the children were ill, I always sent her to see after them—quite for her amusement. *I* was taking the trouble of the school off her hands all the time, although I am so nervous and sensitive; but my spirits always keep me up; I have such excellent spirits.”

“And when they went off in that strange way, I had just bought Mark a dozen new collars, and got them cut out all ready to send, and was really on the point of inviting them all to tea.”

“And you know I really was thinking of taking Miss Warwick back again as my teacher—you know, my dear madam, that I was.”

“Ah, kindness is quite thrown away upon some people—quite thrown away!”

“It’s an ungrateful world!” responded Mrs. Phillicody.

The two ladies paused over these melancholy and moral considerations.

“I am afraid to ask you what you know of these young people,” said Mrs. Phillicody.

“I am very sorry,” said Mrs. R. C. G., “to bring you bad news, but I never was a detractor—I never could bear to repeat tales of scandal, it is utterly foreign to my nature; but I think that relations, especially such relations as yourself, Mrs. Phillicody, ought to know how things are going on.”

“Certainly I ought,” assented Mrs. Phillicody.

“Well, ma’am, Mr. R. C. G. and myself were out taking a drive: we had been in Hyde Park, taking the queen’s round, with the queen; and coming out we met your young relations in an open carriage—we did indeed, ma’am—with servants in blue and silver liveries, and gray horses, and—we did indeed, ma’am.”

“La! good gracious me!” ejaculated Mrs. Phillicody.

“Yes, and there was a gentleman with them! a gentleman, ma’am.”

“A gentleman! and who was he?”

“He was evidently ashamed of himself, for he held his handkerchief up to his face, and would not let me have a glance at it.”

“Well, I never heard”——

“Never!” said Mrs. R. C. Gibbes.

“And Grace might have been my teacher still, and with such indulgences.”

“Yes, and with all the excellent work they had; and we should have always countenanced them.”

“Well, people are so blind to their own interest.”

“They are,” said Mrs. Phillicody.

“They are,” said Mrs. Reginald Courtney Gibbes.

THE LAST CAROUSAL.

BY MAJOR CALDER CAMPBELL.

I.

" I pledge thee in the wine-cup,
 With a smile upon my brow ;
 No starting tear—no struggling sigh
 Shall aught of grief avow ;
 But the lightsome jest
 Shall add a zest
 To the banquet's festal flow !

II.

" I pledge thee in the wine-cup,
 Brimful of creamy juice ;
 The laughter loud, that breaks from me,
 May have its end and use ;
 For a rose may wrap
 In its scented lap
 The maggot's brood profuse !

III.

" I pledge thee in the wine-cup !
 And, ere the feast be o'er,
 Thou'lt count me one much changed to thee,
 Yet changed to change no more !
 And thou shalt think
 Thou'st found a link
 O' the chain that saps life's core !

IV.

" I pledge thee in the wine-cup,
 I pledge thee like a man !
 And light is flashing from mine eyes—
 Deny it if you can !"
 They were his last,
 Those words !—Life pass'd
 Ere his friend his face could scan !

V.

Why quaffed *he* thus the wine-cup,
 Who still thro' life had been
 A truant from the wassail-board,
 To roam the forest green ?
 Go ask his fate,
 At yonder gate,
 From the haughty Rosaline !

Hastings.

HUGH LLOYD; "THE WARRIOR, AND BARD OF CAMBRIA."

A WELSH TALE.

BY MRS. CRAWFORD, AUTHOR OF "AUTOBIOGRAPHICAL SKETCHES,"
&c. &c. &c.

THE little village of Ffestiniog was enlivened by the sight of happy human faces, and the cheerful sounds of busy industry came wafted by the autumnal breeze upon the ear. The simple sons of the hamlet were preparing for that source of profit to some, and enjoyment to all—its customary fair. The sounds of civil discord were now ringing loudly through the land, which ended for a time in the overthrow of the throne and the altar; but the remote noise and rumour of public commotion had no more power to check the strong current of individual joy and anticipation, especially in the bosoms of the youthful and the gay, than the news of some great victory can assuage a private grief, or dry up the tears of loving friends for those that fell. The eve of the long-looked for festival was come, and all was bustle and animation in the little village and the surrounding neighbourhood. Hammers were sounding, as the booths and stalls were knocked up for the grand display of the following morning; and strangers were hurrying backward and forward with busy looks; while fresh arrivals continued to fill up the scanty accommodations afforded by the two or three small hostleries of the place. Children were running about in ecstasies of delight, or watching with open mouths the unpacking of endless boxes of gingerbread and sweetmeats, while youths and maidens were anxiously looking forward to the exhibition of new clothes and ribbons, the interchange of love-tokens, and the pleasures of the coming dance.

It was in the midst of all this flush of life, and hope, and joy, that slowly emerging from the rustic porch of a neat white cottage, at the farther end of the village, the decent and melancholy procession of a little band of mourners, following to the grave some loving and beloved one, arrested the hand of the industrious, and riveted the attention of the idle. The coffin placed upon a rude bier, and covered with its long white sheet, was borne upon the shoulders of four young men. Immediately after it walked a man of a handsome and intelligent countenance, still in the prime of life; and following him an aged sire, leaning for support upon the arm of a youthful female, whose beautiful face, as seen in short glimpses from beneath her hood, showed like the first rose of spring through the falling shower. A long train of village folk, habited in their ordinary costume, but all seemingly mourners for the dead, closed the cavalcade. As they slowly proceeded towards the place of interment, the dirge-like notes of one of the penitential psalms rose from a hundred voices, like a mournful requiem for the repose of the departed, and added to the solemnity of the scene.

Caddie Glas, the village oracle, as well as the blacksmith, was haranguing an old farmer on the most approved method of horse-shoeing, and other mysteries of the veterinary art, when the funeral passed his little forge, ruddy with its Vulcanic flame.

"Who's dead, Caddie?" asked the farmer.

"'Tis Hugh Lloyd's wife as was, poor young thing; she has been falling away ever since last Lammas. He'll have a sad miss of her, that he will. Not but his sister Monica's a nice handy lass at keeping house, and works at her wheel with the best of them. That's she, that's walking yonder with the old man; there's not a prettier girl in all Ffestiniog than Monica Lloyd."

"Ah, Caddie Glas," said a buxom-looking woman, with a basket of gingerbread on her arm; "you love talking about pretty girls, but you don't seem in any hurry about taking one for better and worse."

"Why, as to that, you see, Kate, a man's puzzled which to take. A pretty girl's a pleasant sight to see, but a wife to keep the pot boiling is another sort of thing."

"And so it is, Caddie!" rejoined Kate. "A pretty face won't bring grist to the mill. Poor Hugh Lloyd found that, I guess, with Cicely Howel, as is now going to be buried. She had a comely face, but a thriftless hand, I'm told, God help her! Indeed they do say" (lowering her voice to a loud whisper) "that her being so sickly and helpless like has brought Hugh to trouble for debt, and that he'll be fain to fly for it."

"More's the pity, more's the pity, Kate! Hugh's a fine fellow, if he was only a little more after the rate, as one may say, and not so fond of idling his time away. He's a clever lad too, and it's quite a miracle to hear him play 'Morfa Rhyddlan' on that old harp of his."

The Hugh Lloyd thus canvassed over by Caddie Glas and the buxom gingerbread vender, was no less a personage than the far-famed Bard of Ffestiniog, one of those rare geniuses who, like the undug jewel of the mine, remain in their native place, sometimes for a season and sometimes for ever, obscure and unregarded. From the earliest dawn of mind, Hugh gave an indication of an original and highly poetic nature; and time, that ripened the bloom on his cheek, and imparted athletic strength to his well-proportioned and not ungraceful figure, brought so many latent blossoms of genius to a golden maturity, that his name was already known and spread far beyond the humble spot where he abode. To strong natural sense he joined a delicate perception and a boundless range of fancy. Of classical lore he knew nothing; but in the history of his country, its glories and its wrongs, he was deeply versed, and could relate, with the graphic fidelity of the antiquary, the local history of every spot dear to song. Though the sun of Cambria's glory, as a separate nation, had set for ever, yet by the faded light of memory, that hung over the ruins of her castles and the ashes of her chiefs, he found enough to enrich his bardic store with golden treasure; while from the speaking wonders of nature that breathed around him—from foaming cataract and frowning rock—he filled his young mind with images so

rich and racy, that common life, with all its little wants and low desires, grew daily less inviting in his eyes. He withdrew himself continually from his home, to the great grief of his aged father and the gentle Monica, and spent an erratic life, as vagrant bards are often wont to do.

At length, his heart began to waken at the sight of beauty and love, to play its witcheries around it, and withdraw him from his old familiar haunts, to join the village dance and rural feast, where Cicely was a bidden guest. And now the current of his thoughts had found another channel, along which they rushed with an irresistible impetuosity. He loved with all the ardour of a poetic nature; and as he rambled with the young and beautiful girl amongst the wild and romantic scenery of the surrounding neighbourhood, his heart expanded with all the freshness of a new existence.

“O! first love is a pleasant dream,—
No second boasts its powers;
It hath the freshness of the stream,
The odour of the flowers;
It wakes the heart to new delight,
As nature wakes the spring,
And fills the soul with visions bright
Of each created thing.”

And Hugh married Cicely, and believed that earth had nothing richer to bestow,—he had nothing more to ask for. But he did not know himself. Alas! who does? Her beauty and her gentleness had won him, and these well sufficed to keep him faithful to the last; but to settle down a mere home-loving youth, with none but simple women for his companions, and with no other converse than domestic scenes or the village gossips afforded, was not the sort of life for such a man as Lloyd. He soon returned to his old habits of roaming; and though when he came home in the twilight to his quiet hearth and meek-eyed Cicely, his manner was as kind, and his meeting kiss as loving as it had ever been, it was evident that time moved upon leaden pinions to the bard. During the long winter evenings, he would play upon his harp two or three of the fine old melodies of his native Cambria, enriched with the most beautiful variations by his own exquisite skill. Then, after a little talk with the females, about those things that concerned their simple avocations, and listening to one of the oft-repeated stories of his father, about times gone by, Hugh mostly fell asleep in the large elbow-chair beside the old clock, and resting his head against its oaken frame, slept soundly, despite its constant ticking.

But at last his poor Cicely fell sick; and then all his energy returned, and he became her never-tiring nurse; for there was then something at stake, and worth the toil, and the blessing that was fast receding from his grasp appeared the only one worth having. And when she died, Hugh bewailed her loss as much as if he had made the most of the gift while it rested in his hand. But poets are a dreamy race of mortals, and feed, like epicures, on fancy dishes.

The funeral being finished, and the little band of mourners before alluded to having returned to their respective homes, Hugh Lloyd

retired to his solitary chamber to weep. His grief was as sincere as it was violent. He now became fully and painfully conscious of the space which his wife had filled in his affections, by the void which her loss had left in them. Such is unhappily the waywardness and capriciousness of the human heart. Our blessings are rarely estimated according to their worth, until they have eluded our grasp for ever. For some time, Hugh remained almost entirely at home, talking of his lost Cicely, whose virtues seemed wonderfully brought to light after her death. In time, however, his old erratic spirit came upon him again, stronger than ever, from having been, as it were, so long chained up. Dreams of glory and of liberty are generally mingled with the visions that float before a poet's eyes; and poets are not a whit more accurate than common mortals in defining what it is in which true glory or true liberty consists. To be a soldier was the long-cherished wish of Hugh's heart; and now that his wife was dead, he resolved to quit Ffestiniog, and to enter into the army of the aspiring Cromwell.

Musing on his plans, and weaving fancy-garlands of bright laurels, he would wander to the majestic falls of the Cynfael; nor was the scene before him calculated to lull, but rather to excite, the stormy passions of the soul. Seated on the projection of a towering rock, his eye took in a scene which, though familiar from his boyhood, still rose before him with a wizard's might, and held his senses spell-bound. Falling from a height of three hundred feet, the foaming cataract, as it dashed down its steepy pathway to the dark chasm below, shone like the opal in the evening sunlight, and sprinkling the green foliage of the rock, hung like so many diamonds on the numerous alpine plants and trailing weeds that grew out of its fissures. No sound was there but of the rushing waters, whose deep roar moved the lone listener to mysterious awe, and conjured up the buried and the cold, whose restless spirits seemed, in his teeming fancy, to take the whirlwind's path, and ride upon the winged steeds of air. There sate the young enthusiast, till the shadowy veil of misty twilight gathered over the landscape; then homeward wending, he beheld the bright flame issuing from cottage hearth, whose fagot sends a savour to the breeze so pleasant, though so homely. But alas! poor Hugh was spoiled for simple home delights. Ffestiniog was to him as the cage to the wild bird; and he longed to fly away into that world so alluring, because untried.

He was sitting one moonlight night with his father and sister, in a rustic arbour at the bottom of their little garden. His thoughts were busy how to bring about the object of his wishes; for now the time was come to break his purpose to them. He looked from one to the other, and then his heart misgave him. How could he wound *their* hearts, that seemed so tranquil? To gain, as it were, a little time, Hugh took his harp, and running his fingers over the chords, he began to sing some stanzas, which he had composed during his ramble that morning, to the favourite old Welsh air of "*Ar hŷd y nos*;" accompanying himself at the same time on the instrument.

Strike the harp for brave Llewelyn,
Land of the free!
Breathe the dirge funereal, telling —
Land of the free!

How the hero, life disdaining,
When his kingly orb was waning,
Died, his warrior fame maintaining,
Land of the free !

From his phoenix ashes springing,
Land of the free !

Hark ! the fearless bird is singing,
Land of the free !

Child of light ! through ether flying,
Thou shalt chant thy lay undying,
Long as Snowdon towers defying,
Land of the free !

Though the tyrant's threats assail thee,
Land of the free !

Ne'er shall dauntless spirit fail thee,
Land of the free !

Martyred heroes, darkly dwelling
In the dust, with lost Llewelyn,
Rise, like suns, thy clouds dispelling,
Land of the free !

Strike the harp to thrilling numbers,
Land of the free !

Though thy patriot monarch slumbers,
Land of the free !

Though thy fields are waste and gory,
Thou shalt live in bardic story,
Nation of excelling glory !
Land of the free !"

Old Owen Lloyd sate holding the little staff that propped his age between his knees, both hands resting on its rudely-carved top, while he intently listened to the melodious breathings of his son's voice and instrument. His bent head, with its silver locks, falling with patriarchal simplicity over the wrinkled though still ruddy cheek, formed a delightful contrast to the youthful Monica's, clothed with the redundant ringlets of beauty. As the last notes of the harp vibrated on the ear, Hugh sighed, and that so heavily that old Owen started ; and passing over the warm praises which he was just on the point of bestowing on his son's performance, he spoke a kindly word of comfort to him, deeming that his thoughts had reverted to his Cicely.

"No, father ; I was thinking about my going to England."

"To England, boy !" said Owen, raising his head, with an expression of painful surprise : "what to do there ?"

"Take arms," said his son, "and try to win an honest fame."

"Pho, pho, boy ; these are idle dreams of idle hours. What canst do, think ye, amongst strangers, without a friend to help ye forward ?"

"Well, father, I can but try. My own country will not help me ; and to spend my best days of life in this village is to waste the one talent, that, as Scripture saith, should be multiplied to ten. No, father ; I have endured, in staying here, almost beyond what the spirit of a man may endure that feels his dignity in the scale of being equal, if not superior, to those fools that rise upon the stilts of for-

tune and scholastic advantages, only to look down in insolent contempt upon the lowly sons of song. If even a prophet hath no honour in his own country, surely that is reason enough for others to try what they can do elsewhere."

"Thou might'st read thy Bible to better purpose, Hugh, than to learn how to break the heart of thy old father;" and the tears stood in Owen's eyes.

"Well, father, I will not go, if you say that; but I shall never be happy."

That night was a sleepless one to all. Monica wept on her pillow; the words, "I shall never be happy," rang in old Owen's ear; and blighted hope filled the mind of Hugh with gloomy and distorted visions of the future. But, to be brief, parental love, ever stooping, like an angel from the sky, to do its work of grace, triumphed over the prudent fears of Owen, and he gave his consent at last, mingled though with many tears and much sage counsel.

"And *will* you go from us, Hugh?" said Monica, in a sweet tone of reproach; "Will you *indeed* leave Ffestiniog, and all your friends, to go to that wicked England, that I've heard you tell ruined our poor country? What will strangers do for you, and how will you do without us? None will know you as we know you—none will share in your troubles as we do. Dear Hugh, don't—don't go from us."

Lloyd looked wistfully on the beautiful face of his sister, as he said, "Do not urge me further, Monica; it only grieves me to the heart, but cannot alter my fixed resolve to stay no longer idly at home. While my poor Cicely was living, I curbed the wish I had to try my fortune as a soldier; but now her spirit sleeps, I may not tarry here. But come, dear Monica, I must to work. You know I promised you to put up a bench in the porch; so now I'll see about it; and when I'm gone, you and our old father will sit upon it in the sunny evenings, and think of Hugh. Nay, don't weep, Monica, don't weep! who knows but I may yet return with good store of gold, to make you happy with Swithin Meredith? At all events I must be stirring, while young life is hale and strong. Time flies too fleet to waste its golden moments in drinking metheglin with village folk, or thrumming harp-strings to a gossip's tale. No, no; till age has quenched the ardour of my spirit, I will at least adventure for an honest fame."

"Ah, dear Hugh! by this fame, as you call it, I seem to understand, simple as I am, that you covet the good opinion of strangers more than the love of friends."

Hugh turned away abruptly, and began to busy himself in looking for materials with which to construct the long-promised bench. On the following day it was completed, and Monica sat down upon it with a heavy heart, for she knew too well that it was the signal for Hugh's speedy departure.

"I will go and bring our dear father," said she, "to enjoy the evening air along with us."

"Stop, Monica," said Hugh, sportively; "you have sat first upon this bench, and you must pay me three kisses for it."*

* This circumstance, and that relative to the construction of the bench by Hugh Lloyd, though simple and trivial in themselves, are expressly recorded of this celebrated character.

"Ah, dear Hugh, if you would but stay to sit with me sometimes upon it, you would then convince your sister that you loved her."

It was a bright autumnal morning when the bard of Ffestiniog turned away from the home of his boyhood, and the two beings that in all the world held the sweetest and strongest hold of his affections, yet whom, strange though it seem, he left by choice. For a few yards he walked with the quick step of excited feeling, then, suddenly halting, he stood and looked back. His father and Monica were still standing where he left them. The old man held his hand above his eyes to gain a clearer view of Hugh's receding figure, and Monica waved her kerchief towards him. At that moment Hugh felt a pang of agony shoot to his heart that almost impelled him to retrace his steps. The ever-wandering light of ambition began to fade into air before the fixed star of home, and all its loving ties. But at last the pride of the man triumphed over the better sympathies of the son and brother, and waving his hand he again set forward on his Quixotic journey.

With a sort of instinctive nicety of feeling Hugh carefully avoided those ways that might endanger his meeting with any of his companions and associates of the hamlet. The visionary nature of his plans, and the consequent uncertainty of their succeeding, made him shrink from an encounter with their simple, but just witticisms, on the folly of the step he was taking. Keeping, therefore, the most lonely paths, he soon descended into the beautiful Vale of Ffestiniog, endeared to his heart by many remembered days of happy boyhood. Amongst those high majestic mountains that bounded the sides of that valley of peace, he had often scrambled, and, perched on the bough of some aged oak, looked down upon the gliding waters of the Dwynd, that emptied its silver tribute into the blue ocean which closed the distant view. Hugh's feelings were of a mingled complexion as he gazed on the old familiar scene. The rosy tint of hope varied on his cheek to the pale hue of anguish, as he thought that he might, in all probability, be looking on it for the last time. While thus pensively threading his way, who should suddenly come upon him, from a turning of the road, but Caddie Glas, the blacksmith, returning from the little village of Maentwrog, whither he had been called thus early to exercise his art, in consequence of an accident which had befallen Davie James's horse.

"Ah, Master Lloyd, and are ye really on the wing, and going to leave us in right earnest, for so I heard last night."

"Why, Caddie, I want to be doing something; and you know these are stirring times, when a man may carve out plenty of work for himself, if he will."

"Ay, Hugh Lloyd, so they say; but 'tis work I'd rather you than I served 'prenticeship to."

"You don't like fighting then, Caddie?"

"Nay, for that matter," said the smith, bridling up as he spoke, "no man can say he ever saw the back of Caddie Glas in a fair fight o' the right sort. Fight and be friends again is my maxim; but how can dead men ever be friends? When ye come to that sort o' work, one would like to know what one was fighting for. Devil a stroke

would I give to set England on her feet again ; not I-- a jade ! She brought us to the ground, and so now let her lick her lips at the dust of her own raising. Ah, Master Lloyd, take the advice of an old friend : leave the rogues and the fools in England to fight their own battles, if they must fight. You ar'n't your father's son, if you draw blade for the tyrant."

"No, Caddie ; trust me, I'm not going to do that. I shall range myself on the side of liberty."

"Tush, tush, man ! Liberty ! we don't know much about that as yet. Liberty's a fine word, but it's something like religion. Depend upon it, you'll find them both far oftener in the mouth of a knave than of an honest man."

"Well, God bless you, Caddie, if we never meet again."

"Nay, don't say so, Master Lloyd," answered the honest smith, twinkling his black eyes to hide the tears that would start, despite his efforts to check them—"don't say so. Beshrew me, but I'm as sorry as the man that slew his greyhound ;* but God speed thee," and the brawny hand of the village Vulcan wrung that of the bard, and each went on his way—Caddie to a comfortable home, and all the realities of homely enjoyment, and Hugh to a world that had nothing to offer him in exchange for these, but the prospect of a something too undefined and dreamy to bear any comparison with that "sober certainty of waking bliss," which the heart enjoys, when its hopes and wishes lie within that fairy circle that embraces all the sweetest and the holiest of human ties.

In the little village of Ffestiniog, the day of Hugh Lloyd's departure formed an epoch in the simple lives of its inhabitants, and furnished old and young with conversation for many a winter's night. Some applauded and some blamed his adventurous spirit ; some approved and some disapproved of the side he had taken. To his old father and Monica that day of parting bore something of the character pertaining to the memory of the dead ; for the life of a soldier, in such desperate times, was so precarious, that hope could scarcely exist upon the slender chances of his return.

It was on the third morning after Hugh Lloyd had quitted the home and the friends of his youth, that as he was thoughtfully pursuing his way along the borders of Warwickshire, the merry sound of horn and hounds came swelling on the wind. He instantly sprang upon the wall which divided the road from the adjoining pasture, and there saw a number of sportsmen following a pack of hounds in full cry. It was one of those fine bracing days towards the end of October, which seemed to infuse new life and vigour into the frame after the fervid heats of summer are finally past. As the hunters were rapidly approaching him, Hugh purposed to descend from the wall into the field to join the joyous throng. As he was on the point of jumping down, he suddenly beheld a band of soldiers advancing along the highway, which his eye, in its eager pursuit of the chase, had not found leisure to observe before. At some distance behind he per-

* A common Welsh proverb, in allusion to the well-known story of Llewelyn and his dog Gilbert.

ceived a troop of cavaliers, apparently men of rank and consideration, and all well mounted and armed, and immediately after these he could plainly distinguish in motion upon the road what appeared to be the long lines of a considerable army. His martial spirit was instantly roused at the unexpected sight, and the chase at once lost all its interest. He retained his station until the advanced guard had passed, and the cavaliers came nearly opposite to where he stood.

In front of these rode one of a noble and dignified aspect, to whom all the rest appeared to render a profound observance and respect. His countenance was pale, and tinged with a shade of deep melancholy; but over the whole features was diffused a most engaging expression of mildness and benevolence. His upper lip was moustachied, and on the lower part of his chin he wore a pointed beard, after the fashion of the time. His person, which appeared to be tall and graceful, was enveloped in a rich military cloak. Hugh felt an involuntary respect at the majestic bearing and appearance of the stranger, for which he was half inclined to be angry with himself, as he was at a loss to account for it, and had always been accustomed to consider the mere appendages of rank and station as of very little worth. On either side of this, the chief personage of the group, rode a cavalier, with whom he seemed to be engaged in earnest conversation.

As soon as he came in sight of the chase, he suddenly pulled up his horse, almost close to the spot where Hugh was stationed, and the rest of the cavaliers immediately did the same. The stranger, who had riveted Hugh's attention, gazed in silence, for two or three minutes, at the scene of obstreperous mirth and excitement which was going on among the hunters in the adjoining fields; for the unfortunate fox had just been taken, and all were hastening to be in at the death. At length the stranger heaved a deep sigh; and addressing a respectable looking person, who, attracted by the shouts of the sportsmen, and the noise of the hounds, was riding eagerly up to obtain a view of the sport, he called out to him—

"Pray, my friend, who is that gentleman that hunts so merrily this morning, while I am going to fight for my crown and dignity?"

"It is Sir Richard Shuckburgh, sir."

"Then tell Sir Richard,* that the king would speak with him."

The person addressed did not wait for a second bidding to proceed in discharge of his embassy; and in a few moments Sir Richard was seen to clear the fence at full gallop, at a point of the road about a hundred yards in advance of where Charles and his attendants had halted. Immediately on his gaining the highway, the knight checked his steed, and, taking off his hat, advanced at a more leisurely pace, making three profound obeisances as he approached the spot where the monarch stood. His brother sportsmen followed him, one after another, as they severally caught the intelligence, and had their

* The brave Sir Richard Shuckburgh represented Warwickshire in parliament, 1641. It is not perhaps generally known by what a romantic adventure he was at first called from the bosom of his family to the battle-field. In the *family archives* of the noble and distinguished family of Shuckburgh, there is a most interesting account of the meeting between Charles I. and Sir Richard, as the monarch was marching at the head of his army to Edgcott, near Banbury, the 2nd of October, 1642.

eyes attracted from the all-engrossing scene before them to the object of new and still higher interest which they now beheld. They all stopped short, however, at a respectful distance behind Sir Richard, in regular order, like the rank and file of a little army; each man listening with profound attention, his hat elevated in his right hand, to what might follow. Hugh Lloyd likewise felt intensely interested in this unexpected rencontre.

"Sir Richard Shuckburgh," said the monarch, gracefully saluting him, "I am heartily glad to see you. I need not ask how it fares with your health: your occupation this morning is a sufficient guarantee for that."

"I humbly thank your majesty; I am indeed excellently well."

"Pray be covered, Sir Richard: the air begins now to blow keen and cold. Gentlemen," (raising his voice a little, and addressing those who were behind,) "I pray you all to be covered. Have you had good sport this morning, Sir Richard?"

"Extremely good. We had just killed our second fox, after a very fine run, when I was informed of your majesty's presence here, and your gracious pleasure that I should attend you."

"Ah, Sir Richard! when I saw you enjoying your pleasant pastime, I could not help envying your happy lot."

"I hope not, sire. I should be truly grieved that my sovereign were ever in a situation to envy so humble an individual as I am."

"Why, you have everything that a reasonable man can desire in this world; and you are happily free from that weight of anxiety which harasses my mind by day, and robs me of my rest by night. You have only to look to yourself and your family, Sir Richard, while I must look to the state of my whole kingdom. If *your* title be attacked to one of your estates, you can have your right peacefully and fairly tried; or you can at once abandon it, if you think *that* preferable to the tediousness, and charge, and uncertainty of the law. But I am not in the like case. There is no peaceful tribunal to which *I* can resort: and I may not, if I would, abandon the rights and the duties appertaining to that crown which it has pleased the Almighty to place upon my head."

Sir Richard looked earnestly in his sovereign's face, but with an expression of doubt and perplexity, which had reference rather to the future course he himself ought to pursue, than the meaning of what the king had said.

"You understand me, Sir Richard. Neither my own ease and comfort, nor my private wishes and inclinations, must stand in the way of my public duties. I cannot withdraw myself from the contest which is forced upon me; nor can I abandon those of my subjects who are faithful to me, into the hands of those who have stirred up rebellion in the land."

"No, my liege. Rebellion must be crushed, and I hope it will forthwith."

"Ah, Sir Richard!" said the king, sighing deeply; "but matters are now come to that extremity, at which mere *hopes* are of no avail. My enemies are active in their efforts to ruin me; and unless they are actively opposed, they must, in the end, succeed. It is the first

breach which the torrent makes, that enables it to break down the whole dam."

"*They never shall* succeed!" exclaimed the knight, raising himself in his stirrups, and at the same time pressing his heavy hunting-whip forcibly against his breast, as if to ratify some mental asseveration which had not passed his lips. "*They never shall* succeed against your majesty, if my fortune and my life may prevent it: and your majesty has thousands of other subjects, far more worthy than myself, who will echo me in this!"

A smile of satisfaction passed across the pale countenance of Charles, as he graciously replied:—

"I heartily thank you, sir;—I very heartily thank you. I have no need to fear the issue, while God gives me such faithful friends as you are. What number of followers can you bring into the field, Sir Richard?"

"I count on a hundred and thirty at the least, sire, and all of the right sort; and, with God's good blessing, I and they will be with your majesty to-morrow. Many of them, indeed, are here to answer for themselves. What say you, my friends?"

The hunters rent the air with one enthusiastic shout, such as hunters alone can raise; and waving their hats and caps, swore that they would gladly lay down their lives for his majesty; in reply to which, the king, apparently much affected, placed his hand upon his heart, and repeatedly bowed his thanks.

"And where may we hope," inquired the knight, "to find your majesty on the morrow?"

"I purpose to be at Keinton; and there I shall be most heartily glad to see you, and bid you all welcome. Let Keinton be the rendezvous."

"You may count upon us to a man, my liege, that we will be with you betimes. Meanwhile I commend my humble duty to your majesty, and pray Heaven to prosper the good cause."

"Then fare you well, Sir Richard, till we meet on the morrow! fare you well, my friends, and God be with you all!"

"God bless the King, and prosper the good cause!" shouted the hunters in chorus; the cavaliers waved their helmets, and responded to the cry; and the soldiers catching the words and the enthusiasm, the whole air rang with acclamations of "God bless the King, and prosper the good cause!"

As the words began to die away, Sir Richard, again reverently bowing to his sovereign, turned his horse's head and regained the field, his companions immediately following him. Here they appeared to hold an instant's parley, and then galloped off in different directions across the country, each apparently to seek his own home, and make the needful preparations for joining the royal standard.

ADVENTURES OF A GENTLEMAN IN SEARCH OF AN ESTATE.¹

BY THE AUTHOR OF "THE CORSAIR'S BRIDAL," &c.

THE next estate I visited was situated in the wilds of the far-famed county Tipperary. I had been invited to look at it by its absentee landlord, who was anxious to dispose of it for the ostensible purpose of concentrating his possessions in another part of the kingdom, where, he said, "the bulk of his property lay. You will find Altadugh a most desirable thing, in the midst of the fines porting county, Tipperary."

"Where 'the finest peasantry' knock down landlords, parsons, and agents, *en passant*," I observed.

"O, my good sir, that's all *passé*—threadbare subject—old song—newspaper malevolence," retorted the absentee, very briskly; "outrages, accidents, and offences occur everywhere, at home and abroad; then, sir, look at the size of Tipperary, and its contiguity to Cork and Limerick!"

In short, the absentee said so much in favour of the county he wished to cut for ever, that my curiosity was excited, and, even without the faint prospect of finding a home in the wilds, I resolved to visit Tipperary.

I had slept at the small town of ———, about ten miles from Altadugh; started after breakfast, and arrived in good time to reconnoitre the premises. I liked the appearance of Altadugh "passing well;" at first sight, the place seemed much larger than it really was: clumps of trees and plantations springing up round the verdant lawn and rising ground upon which the house stood, an old-fashioned, high-gabled, long-roofed building, enlivened with a singular variety of narrow windows: a grotesque and massive Gothic door-case seemed out of keeping in this modern structure, for doubtless it had been taken from some venerable walls, where it had defied the tooth of time, till the hammer of the builder of Altadugh House, heedless of the "fitness of things," battered it into its present situation, and doomed its key-stone to bear a noble pair of stag's or elk's horns, instead of the banners, shields, and spolia, of its former lords, who may have been the redoubtable knights of the Red Branch. A neat garden and flower-knot, enclosed by a beech and thorn hedge, might be too near the house to please every one; but there was an air of quietness and still life about the place that pleased me much. A large Newfoundland dog basked on the broad flags before the hall-door, and a peacock displayed his noble fan to the sun. The grating wheels of my car soon roused the former; he lifted up his nose from his fore-paws, and, without deigning to stand up, challenged the intruders upon the premises; but his loud bark was soon changed to a doleful whine, when a shrill workman's bell began to toll, the peacock to squall, and

¹ Continued from vol. xxviii. p. 158.

labourers from the farm and yard at the back of the house ran home to their dinners. Then came Mr. Truemore, a hale, good-natured-looking gentleman, turned fifty, dressed in shooting-jacket and cords. He had been stewarding his men. When he understood the object of my visit, he politely volunteered to show me the lands and boundaries himself. "I hold but a small part of the land in my own hands," said he, as we entered a large tillage-field.

"I thought," said I, "you rented the whole of it."

"And so I do," replied Truemore; "but latterly I have sublet the greater part of it. There," said he, pointing to a cluster of cabins, "are some of my tenants' houses."

"And how do they pay their rents?" said I.

"Punctually in labour," said he; "they perform all my farm-work, and the produce pays Mr. ———'s rents, and sometimes not even that."

"You think the rent too high, I suppose?" said I.

"Certainly," he replied; "much too high now-a-days; but the lease was taken out by my father during the war, when land and the produce were enormously high. After the war, prices came down at once; we felt a sad change; we were tied up and bound by our lease to pay a heavy rent. My father was a man of education and a gentleman: we had to keep up appearances and live like gentlemen, keep servants and horses, and pay for everything; but we had to sell our produce in the same market as our neighbours, who were all small farmers, and could afford to undersell us, because they lived like labourers and, refusing to pay their high rents, got abatement from their landlords, while our rents were raised to the last farthing during my father's life. We expended a great deal of money on this place; we planted those trees and built extensive offices, enclosed yards, and built sundry small additions to the dwelling-house; but since our lease has expired, and the landlord refuses to renew it, or grant us a new one, even upon the same hard terms, I have sublet part of the land; in fact, I never would have done so, had I the smallest chance of having a lease; but, as tenant at will, I am at the mercy of my landlord, and have lost all thoughts of improving or even keeping up my former improvements. I do acknowledge I am attached to this place; here I have spent the happiest days of my life. I cannot purchase the property, but I have made tempting offers to my landlord for a new lease; I have offered him a considerable fine (premium) and rents in advance, all to no purpose; we differ in politics, and that is the secret."

Having walked over the lands, and approved of Mr. Truemore's system of farming, and the explanations he entered into thereon, we returned to the dwelling-house. Truemore introduced me to his daughters; the eldest, a beautiful girl, not more than nineteen, reclined upon a sofa, and apologized for not rising. Poor girl! she was in the last stage of consumption; the hectic rose upon her cheek, and the brilliancy of those dark, blue eyes, shaded with the longest eyelashes I ever saw, long alabaster fingers and pallid brow, all bore the stamp of that insidious and ruthless destroyer of the "fairest flowers."

"Come, Helen," said Truemore, in a cheerful voice, "you look better to-day, love; Dr. Dowall says you ought to keep up your

spirits : now the winter's over and spring come again, you must get out in the air, and a little change of scene will be of service here. (The youngest girl, a light, aerial creature, left the room.) Jane is the housekeeper," said Truemore ; " and here comes my brother," continued he, pointing to a tall, carelessly-dressed man, who lounged past the drawing-room windows, and entered the room. He neither spoke nor seemed to observe any one. " Jack," said Truemore, with a loud voice, " why, Jack, don't you see Mr. Morleigh, come all the way from London to see us."

Jack, who had seated himself, looked earnestly at me, and repeated slowly, " Mister Mor-leigh come all—the way from Lon-don—Lon-don ?"

He paused, then passed his hand over his brow, and repeated the same words twice over again. There was an anxious and eager expression about his hazel eyes ; for a second, he became silent, and looked at me with a vacant stare.

" Poor fellow !" said Truemore, " he has been in London too ; but that was before his head was injured ; indeed we all wondered how he survived."

" An accident, I suppose," said I to Truemore, who glanced at his daughter, and changed the subject ; he spoke of stock, the prices of farm-produce, farming, and politics, then apologized for leaving me, while he went to give some directions to his out-door labourers ; and the moment he left the room, John took his place close by the sofa, took his niece's hand, and looked at me with a sorrowful countenance.

" My father cannot bear to speak of his misfortunes before me now," said Helen, addressing herself to me, " and my poor uncle cannot speak for himself. O, sir, if you had known him a few years ago, full of life and hope, you would feel the sad change as much as we do, I'm sure. Some years since, my uncle went to London to speak to our landlord about renewing the lease of this place ; he received much attention from him, and indeed the landlord seemed to take an interest in poor John ; he was amused by his anecdotes, and called him his original tenant. We certainly thought he would have succeeded about the lease. When John came back he kept us alive, telling us all about London ; but after all we could get no satisfactory reply from the landlord, and John took a farm about five miles from this. He lived with us as usual, and rode to his farm every day ; but one day he was waylaid by some villains ; they fired at him, wounded him in the arm, and then beat him on the head ; his skull was fractured ; they left him for dead, but he recovered, after a long illness, and has ever since been just as you see him."

" And were the miscreants punished ?" said I.

" Never," replied Helen ; " though several people were working in the fields near the spot, and heard the shots, and must have seen the assassins, they never interfered. We offered a reward, but it was useless, no one would come forward ; though the people loudly condemned the act, still the assassins escaped."

I was greatly shocked at this sad tale, and while I was expressing my indignation Mr. Truemore returned, and a servant announced luncheon. We adjourned to the parlour, leaving the poor invalids by themselves.

"You must not think of leaving us to-day," said Truemore; "you have not seen enough of the property yet; you may count on a well-aired bed."

I said I was anxious to return to Dublin, in vain. Truemore pointed to the clouds on the Keeper Mountain and the dismal brow of the Devil's Bit; and as the rain began to fall, and Truemore vowed no man with a roof over his head should venture out, I agreed to become his guest and remain at Altadugh till next morning.

I spent the afternoon as agreeably as circumstances would permit, but a shade of melancholy stole over everything: the forced gaiety of my host, the faint smiles of Helen, and even the Irish melodies Jane played on the instrument, were melancholy.

"I dare say you will recognise some old friends in this bookcase," said my host; "though we live in an out-of-the-way place, we have some resources; and here," said he, opening a small cabinet, "if you are fond of antiquarian researches, you will soon discover the value of these time-worn bits of metal; this trayful of old coins was dug up from the top of the round hill you admired so much. I assure you it was no easy matter to prevail upon the workmen to dig the holes in which I planted the trees; and till I set them the example, and promised to bear all *the harm* and anger of the *good people* myself, they would not disturb the soil. The coins bear the rude stamp and superscription of your Saxon kings, Edwy and Athelstan. My poor brother, who read a great deal, and indeed collected the greater part of those antiquities, said the coins were concealed there by the Danes, after having plundered the English coast. I am sure these thin pieces of silver were not worth fighting for. I found this bronze cup with two handles about three feet under the coins. Doctor Dowall, who is a great antiquarian in his way, says it is a Druidical censer, and attempts to prove that it belonged to the priests of the Sun, from the little hill named Belbeg, Bel being the Irish for sun, and Beg little. Some miles from this we find the hill of Belmore, or the Great Sun Hill; we have often meditated an expedition to that hill, to seek for antiquities by moon or torch light. The farmer on whose land it is situated would as soon see his house levelled to the ground as see a single sod of that green mould disturbed, because his old grandmother told him she heard a strange man tell a queer story about a simple colleen, or girl, who *was called* for breaking a branch from a white thorn tree on the hill-side, and soon after disappeared for ever.

"How called?" said I.

"O, called by the *fairies*, of course," said Helen; "but Jane can sing you a song about it, if she likes. Jane did not require much pressing. She sat down once more at the piano, and played a wild and melancholy Irish air I had never heard before, and sang a few verses of the ballad.

She lay by the side of the mountain stream,

Like a fair wild flowret strown—

For her mind was astray in a fairy dream,

And she lived in the mountains alone.

She had followed her love from her own native land,
Where our villagers never had been;
But the false one had gone with his martial band,
Far, far, from his own Eveleen.

She sat 'neath the shade of the hawthorn tree,
That grew on the hill fort green,
And she heard a voice singing 'Come, come, follow me'—
Eveleen—Eveleen—Eveleen.

She followed, she followed, the villagers say,
For she never returned again;
And we anxiously sought her for many a day,
And we called her, but called her in vain.

They say that she lives with the good people still,
And oft 'neath the hawthorn green
The villagers hear her sweet voice in the hill,
And sigh for the lost Eveleen.

When her "wood-notes wild" died away, I would have cried "encore!" As it was, I was not sparing in my plaudits; while Jane, blushing at my bravas, merely said she had not done justice to the words—they had been composed and set to music by——; and here my inquiries made the poor girl blush, and her sister smile, seeing that she had a reason for concealing the author's name. We turned once more to the cabinet. My host showed me a coin his brother had found near a round tower. He said it was Phœnician or Egyptian, from certain hieroglyphics on it. I had seen some Egyptian coins in the museum of the Vatican, and gratified my host not a little by confirming his opinion as far as the faint resemblance those grotesque characters bore to others I had seen in the Eternal City. We glanced over a variety of spear and arrow heads found at sundry times in divers parts of the country by John. One old weapon arrested my attention; my host informed me it was a middoge, or an ancient dagger worn by the Irish kings. "That hoop in your hand was found in a small lake by a boy who was looking for wild ducks' nests," said my host; "doubtless it was one of the collars worn by the Saxons and Danes. I am sorry it is not the collar of gold Moore sings about."

"But you have a link of that celebrated chain, papa," said Helen.

"True, my love, and here it is. Mr. Morleigh, look at this link of gold, and fancy what a pretty fortune a chain of such links full a cloth yard long would be for a country maiden. That link weighs four ounces, but the man who found the whole chain brought me this link, only to ascertain if it was gold. I bought it from him by weight. He went to Dublin and sold the rest to a goldsmith, returned to the country, took a large farm, stocked it, and from being a very poor labourer became a wealthy farmer; but a cloud, they say, hangs over the money-finder, and what comes easily goes easily. We are still superstitious in this country: the chain-finder became an unhappy man, lost his stock, his farm, and has frequently solicited a

day's work as a common labourer. He has since pointed out the place where he found the chain to the country people; and for once their love of money has triumphed over their superstitious fears; parties of treasure-seekers have frequently burrowed and dug 'deeper and deeper' still into the doon more, or great cave, with little success. I suspect, at least I have never heard any favourable reports, and the people are seldom silent when they are successful; indeed, if a man labouring in a field turned up a stray halfpenny, a report would soon get wind that he had made his fortune, and might never handle a spade again; indeed, I once heard a poor man taken to task very sharply by the land-agent for not delivering up a mass of virgin silver he was said to have discovered while making a ditch; however, the matter was dropped, when it was found to be a lump of lead which had escaped from a tinker's budget, or forge, which had been at full work on the premises a few years before. Since I am speaking about forges, I once—(but I am wearying you, Mr. Morleigh.)

I protested not, and my host continued.

"I once met a country-fellow sauntering towards a blacksmith's forge to get a handle or hasp for his cowhouse door, fashioned out of a twisted bar of dingy-coloured brass he had found in a bog.

"‘I found it,’ said he, ‘a year ago, and pitched it under the dresser along with some sticks and rubbish, and this being an idle day with me, I thought I’d slip up to the forge, and hear the news, and get the handle made. I would rather have iron to be sure, but the times are bad—I’m not able to buy the length of my hand of ribbon-iron.’

"‘I now took the bar in my hand,’ said my host, “and was convinced it was heavier than brass.

"‘Barney,’ said I, ‘this won’t do for a handle for your cowhouse-door.’

"‘I thought as much myself,’ said he; ‘but if you really want a handle for it, I have an old one at home, and I’ll give it to you for this, and welcome,’ said he; ‘you were always a good warrant to help a man in distress.’

"And now, Mr. Morleigh, Jane must finish the story; you must excuse me; I see the rain continues, and I must send the workmen home."

Jane resumed the story. "My father soon discovered the value of the bar; it was pure gold; he brought it to Dublin, and sold it for thirty guineas—no great sum, but quite sufficient to make the finder happy, for Barney had aspired to the hand of a rich farmer's daughter; her father would not consent to the match—he objected to Barney merely on the score of his poverty; but the thirty guineas which my father handed to the rejected suitor acted like a charm. The farmer was no longer inexorable; in short, they were married, and live very happily not far from this. My father thinks it was fortunate he met Barney before he entered the forge, from which it might never have been restored to Barney, or even served to fasten his cowhouse-door."

And thus the afternoon was spent agreeably enough, though at first it wore a heavy aspect without and within doors. We sat down to a plain but well-dressed dinner. I say *we*, because I felt

as one of the family, already quite at home. Uncle John sat at the foot, and carved away at a leg of mutton with judicial gravity; he retired with the girls shortly after the dessert. My host touched his head significantly.

"He cannot bear wine now," said he; "time was when he could take his two bottles and sing his song with the merriest and the best of us."

We now drew our chairs to the fire, placed a table between us, filled our glasses, and set the wind, vain care, and sorrow, at defiance.

"Blow winds and crack your cheeks," said my host, as the windows rattled and the storm howled round the old house.

I like a good turf fire—I prefer it to coal—nevertheless turf and fuel, generally speaking, were scarce in that part of the country. My host informed me that some of his tenants suffered much during the winter, when they had not laid in a sufficient stock of hand-turf during the summer. He explained the difference between hand-turf and cut-turf,—the former being by far the most troublesome and expensive, made up like bricks in deep marshy bogs; while the latter is cut with a slane, or sharp-edged spade, frequently used in the rebellions as a most formidable weapon.

"You saw the pike in the next room?" said my host."

"It is certainly a dangerous weapon," said I; "but I hope the pike is only preserved as an object of curiosity in this country now."

My host assured me such was the case. "The pike," he said, "was found to be a most inconvenient weapon; even during the rebellion the pikes encumbered the rebels more than anything else. No;" said he, "the gun, pistol, and blunderbuss are the weapons most eagerly sought after by the evil-minded now-a-days."

I was naturally anxious to learn something genuine about the present state of the country; but my host evaded my queries, and attempted to turn the conversation. Baffled in my endeavours for the present, I glanced at the past, and found my host was much more willing to "look back through the vista of time," at some startling scenes which had flashed before his eyes in Tipperary.

"You have already heard the particulars of my brother's misfortunes from Helen," said he. "Shortly after that vile attempt to assassinate as honest and true-hearted a man as breathes the breath of life, this country was very much disturbed; large bodies of armed men traversed the country day and night, searching for arms, breaking into gentlemen's houses, with various success. Hitherto I had escaped; my house had been respected; I had not meddled with politics; or taken new farms: in short, I had given those agrarian legislators no fair pretext for attacking me. Nevertheless, I deemed it necessary to be prepared for the worst, and declared my intention to keep my fire-arms perhaps a little too openly. Every night we barricaded the house, and prepared for a regular siege; and it is to this night-watching, and the perpetual state of alarm and anxiety in which we lived, I attributed the low nervous fever which attacked my poor wife at this period. She had a strong presentiment that she would not be long with us; and her tenderness for her children and love for

me increased daily. We endeavoured to raise her spirits in vain; her thoughts were all serious. The physicians declared that a change of scene and sea air might restore her; but I urged her to follow their advice in vain.

“‘Here we have loved, and here we have passed the happiest hours of our lives,’ she would say, pointing to our little lawn and garden; ‘it is a sweet spot, and here let us part in peace.’ I could not reason with her when she spoke in this way—my heart was always too full. The disease soon made fearful ravages; she became too weak to leave her room, and at last could not bear me from her sight. She always said I should be attacked as my poor brother was—but I weary you, sir,” said my host, pausing.

I begged him to continue, and declared I was much interested, and filled my glass, while my host resumed in a firmer tone.

“One beautiful cloudless day,” said he, “the birds sang in the trees and the labourers sang in the fields, and everything looked bright and happy; even my poor wife, who had not slept for several nights, smiled as she sank into a sweet sleep. I left my daughter beside her, told my brother to remain in the house, while I ran into the fields to look after my labourers. I felt rejoiced in heart; the physicians had given me some hopes; they said, if she could sleep she might recover. I crossed a tillage-field in which several workmen were digging: they inquired after the mistress’s health in their usual warm-hearted way, hoping she would soon be able to walk out with me. I staid with them a short time, giving directions to my old steward. While we were talking together, the dismal howl of a dog was heard, and the sharp report of a gun-shot echoed through the plantation; while my favourite spaniel ran up to me bleeding to death from a wound in his side. My anger kindled, and I exclaimed to the workmen: ‘Boys, come on! let us secure those poachers, who, not satisfied with shooting my game, kill my dog also.’ Not a labourer stirred; but my steward, being a privileged person, threw his arms round my waist, and endeavoured to restrain me from entering the plantation. A horrid idea flashed upon my brain, as I tore away from the old man, and rushed towards the dwelling-house. ‘I may be in time to secure the door,’ I exclaimed, over and over again, as I rushed madly through the fields. But there—ay, even in the broad daylight, before my own door, stood several armed men; they presented their guns at my head—what cared I for their weapons?—they bid me keep back. ‘We don’t want your blood,’ said the miscreants, ‘we could have had that long ago; we want your arms.’ I grappled with the speaker, and received a stunning blow on the back of my head: I was overpowered and placed on my knees opposite my own door: the house was filled with armed men, ransacking every hole and corner for arms and ammunition.

My fire-arms were easily found, and I rejoiced to see the gang quitting the house, in obedience to the command of their captain. In this wretch I soon recognised the son of a drunken farmer, who had held forcible possession of his land for several years, without paying either rent, tithes, or taxes; drunkenness and night-walking had given his countenance a cadaverous hue, while his bad gray eye burned with all the evil passions and imaginary wrongs of his race. I

knew I had nothing to expect from him ; I felt that my doom was sealed, even when he addressed me in a vulgar and familiar tone. 'We have got all your tools now,' said he, 'and this brass blunderbuss I'll carry myself ; but the little pistols you bought in Dublin, I want them—hand them here.' I protested I had them not. 'Search him, was the reply—and my pockets were searched in vain. In my pocket-book they found my half-year's rent in notes and gold, and as they forced it into my pocket again, I conjured them to keep it—'Take all—take my property,' I exclaimed, almost frantic, 'but let me go to my wife—let me see her once more.' 'Ho, ho, ho, ho !' exclaimed the captain, 'the pistols are in his wife's room—I'll soon ask her where they are,' said he. 'Honour, captain,' said a tall dark-haired man, who was called the lieutenant—'honour, captain, don't disturb the dying woman.' 'D——n to your b—y soul,' cried the captain, striking his lieutenant upon the face with the butt of the blunderbuss, as he rushed into the house, while the lieutenant wiped his bleeding visage with his coat-sleeve. 'Ha, ha ! take that Shan Ruan,' exclaimed several of the gang ; 'none of your Munster tricks up here, gossoon.'

Hitherto those ruffians had respected my wife's apartment, and hearing the noise below, my daughters had locked the door and sat trembling around their poor mother. My brother had also kept his post ; he remained in her room also ; but when the last of the gang had retreated from the house, a maid-servant announced the glad tidings, and my daughter unlocked the door just as the savage captain rushed up the stairs, and the next moment leaped into my wife's chamber. My wife sat up in her bed, and the miscreant rudely demanded where the pistols were concealed—'But I'll soon find them,' said he, throwing up the window-sash ; and hallooing to the gang below, he desired them to shoot the prisoner, while he counted three, if he did not name the exact spot where the pistols were concealed ; and pronounced in a loud voice, 'One, two'—then leaning upon his elbows, he looked down upon me with a fiendish grin, while the sharp clicking of the gun-locks round me told me my fate hung on a hair.

At that breathless moment, while the eyes of the gang were raised to the window at which their captain stood, a loud explosion and a shriek broke from the house, the captain's arms dropped, the blunderbuss escaped from his hands, his chin touched his breast for a second, and then he sprang forward with a wild yell, and fell from the window upon the hall-door steps, a mutilated corpse. The gang rushed to raise their captain, while in the confusion I escaped into the house, and entered my wife's room ; it was filled with smoke. John was kneeling in the middle of the floor laughing, as an idiot may laugh : he held a pair of pistols which he had just discharged, extended towards the window. I turned to the bed, but it was all over ; her spirit had departed ; she was at rest."

My host paused ; he turned his face to the wall : I had no consolation to offer. I withdrew from the parlour, inwardly regretting that I had recalled such heart-rending recollections.

I made up my mind that night before I slept—and certainly I did

not fall asleep as soon as I wished, after hearing such a tale of woe—I leisurely made up my mind to have nothing to say to Altadugh. ‘It would be a good investment, to be sure,’ reasoned prudence; but I wish to reside—and as to turning out the tenant, no man save a Russian despot would even dream of such a thing; but there are such men in the British empire, cold, calculating fellows—the place will be bought by one of them—the man turned out. What then? I was not afraid of the Rockites; nay, had I been here when the miscreants had attacked the house, ye gods, how I would have fought! Three several taps at the window cut short this tirade, and my heart became as weak as water; *dieu merci!* it’s only a shower of hail! I soliloquized. ‘Yes, it is in my power to keep this amiable family at home—I purchase the land, marry the daughter, and—alas, poor dear Helen! your eyes are too bright for this wicked world. No! she’s the bride of heaven.’ Next morning, in spite of my host’s kind and pressing entreaties that I would pass another day with him, I took leave of my hospitable friends. My host walked with me to his lawn gate.

“If you like this place,” said the poor fellow, “don’t let me stand in your way. I am ready to turn out and give you possession whenever you wish to reside here; but whether you become a purchaser or not, whenever you come to this part of the country make my house your home.”

I grasped his hand, sprang upon my outside jaunting car, and now left Altadugh far behind me.

Returning to the metropolis, I performed some thirty miles of the journey in the canal or fly-boat: the grand cabin, which by the way reminded me of an omnibus with a plank running through the middle by way of a table, was filled with respectably-dressed people. However, they closed up with a little more good-nature than the occupants of an omnibus—Bankside, Temple Bar—but before I could take my place, I was addressed by one of the passengers.

“Be steady, sir, look at the brass pendulum, the regulator, sir; don’t you perceive it inclines to this side already; you can’t sit on this side, sir; but the ladies opposite will accommodate you, otherwise our lives will be jeopardized.”

“O sit at this side, sir; sit here, sir!” squalled the said ladies; and I got seated at last.

“You don’t understand the fly-boat, sir,” said the last speaker, addressing me again; “but before you get through the next double lock, you’ll be wide awake as I am to the danger of——”

“O! is there any danger?” said a bilious little woman at my side.

“Why, for my own part, I never like to alarm people, I hate that; but when accidents will happen in the best regulated families, why not in the very irregular?”

“O, queen of heaven! we’re upside down,” exclaimed a very fat woman, as the boat jarred suddenly against the towing-path, and glanced under a bridge.

“Be calm, be resigned, Mrs. Doolan, keep your eyes upon me, and when you see me bolt through this window, it will be time enough for you to follow my example.”

"But you're such a brave man, Mr. Malone; I declare I feel as weak as water."

"Try a drop of the native, Mrs. Doolan; I see you have a bottle in your lap."

"Ah, fie for shame! Mr. Malone, it's only a sup of bitters I carry for my daughter here, poor thing."

"Well, Mrs. Doolan, you must take a glass of stout with me." Thus saying, Mr. Malone rang the bell, got a bottle of Guinness and two tumblers; his good example was followed by the rest of the passengers; and some excellent bread and cheese was laid on the board. Mr. Malone seemed to be the master-spirit of the passengers: he was one of those reckless rough diamonds, from which the sensitive recoil; a nice man for a small party, some six feet three in his shoes, big-boned, and clumsily built: his countenance was not the most prepossessing in the world, though adorned with a rich profusion of carbuncles, abrupt-nosed, wide-mouthed, beetle-browed, long-visaged, sandy-haired: he thought he was a perfect Adonis, in a white hat with crape, and a full suit of black; so at the ripe age of fifty-four, he gave himself the airs of twenty-four. Emboldened with the double X he had swallowed, he made every one in the boat, his own precious self always excepted, uncomfortable, pulled a crumpled newspaper from his pocket; and, to the great annoyance of a very quiet old clergyman and romantic young lady, who had books! the fellow began to read aloud, *pro bono publico*, as he said, the prices current of the *Dublin Market* note—Alum, Alders, Antimony, Butters, Corks, Carlows, per Cool, Bacon, Bees-wax, Hides, Leather, calf, sole ditto, kips; Lead, white, black, pig; Liquorice, Lemon juice, Lard bladdered, bleached; Raisins, muscatel, sun, in casks; Skins, goats, sheep, kids." Here the clergyman laid down his book, and calmly entreated Mr. Malone to read to himself.

"Why should I?" was the polite reply; "why should I be so selfish as to monopolize all the news to myself?"

"Excuse me, sir," replied the other, "I for one, and I think I may answer for this young lady, we are very little interested in the news you have just been reading; it may be news to you, but defend me from such news."

"Upon my word, I'll venture to say that the ladies and gentlemen would rather listen to my price-current than to your dry sermon, parson: but since you request it, I'll put up my paper. Now, then, are you satisfied? I make it a rule never to make any man uncomfortable. I was just getting into the births, deaths, and marriages; but no matter."

Mr. Malone now favoured us with an account of his visit to his landlord, who had just returned from the continent, where he had resided for many years, married a woman old enough to be his mother, and that ceremony being performed, returned to his country castle in Ireland, where Mr. Malone found him doing the great man.

"His lordship," said Mr. Malone, "is a slight, fair-haired young man, something like you, sir," turning to a gentleman, who blushed to the ears with pleasure, and said,

"Like me, sir? how curious!"

"Yes, sir, like you, and not two removes from a fool, the greatest ass in existence. But her ladyship, she's a duke's daughter, they say; yes, positively, she is the very picture of that lady near the door."

"O, indeed, sir, you flatter me," said the lady.

"Yes, madam, her ladyship is a stout, red-faced, punchy old woman."

The poor lady did not look so flattered.

Hitherto I had escaped from the lash of this Goliath, but now it was my turn to enter the lists with him. He heard me speaking about land to one of my neighbours, an intelligent Scot, who had a large farm on the banks of the canal, and clasping his hands together, and leaning forward upon his elbows on the board, Mr. Malone looked up and down the cabin smirking and winking, as he inquired "why we got on so slowly with the survey."

I could not pretend to answer that question, especially as I did not understand what survey the gentleman meant.

"General survey, of course," was his reply.

"I was not connected with——"

"Poh! tell me you're not a land-surveyor?"

"No, sir, I am not."

"Humph!" grunted Mr. Malone, looking very serious and austere. "In my younger days—and I'm not very old—it was the custom for every man to say what he was like a man; no dandy clerks passed themselves off as officers upon the natives. I didn't say you were a clerk nor an officer, sir; but I premise——"

"Neither, sir," said I, hastily.

"Humph! Bagsmen formerly, in the good old times, absolutely carried a bag; yes, a bag of patterns and samples, Mrs. Doolan; tea and sugar, Mrs. Hopkins; showed their wares, and asked orders on all occasions, Miss Prike; now, hoity toity, the bagsman is a traveller, if you please, carries a book. I'll trouble you for your book of patterns, sir."

"Sir," said I, "I have no book of patterns."

"Humph! call it a book of prints; your book of prints, sir," persevered Mr. Malone.

"I have no book of prints, sir."

"Humph! in the tea line, I suppose. I dare say you could give us a hint about bohea. Now here sit three ladies, I know, going to lay in stock—good opportunity for you—show your samples—open your case—do a little business—I'll help you. What say you, Mrs. Quade, shall we look at this gentleman's samples?"

Mrs. Quade replied, with a toss of her head, "Indeed she preferred piercing a chest at Kinahan's."

"But consider this young man, and his most respectable house; his hyson, and fine black and green, his flowery pekoe, and——"

"I beg your pardon, sir," said I, not relishing the jest at all; "I am not a mercantile traveller."

"Humph! I remember the time, and it's not very long ago, it was a troublesome time, sir, last rebellion, sir, when an officer of the Merchant Yeomanry Cavalry, it was my duty to arrest every sus-

picious character ; and though I have retired from business, bought a farm, and the corps is broken up, yet I feel an inclination to resume my authority whenever I smell the air of my native city. Yes, sir, I once arrested a very suspicious character in a canal-boat."

"O, for love of the Vargin, don't proceed to extremities," squalled the nervous Mrs. Doolan.

"Mrs. Doolan, be calm, keep your eye upon me ; if you see me produce—(putting his hand into his waistcoat pocket)—a warrant."

"I'll faint, I'll faint, Mr. Malone ; you're not in earnest, but you look so savage."

"You grow complimentary, Mrs. Doolan ; savage ! I flatter myself no lamb could be more peaceably inclined, nor look more sweetly."

"Then you do flatter yourself, Mr. Malone ; you ought to be ashamed of yourself, so you ought, frightening the life out of a weak nervous woman like myself."

"How nervous you are, Mrs. Doolan !" retorted Mr. Malone, drawing a short pipe from his pocket ; "conscience makes cowards of us all."

"Speak for yourself, Mr. Malone."

"A little for myself, and twice as much for you, Mrs. Doolan."

"For me, sir ! I scorn your base insinuation."

"Ay, now, you're behind your own counter, ma'am."

"What do you know about my counter ? I defy you ; it never was cut up by the Lord Mayor, like your own."

"You're mistaken, Mrs. Doolan ; you're thinking of your father's counter and short measure."

"No, sir ; I'm thinking of your sandy sugar and light weights."

"A penny for your thoughts, then, though it's more than they are worth, ma'am," continued Malone ; "no, ma'am, I'm aboveboard in all my dealings ; fair play was always my motto, live and let live. Come, shake hands, Mrs. Doolan. I have a very great regard for your husband, decent man. I recollect the time when no loyal man in Dublin would wear a stocking to his foot, unless he bought it at Doolan's. Fact, sir, that man might have commanded thousands before he took the benefit of the act."

Peace having been declared between these neighbourly folks, Mr. Malone, impatient at being cooped up so long, lamented the folly of the company, who had given up the old leg-of-mutton boats for those fly-away cockle-shells.

"In the old leg-of-mutton boats you progressed steadily, sir," said he ; "if you felt inclined to walk, you could stretch yourself along the towing-path, for a mile or two, without any inconvenience ; you might sit on deck and enjoy the prospects ; you might write your letters, eat your leg of mutton dinner, make your tumbler of whisky punch, in peace and quietness ; but now a hasty bottle of ale, and, mayhap, a scrumption of bread and cheese, is all you have to comfort you ; and positively I would as soon sit in the pipe of a bellows—such a draught of air, since they have got the fashion of taking the doors off the hinges, by way of giving more room to the passengers ; and, observe, sir, we have the full benefit of a stream of flies from the stag-

nant pools, and dust kicked up by the horses from the towing-path; but this is more of your reforming plans, everything must be done in a hurry now-a-days. 'Marry in haste, and repent at leisure,'—good proverb that, Miss Pryke, (Miss P. was an old maid,)—but I never talk politics before the ladies."

I was not sorry to hear the bell proclaiming our arrival in the good city of Dublin, nodded at my familiar Goliath and his friends, and once more returned to the comforts of Gresham's Hotel.

THE STUDENT'S SOLILOQUY.

WHAT can Glory's voice requite
For the smiles of Beauty lost—
Feeling's tranquil summer night—
But an ocean tempest-tost?
What is Fame's more generous meed
When the spells of Youth are fled,
And the praise we most might heed
Slumbers with the silent dead?

Though I turn each classic page—
Plato's visions—Homer's lyre ;—
Though the lore of every age
Loftiest thoughts and themes inspire ;—
Deadly fair seem things remote,
As the icy-temple's glow ;—
Time's best treasures coldly float
Down the past like wreathed snow !

'Tis ambition's sacrifice—
Nights of waking—feverish days—
Health—pleasure—all the fatal price
Of a world's unwilling praise.
Still, in vain propitious gloom
Nightly veils thy blanched cheek ;
Morning smiles on many a tomb,
And of living joys will speak !

Oft uncall'd the sportive ray
Veils with dazzling light the page,
And in mockery seems to say,
"Waste not thus youth's votive age!"
And those melancholy bells,
Ne'er to me with mirth endued,
Wake a thousand dormant spells,
Which the heart had oft subdued !

The Student's Soliloquy.

Straight will recreant Fancy fly
To the scenes which childhood bless'd—
Meet a parent's kindling eye—
By each form of love caress'd !
Or, a school-boy rough once more,
Resting 'neath the play-ground tree,
O'er some famous ballad pore
With alternate gloom and glee !

Mountains—valleys—fresh and green,
Still in bright succession start ;
Friendship blesses every scene ;
Hope enlarges every heart.
Ah ! and then a troubled stream
Gushes through my lonely breast,
And a lover's feverish dream
Perishes with all the rest !

Perishes—save one bright smile,
With an angel's blessing given,
Beaming on life's sea the while,
Though the star be fix'd in heaven !
And must all earth's visions fly,
Thus, as age to age succeeds ?—
Child of Sorrow, Hope is nigh !
Child of Pleasure, see thy weeds !

Stern Reality appears,
Treading with each form apace ;
Mocks our hopes—smiles at our fears—
Tears the veil from every face !
Fame perchance may come at last,
But with features cold and wan,
When life's dream is all but past
Under Wisdom's fearful ban.

Then hail the sunshine—hail the song !
And the merry bells of eve !
While your spells the past prolong,
To my harp the rest I leave :
Child of Gladness—child of Tears,
Variable as April's breath :
Now thy hand in joy careers—
Now it sweeps the chords of Death !

W. G. A.

VITTORIA COLONNA.

At a time when a recently-published novel* directs popular attention to the forgotten fame of this once most illustrious woman, some account of her writings may be read with additional interest. To her life and times, we need not allude; the events of both being detailed in the work which has suggested this memoir. Strange is it that, in three short centuries, one who occupied so exalted a rank amongst her contemporaries, should be now so totally forgotten that she may be introduced as a new, and an almost fictitious character to an age which prides itself upon its spirit of literary inquiry!

And yet that Vittoria of Colonna, *Marchesana illustrissima di Pescara*, as she is styled in the title-page of her works, was in her age thus pre-eminent, is a fact beyond dispute; and that she deserves that pre-eminence must be admitted by all who are able to peruse her compositions, and to compare them with the writings of her contemporary poets. We will go even farther than this; we will admit her great countryman of a more recent age, Tasso, to the comparison; and we will even then boldly aver that no Italian poet surpasses Vittoria Colonna in selection of imagery, in power of thought, and in the grand requisite in which all other Italian versifiers are so lamentably deficient—real sensibility. The high praise which her contemporary, Ariosto, delighted to lavish upon her, is known to all those who read more of his Orlando than its most amusing episodes. He hesitates not to prefer her *dolce stil* to that of all the writers of his time.

Although, three centuries ago, several editions of the works of the Marchesa of Pescara had been published, a copy can now be seldom met with: and we know not how we can better enable the English public to judge of the correctness of our opinion than by reprinting here a few of her poems, with a translation so exact that it seems like the impression taken off in wax from a seal, although the spirit and the master-touch of the engraver may be necessarily weakened. We shall first give an extract from her "CANZONE" to the Memory of her Husband—the one of her poems which is most celebrated amongst our deep-read Italian scholars, but which, we fear, is unknown beyond their narrow circle. It thus begins:

I.

"O gentle spirit, now enthron'd on high,
In the third heaven, 'mid souls as pure and blest,
From mortal coil at rest,
Where all receive the fair reward decreed
To love like that which fir'd thy faithful breast,
Bend, bend on me, who still repine and sigh
That I too may not die;—

* "The Pope," a novel, in 3 vols. By an old Author in a New Walk. Saunders and Otley.

That I too may not be in pity freed
 From griefs that make my heart with anguish bleed,—
 That I may not cut short my hopeless years :
 Bend down those eyes that once so fondly bent
 On mine—on mine whose light is now all spent,
 Whose lids are now all swollen with ceaseless tears :
 O see how they are changed ! Gaze down, and see
 How changed from those so beauteous deem'd by thee.*

II.

Let not the unspeakable and boundless light,
 Which thou in heaven dost now for ever see,
 Withhold thine eyes from me,
 On whom thou didst of yore so fondly gaze,
 And think each day and night well spent by thee.
 If to behold the godhead great and bright
 Removes earthly delight,
 O let that virtue which thou most didst praise,
 Let pity make thee list to her who prays.
 On earth we ne'er were parted. I did move
 Still at thy side. Then, O bestow some sign
 From the bright realm divine,
 Where, without me, thou see'st the fount of love !
 If love may not prevail, let pity sway ;
 Bend down one beauteous glance on me, I pray !

I.

- Spirto gentil, che sei vel terzo giro,
 Del ciel fra le beate anime asceso,
 Scarco del mortal peso,
 Dove premio si rende a chi con fede
 Vivendo fu d' honesto amore asceso :
 A me, che del tuo ben non gia sospiro,
 Ma di me, ch' ancor spiro ;
 Poi che al dolor, che nella mente siede
 Sopra ogn' altro crudel, non si concede
 Di metter fine all' angosciata vita,
 Gli occhi che gia mi fur benigni tanto,
 Volgi a gli miei ch' al pianto
 Apron sì larga e sì continua uscita :
 Vedi come mutati son da quelli
 Che ti solean parer gia così belli.

II.

L' infinita ineffabile bellezza
 Che sempre miri in ciel, non ti distorni
 Che gli occhi a me non torni,
 A me, che gia mirando ti credisti
 Di spender ben tutte le notti e i giorni :
 E se l' levarti alla superna altezza
 Ti leva ogni vaghezza ;
 Deh quanto mai qua giù più caro avesti,
 La pietà, almen cortese mi ti presti,
 Che in terra unqua non fu da te lontana :
 Et hora io n' ho d' haver più chiaro segno,
 Quando nel divin regno
 Dove senza me sei, v' è la fontana :
 S' amor m' può, dunque pietà ti pieghi
 D' inchinar il bel guardo a li miei prieghi.

III.

Still, still I am thine own. Chang'd by despair
And pain, till few my former self would know :
My voice, all weak and low,
Can scarcely its true owner's tones recal.
Ah, me! how quickly went when thou didst go,
How quickly went from cheek, and eyes, and hair,
All thou didst once deem fair
And beautiful! And I believ'd it all,
And priz'd whate'er might thy fond love enthrall.
It grieves me not that ev'ry charm be fled,
That ev'ry charm be now for ever gone ;
Since thou, for whom alone
I cherished them—since thou, my love, art dead.
No—no! I would not that, apart from thee,
These or aught else, had power to solace me.

IV.

How should they do so? When I think upon
That dear, fond look of thine, or soft or bright,
Quenched in eternal night—
Thy laughter heard no more—
Why did I not then die of grief outright?
Virtues more priz'd than wealth or precious stone
Thy golden tomb doth own :
Why burst not my hard heart while pondering o'er
The angelic face that tomb will not restore!
How can I still live on when I am told

III.

Io sono, io son ben dessa ; hor vedi come
M'ha cangiato il dolor fiero e atroce,
Ch'a fatica la voce
Puo di me dar la conoscenza vera.
Lassa, ch'al tuo partir, parti veloce
Da le guancie, da gli occhi, e da le chiome
Questa, a cui davi nome
Tu di beltade ; ed io n'andava altera
Che me'l credea, perche in tal pregio t'era
Ch'ella da me partisse allora ed ancho
Non tornasse mai più, non mi da noia :
Poichè tu, a cui sol gioia
Di lei dar intendea, mi vieni manco.
Non voglio no, s'anch'io non vengo dove
Tu sei, che questo od altro ben mi giove.

IV.

Come possibil è? quando sovviemmi
Del bel guardo suave ad hora ad hora,
Che spento ha sì brev' hora ;
Ond'è quel riso estinto ;
Che mille volte non sia morta o mora?
Perchè pensando all'ostro ed alle gemme
Ch'aurea tomba tiemme,
Di ch'era il viso angelico distinto
Non scoppia il duro cor dal dolor cinto?
Com'è ch'io viva quando mi remembra

That, in the cruel tomb, the envious clay
Touches and wastes away
Those limbs of purest alabastrin mould?
Hard, worse than death the lot I must fulfil—
To suffer death, and live and suffer still.

V.

Oh, I had hoped to leave the darksome jail
That binds the unwilling, naked, shivering soul,
And seek the heavenly goal,
Following thy sacred steps, and early be
One of those beauteous forms the heavens console.
I thought, close following thee, I could not fail
O'er Peter to prevail:
Telling of faith and love, and praising thee,
I deem'd he'd gladly turn the blessed key.
Alas! alas! why is this frame so strong
That neither lengthened illness nor the pain
My heart must ere retain,
Can bring the impending death for which I long?
Oh! why with thee, my Sun, could I not die?
Now thou art set, no light illumines my sky.

VI.

Fair courtesy and valour, which, conceal'd
In unknown caverns and in forests drear,
Had lain for many a year,
But came with thee upon the world again
When Hope foretold thy riper years should wear
The honours of the Publii, and reveal'd
Each glorious battle-field,
So that to distant lands it should be plain
The earth did still one Son of Mars retain—
I see no longer now. Nor since the night

Ch'empio sepolcro e invidiosa polve
Contamina e dissolve
Le delicate alabastrine membra?
Dura condition: che morte e peggio
Patir di morte e insieme viver deggio.

V.

Io sperai ben di questo carcer tetro,
Che quà giù serra ignuda anima, sciorme;
E correr dietro a l'orme
De li tuoi santi piedi, e teco farmi
De le belle una in ciel beate forme.
Ch'io crederia quando ti fusse dietro,
E insieme udisse Pietro
E di Fede e d'Amor di te lodarmi,
Che le sue porte non patria negarmi.
Deh perche tanto è questo corpo forte
Che ne la lunga febre ne'l tormento,
Che maggior nel cor sento,
Potesse trarlo a destinata morte,
Sì che, lasciato havessi il mondo teco,
Che senza te, ch'eri suo lume, è cieco?

When dreary darkness fell on all around,
 Have they been ever found.
 For to their ancient caves they fled in spite,
 Declaring that the world should never see
 Their worth again, since 'twas depriv'd of thee.

VII.

Unhappy Rome perceives its loss, and cries,
 "Since death my trusted champion has ta'en,
 My seven hills again
 Will never see a leader fit to show
 On the Via Sacra his triumphal train.
 From all my wounds and hostile destinies
 I hoped perchance to rise :
 But to the heart I feel this cruel blow ;
 And with it ev'ry cherished hope must go."
 The turbid Tiber hastened to the shore
 And told its loss to Ilium, who said,
 Her tears fast flowing, "Now then, now is fled
 The last hope of my race—we can no more."
 The holy nymphs and silvan gods perceiv'd
 Her grief and heard her cries, and with her griev'd.

We need not quote further. The noble writer here involves herself in those classical allusions and images with which the pedantry of the times and the revival of learning overlaid every subject ; and from which our own Milton, at a much later age, found it so difficult to emancipate himself. All the allusions of the widow to the distress of Rome for the death of Pescara seem, however, to prove that he was not guiltless of the charge insinuated against him, of intending to join Pope Clement and the Italians in the war against the emperor : why else should Rome and the "purple fathers," as Vittoria afterwards designates the cardinals, have deplored so strongly the death of a hostile leader ?

That most elegant Italian scholar, William Roscoe, preferred the Marchesa of Pescara's "Stanze" to any other of her writings. They are, indeed, very beautiful ; but they abound too much in the pastoral imagery afterwards portrayed by Tasso, in his famed seventh Canto, to interest the present day by an appearance of novelty :—although, perhaps, they first suggested that style of writing which is now so common. They are written in the metre and stanza adopted by Ariosto and Tasso ; while the Canzone from which we have quoted exhibits a peculiar measure, which unites many of the advantages of blank verse with the harmony of rhymes.

But the bulk of Vittoria Colonna's writings consists of compositions in that most odious style so beloved by the Italians. Odious we deem the style of composition sacred to SONNETS, because it imposes such shackles upon the poet, that although he may have the rare good luck of composing one or two, or perhaps half a dozen fine sonnets, he necessarily fritters away upon the trivial operation a fund of intellectual health, freshness, and ability, which might have been applied to far nobler purposes. That a *whole volume* of fine sonnets should be composed by any one mind, neither the readers of Petrarch nor of Vittoria Colonna will maintain. Gradually the mind

must abandon itself to the selection of subjects proper to the chain-bound style: gradually it must seek to move amongst these fetters with verbal accuracy and rhythmical grace, rather than to expand with every inborn impulse of the writer himself: gradually the cramped and imprisoned mind must acquire a mechanical habit of stringing lines together by rote—sometimes, like the Irish postboy, reserving “a trot for the avenue”—or a good line with which to wind up the whole; but, more frequently still, plodding on with dull perseverance, sensible of no triumph save of a triumph over words and rhymes. Is not this, we ask every reader of sonnets,—is not this the one characteristic feature of such compositions? Is it not the characteristic of Petrarch? Is it not the characteristic of Bembo in a much stronger degree? Certain we are, and freely we admit, that the volume of Vittoria of Colonna's Sonnets is not exempt from it; although she attended more to the matter, and less to the manner, of her compositions, than soon came to be the case amongst her contemporaries. We ourselves are acquainted with an admired writer of very respectable sonnets, who confesses his belief that any one can write a sonnet; that it is only like building a wall—placing one brick above another—now a brick sideways, and now a brick edgeways, until the whole fourteen bricks be laid, well “puddled” in, and “pointed.”

Let us, however, give a specimen or two of Vittoria Colonna's Sonnets: we think that they will be admitted to be inferior to few—superior to most:—

“ Like an unfledg'd, hungry bird that, in its nest,
Hears its returning mother flap her wings,
Circling around when some choice food she brings,
The nestling's love for both is then exprest—
It strives to reach the food and be carest,
And rustles to begin its wanderings,
And thanks her with unwonted chirappings,
In notes that seem too sweet for its young breast:—
So do I feel whene'er the brilliant light
Of the Almighty Sun to which I gaze,
Cheers with unusual warmth my fainting soul.
Urged, by internal love, to bless and praise,
I take the pen, with joy beyond controul,
And, fluttering, praise my God in all I write.*

This sonnet is very beautiful. But, in the translation, the second

- * Qual digiuno Augellin, che vede e ode
Batter l'ali alla madre intorno quando
Li reca il nudrimento; ond'egli amando
Il cibo e quella, si rallegra e gode
E dentro il nido suo di strugge e rode,
Per desio di seguirla anch'ei volando;
E la ringrazia in tal modo cantando,
Che par ch'oltra il poter la lingua snode:
Tal io, qual hor il caldo raggio e vivo
Del divin Sole onde nudrisco il core
Più del usato lucido lampeggia;
Movo la penna, mossa da l'amore
Interno: e senza ch'io stessa m'aveggia—
Di quel ch'io dico, le sue lodi scrivo.

part does not closely correspond with the first. To account for this, we must explain that a *double entendre*, esteemed, no doubt, an elegance in the days of our authoress, lurks in the thirteenth Italian line. *Moro la penna*, means either I move my pen, my quill, or I move my feathers; as the nestling had been described to rustle its down. We notice this pun as exhibiting the taste of the age; nor do we doubt that it would be equally admired by Italian litterati of the present day. We regret that we could not render it in English, and proceed to give another specimen which embalms a beautiful religious feeling:

“ Would that mine ears were deaf to earthly sound,
 That every thought might more intently dwell
 On the sweet tones and notes angelical
 Which love and peace upraise the world around !
 Nature is all attuned, and still is found
 To breathe o’er every chord a living spell,
 So that concerted all together swell,
 And pure eternal harmonies rebound.
 But love attunes each voice : love rules the choir,
 Beats time, and gives the burden all must bear :
 ’Tis love leads nature’s choir—nor leads it wrong.
 Sweet and more sweet the grateful notes aspire—
 All nature joins in one harmonious song,
 And tells of love—for God has given the air.*

On looking over the sonnets of this author—and we may observe that the greater part of them treat of religious subjects, or are addressed to the memory of her husband—we perceive one, of which the opening lines rivet our attention. They are as follows :

“ Signor, che in quella inaccessabil luce,
 Quasi in alta caligine t’ascondi.
 “ Oh Lord, who dost in unapproachable light,
 As though in darkest cloud, thyself conceal.

Who can read this without remembering Milton’s splendid address ?

“ Since God is light,
 And never but in unapproached light
 Dwelt from eternity.”

“ A cloud
 Drawn round about thee like a radiant shrine
 Dark with excessive bright.”

* Vorrei l’orecchia haver qui chiusa e sorda
 Per udir coi pensier più fermi e intenti
 L’alte angeliche voci e i dolci accenti
 Che vera pace in vero amor concorda.
 Spira un’ aer vital tra corda e corda
 Divino e puro in quei vivi strumenti,
 E si move a un fine i lor concenti,
 Che l’eterno harmonia mai non’ si discorda.
 Amor alza le voci ; Amor le abassa,
 Ordina e batte egual l’ampia misura.
 Che non mai fuor del segno in van percuote,
 Semper è più dolce il suon ; se ben ei passa
 Per le mutanze in più diverse note,
 Che chi compone il canto ivi, n’ha cura.

The idea is the same: the words are, as nearly as possible, the same. Can there be a doubt that the English poet borrowed both the one and the other from the fair Italian authoress? Can there be a doubt that, while travelling in Italy, and imbibing the first idea of his great work from a wandering exhibition of a mystery, he was well acquainted with the poems of the celebrated Marchesana? Sure we are that an English sun could never have suggested so gorgeous an image!

But as we are told that the present age sympathizes not with poets, and heeds not poetry—the cause thereof being, that the present age is most eminently and pre-eminently egotistical—we must not presume too much upon its unwilling forbearance. Would only that we had influence sufficient to induce those English readers who delight in Italian literature, to extend their studies beyond the four great writers with whom they are partially acquainted! Amongst the authors of the sixteenth century they would find more real poetry than is to be met with in the works that have been delivered down to them from extraneous causes, and which engross such an unjust monopoly of fame. Dante owes his immortality to the popular virulence of his political writings at a time when Italy was torn by contending factions. Petrarch survives as the founder of the modern Italian language, and as the writer of half a dozen splendid sonnets. Ariosto has, with inimitable art, strung together a maze of entertaining episodes, which lose nothing of their popular favour from the indecencies with which they also abound. Tasso has written an interesting novel in verse—a consecutive tale, occasionally elevated by beautiful feelings, always degraded when his infernal agents—the offspring of Virgil's harpies—are introduced. And these the Italians put forward, and the English admire, as the only poets of Italy—as the first writers of modern Europe. These be your gods, O Israel!

Which of them was the poet? Which the Spenser? Which the Milton? Which the Shakspeare?

13th October, 1840.

THE MOTHER'S FIRST TRIAL.

BY MRS. ABDY.

WE miss thee from our side, sweet boy, we miss thee from our hearth,
 With thine eye of beaming archness, and thy voice of playful mirth ;
 Gladness was ever in thy smile, and sunshine on thy brow,
 Thou hast not caused our anxious hearts a single pang till now :
 Thy winning grace, thy artless glee, thy docile love, have cast
 A bright and lasting radiance o'er the records of the past ;
 Home, to our thoughts has ever seemed a dear familiar name,
 But home, without our darling one, appears not now the same.

Yet reason aids and strengthens me to bear this trying day,
 Childhood's gay joys and frolic sports I know must pass away ;
 The time has come, my cherished boy, for manhood to prepare,
 Thy quick and ready intellect demands instruction's care.
 'Tis true that learning's rugged steep may chill thee with dismay,
 But verdant paths and springing flowers shall cheer thy upward way ;
 And should thy glad triumphant steps attain the towering height,
 Treasures that gold can never buy thy labours shall requite.

I think on thee in busy day, my brightest and my best,
 Thy image comes before me when I lay me down to rest ;
 And yet my troubled thoughts become more tranquil and resigned,
 I know thou hast the privilege of precepts wise and kind.
 I feel the holy principles of pure and Scripture truth
 Imbibed within thy father's house, shall yet sustain thy youth,
 And that thou still art in the path, from early childhood trod,
 Dwelling beneath the roof of those who love and serve their God.

TASTELESS BUILDINGS IN A BEAUTIFUL LANDSCAPE.

ALL is harmonious in this world of mirth,
 And bright as maiden's smile, till uncouth man,
 By his accursed apings soils the plan
 Of mystic nature, and with thoughts of earth
 Alioys the golden gifts that take their birth
 From a kind Heaven ; and bids us sick'ning scan
 A painted, spangled, staring courtesan,
 For nature's face of light, and form of worth !
 Go, shut yourselves in cells, and ceaseless sue
 For pardon, that your wantonness hath laid
 These scars and blotches on the cheek of day ;
 Ask some benignant power to sweep away
 Into oblivion's all-engorging shade,
 These monuments of frightfulness, and you !

ANGLING IN NORWAY.

THE work which the author of "*The Angler in Ireland*" has just presented us with, is a valuable contribution to the literature of the day; for although Norway, in its moral, social, and political aspect, has been largely treated by Mr. Laing, and its "Field-Sports" fully described by Mr. Lloyd, we have now, for the first time, the result of an accomplished Angler's experience, as to its capabilities regarding the noble art of salmon-fishing:—and although the author does not give a complete, nor even a compendious description of *all* the rivers in Norway, he has done more than enough to merit the gratitude of every lover of the "gentle art." Nor is it to the angler alone that the work will prove acceptable; for it abounds in interesting descriptions of scenery, stirring details of personal adventure, various geological and botanical notices, and many just and impartial remarks on the social character of the Norwegians. We have applied the term *accomplished* angler to our author, and when we shall have placed before the reader some of his exploits at the Namsen—exploits, we venture to say, unparalleled in the annals of salmon-fishing—he will readily acknowledge the title to be well merited.

Being ourselves enthusiastically addicted to angling, and having passed the summer of the present year in Norway, visiting many of the places, and fishing most of the rivers mentioned by our author, we can speak with the confidence of personal knowledge as to the general correctness of his statements, and of his descriptions of scenery. During our stay at the Namsen, we occupied his identical apartments in the cottage at Mediaa; we were frequently rowed by the same boatmen—his name was daily in the mouths of all classes in the neighbourhood; and it will, doubtless, gratify him to learn that his memory in that remote and magnificent spot, now rendered classic by his pen, is cherished by the simple-minded peasantry with affectionate and grateful remembrance.

Of the various rivers in Norway mentioned by our author, he justly gives a preference to the Namsen; but while lavish of his praise of that "*fluviorum rex*," he passes over many other admirable streams, either with very inadequate notice, or with undue disparagement.

Thus, for example, speaking of the Nid at Trondhjem, he says,—

"I have several times accompanied friends to Leerfoss, not so much to see them fish, as to enjoy the exquisite beauties of the spot: but I never, except once, took a rod in hand, when my companion killed an ill-shaped grilse of four pounds, the only rise we either of us had. There is only one good-sized pool, over which the angler is rowed again and again, leaving his flies to play in the stream, fifteen or twenty yards below the boat. I would not give a bawbee to fish such a river a second time."

Now on this same river, and in the very same pool alluded to, on the 3rd of July last we killed eight beautiful salmon, and during por-

tions of six days that we fished the same pool, our number amounted to twenty-three—and as for the “ill-shaped grilse,” we confidently affirm, that of all the rivers we have fished in Norway, the salmon of the Nid were pre-eminent for exquisite symmetry of shape. We do not mention these facts by way of vaunting our own prowess, but to redeem the character of a river, whose excellent proprietor, Herr Oversom, treated us with a degree of kindness and hospitality, such as we have rarely experienced at the hands of a stranger. We can state, moreover, that in a single afternoon of the present season, the proprietor himself killed no fewer than twelve salmon, several of them exceeding twenty pounds in weight. Is it “not worth a bawbee to fish such a river?” Again, with respect to the Steenkjær, he has the following remark :

“A tolerable number of salmon frequent the Steenkjær river during the season, which may, perhaps, afford an angler amusement for a day or two. I must, however, inform him, that in addition to other drawbacks, the stream is so full of floating and sunken deals, as to render it extremely difficult to kill a fish of any size: besides, who would linger long, within so short a distance of the Namsen?”

Now, while on our journey to the Namsen in company with a friend, we halted for a couple of days to make trial of this same river. On the first day we killed four, on the second six, and our friend on the same day caught eight salmon. It is true that none of them exceeded ten pounds in weight, but then the streams are highly commandable from the shore, and this in our estimation goes far to make up for the deficiency in size, as compared with the leviathans of the Namsen. Indeed, to the angler not ambitious of very large fish, we strongly recommend the Steenkjær—he can here enjoy excellent quarters at the very best country inn in Norway, and he has no occasion to use a boat; hence all the merit of success is his own. To us, the great charm of angling consists in being totally independent of foreign assistance. We delight to fish alone—to rise with the sun, and, without the necessity of arousing and waiting for two sleepy-headed boatmen, walk leisurely (for the genuine angler does nothing in a hurry) to the water's edge, and having carefully examined the river at our feet, and the sky overhead, with the view of selecting a suitable fly, to step into our wading boots, and enter the rapid stream. How delightful, instead of bobbing from a boat at the mercy of two blundering rowers, to stand on our own legs and cast the long line, making it describe a graceful circle behind, then shooting it in front so as to fall with nice precision and gossamer lightness on the very spot we desire;—and when the noble captive is hooked, to manage him without fear of being thwarted by awkward rowers, to trust entirely to our own skill, and should we succeed in exhausting the monarch of the flood, to gaff him with our own hand, and be able, while watching his dying struggles on the shore, to exclaim with Coriolanus, “Alone I did it!”

“Oh if there be an Elysium on earth,
It is this—it is this!”

But we must hasten to the Namsen with our author, who well de-

scribes the feverish excitement with which he ascended a hill from whence he might command the first view of that majestic stream—the cynosure of his hopes—the end of his pilgrimage. We soon find him comfortably installed in his wooden cottage at Mediaa, eagerly preparing for the campaign about to open. The following is a good description of the river and the mode of fishing.

“From the breadth of the river, and the character of its shores, it is utterly impossible to fish it except from a boat: and again, so strong is the current, that it would scarcely be feasible to row against it, and cast with any regularity, in the way practised on the Tweed. The only plan, therefore, is to commence at the head of the stream, and row the boat, with its head up the current, as nearly as possible in a straight line, diagonally across; returning, after the same fashion, some five yards lower down, and thus proceeding alternately from side to side, until the whole place is well fished over. The fly, meanwhile, is kept playing from fifteen to twenty yards below the boat; and a little practice will enable the artist to make it dwell at the most likely spots, and swim at the right depth.”

“This is doubtless a very killing method; for, if the boat be well managed, the fly can be presented in the most tempting manner to almost every salmon in the river. But, on the other hand, it reduces the inexperienced tyro, and the accomplished angler, nearly to the same level; since the most difficult feat in the art, that of casting the fly far and well, is done away with; and consequently the hooking a fish depends at least as much upon the boatmen as the fisherman. This is the great defect of the Namsen, as an angling river.”

This last is a very modest admission; yet although it is undeniable that much depends on the knowledge and dexterity of the boatmen, still the instinct (if we may so speak) of the experienced angler will be of infinite service in directing him to the haunts of the fish, and his judgment in selecting the flies will give him a decided advantage over the mere tyro. Here is the account of our author's first trial of the Namsen.

“With what nervous anxiety did I get my gear in order that evening! how carefully did I examine the splices of my rod, and try the strength of my lines! for I knew that they were no pigmy grilse that I was about to encounter. Before five o'clock, on the morning of the fifteenth July, 1837, I first threw my line upon the waters of the Namsen; a day never to be forgotten in my piscatory annals. The river seemed to be in perfect order; and I had put on a most captivating fly, prepared for the occasion by Martin Kelly, of a size I should nowhere else have dreamed of using, even in March.

“What was to be its success? I was not long left in suspense; for within a quarter of an hour after leaving the bank, at the head of the first stream, in the midst of the breaking water, I saw a large circle, and at the same moment felt I had firmly hooked a good fish. He instantly rushed down the rapid stream, plunging violently whenever in the slightest degree checked: and though we pulled at once for the shore, he had run out more than one hundred yards of line, before I could leap on the land. I then scrambled as well as I could after him, among the loose shingle, panting with agitation more than exertion, and wheeling up my line as my aching muscles would permit. Most fortunately, notwithstanding the great length of line out, I was enabled to keep it clear of the rocks: and at length succeeded in drawing my silvery foe into deeper and smoother water.

"Not that he was by any means beaten as yet. Many a time did he run out the spinning reel, to my great alarm: many a race did he give me along the treacherous bank. However, conscious of the strength of my tackle, I made him fight hard for every foot of line, and saw that he evidently came towards the land, with diminished energies after each struggle. My Swedish attendant being a novice in the art of gaffing, missed several opportunities that a Tweed fisherman would have considered certain: but at length after three-quarters of an hour of most splendid sport, the fish was successfully gaffed, and laid on the green sward. The hook was scarcely extracted from his mouth, when he was accurately weighed, and proved to be a trifle over twenty-eight pounds, exactly the weight of the largest salmon I had ever before caught.

"None but a brother angler can appreciate my feelings at this success of my first essay on the Namsen: it seemed at once to justify all I had heard of its reputation."

Our limits forbid us to notice, in detail, the various brilliant days which followed; we must therefore refer the reader to the work itself for an account of these, as well as for many interesting particulars regarding the scenery of the Namsen—its fearful rapids and gorgeous banks—the author's mode of life—the social habits of the peasantry—the persecutions of the insect tribe, and, lastly, the annoyance occasioned by the rivalry of a very expert angler—the seal. The following is the *resumé* of the first season's exploits.

"It will be seen by the list appended to the second volume, that I fished parts of thirty-one consecutive days, on the Namsen, excepting Sundays: four of these proved *blank*, owing chiefly to the seals and the weather: but in the remaining twenty-seven days, I caught one hundred and six salmon, which together weighed fifteen hundred and fifty-eight pounds; besides twelve white trout, thirty-six pounds. Nine of the salmon weighed thirty pounds and upwards; thirty-three, or nearly one third of the whole, weighed twenty pounds and upwards each. Splendid as this result was for a stranger not adequately provided for the monsters I had to encounter, the slightest glance at the meagre details I have above given, will show what infinitely better sport I ought to have had.

From inexperience in the management of such enormous fish, as well as from insufficient tackle, many of the largest salmon escaped. We can speak feelingly on this subject, and had we had the advantage of perusing the present work, before proceeding to Norway, we should have added to our list of slain at least two fish of upwards of forty pounds each. On his second visit, our author was better prepared, and accordingly we find his success to be far greater. We confine ourselves to a single quotation.

"We then with great difficulty worked our frail bark up into the Foss Pool; and at the risk of shipping a perilous quantity of water, proceeded to fish as well as I could a small extent of flat water, by the side of the boiling torrent. Never in my life have I encountered such wild water! Scarcely had I cast my fly into the most likely spot, when an enormous salmon took it, but being slightly hooked, soon escaped. A minute afterwards, a monster of similar size dashed through the glancing waves; and I instantly felt he was firmly hooked. In another moment he was in the midst of the fall; baffled there, he rushed up and down with a determination of purpose, but irregularity of course, that made it very diffi-

cult to retain a correct hold upon him. I could not stand in the boat that danced on the bounding breakers: scarcely could I see or hear, so blinded was I with the spray, so deafened with the cataract's eternal roar.

"At last he made down the stream as if to quit the pool; and we prepared to follow him through the dangerous rapid already described. However, it seemed that his courage failed him, and he took refuge behind a deeply sunk rock, from which it required much positive labour and strength to dislodge him. At length, he was compelled to yield; and, on being landed, was found to weigh thirty-seven pounds; but though therefore not the heaviest, he was by nearly an inch the longest salmon I ever killed, measuring rather over four feet.

"In the same spot I afterwards caught two beautiful, fresh-run salmon of twenty-four and eighteen pounds each; and hooked two other heavy fish, one of which (certainly not under thirty pounds in weight) I played for a considerable time; when he eventually broke the line by entangling it round a rock, a misfortune not to be wondered at in so dangerous a place. And, finally, I concluded this brilliant day by landing a pretty salmon of ten pounds, and a small grilse; taking a total weight of two hundred and sixteen pounds with eleven fish. A gratifying total under any circumstances: but when the individual size of the salmon is further considered, and still more the character of the water in which they were killed, I am almost tempted to doubt whether any salmon-fisher ever enjoyed a more glorious day's sport."

Read this, and "hide your diminished heads," ye kelt-killers upon Tweed.

Before taking leave of the Namsen, we must notice what appears to us a very heretical doctrine of our author, who attributes his want of success, towards the middle of August, to the return of the fish to the sea.

"There was still a far larger body of water than I ever saw in the Tweed; yet I had undeniable evidence that the salmon, even at this early season, returned to the sea. Not only did they suddenly disappear from all the upper pools, but frequently, while fishing, I observed salmon, that from their size and colour I could not possibly mistake, jump once or twice at the higher end of a pool, which they appeared to have just entered; then soon after towards the middle, and again spring at the bottom within the course of a few minutes: after which I saw no more of them."

Ignorant, as we assuredly are, of the exact habitudes of the salmon, we believe the above doctrine to be contrary to the experience of the great majority of anglers. It is the instinct of continuing their species that brings the salmon into fresh water, and until that chief end of their being be fulfilled, they most assuredly do *not* forsake the rivers. The fish which our author saw leap might have been running *up* as well as *down* the stream; and even allowing their direction to have been downwards, are we to understand that they went frisking in this fashion a distance of between thirty and forty miles to the sea? It is a well-known fact, that late in the season (except under the circumstances of a flood, which brings up a number of fresh fish,) salmon never rise well, and we attribute their shyness at this time to

the more engrossing cares of choosing their mates previous to spawning.

In recommending the Tour which has afforded him so much personal gratification, the author observes—

“ If, in the above slight sketches of my visits to Scandinavia, I have at all succeeded in conveying to the reader an adequate idea of the impressions they made on me, he will readily understand that I look back to them with feelings of pleased and grateful recollection. The scenery of Norway is highly picturesque; to the lover of the wild and grand it is pre-eminently attractive. Many of its features, as, for instance, its Fjords, are peculiar: and no less so are its moral and political features, its modes of living and domestic habits.

“ There is, in fact, a freshness and strangeness about the country and its inhabitants, which, to one only conversant with those nations whose more marked peculiarities have been worn off by constant intercourse, is highly delightful. In such a country, and among such a people, it will be readily understood that a thousand details of beauty will daily be seen, a thousand adventures of interest or amusement be met with, which, though contributing greatly to the tourist's every day's enjoyment, it is scarcely possible, or might even appear trifling, to commit to paper.

“ Then what I confess to be always a great addition to the recommendations of a tour in my eyes, is the honest and kindly character of the Norwegians. Who is there, that has travelled through central Europe for instance, that has not felt it to be a great drawback to his pleasures, to be made daily aware of the unfriendly spirit with which an Englishman is usually regarded by the French, or to see himself cheated and laughed at by a people whom he cannot help so much despising, as the Italians!

“ In Norway, on the contrary, the English character stands very high: and it will be the Englishman's own fault, if he be not both respected and liked. In the few instances I knew of my countrymen getting into serious quarrels with the natives, it was invariably the Englishman's fault; and when it did not arise from misapprehension (in consequence of his ignorance of the language, as well as the laws and customs of the land in which he was travelling) was sure to be connected with that besetting sin of Britons, the determination to flog the little grass-fed ponies of Norway up and down its precipitous hills, at the same rate that our powerful horses carry the mail along our magnificent roads. I have already expressed my sentiments as to their unfairness and unkindness, and, I may add, the impolicy of this conduct; for the Norwegian will not tamely bear this treatment of his beast; and if the stranger persist in it, he will be sure to get into constant altercations at every station, and eventually most probably into an unpleasant scrape, as the laws are sufficiently severe on this subject.

“ I also heard of a few instances where Englishmen fancied themselves cheated by the Norwegians: some of these instances I had an opportunity of investigating, and satisfied myself that the supposed grievance was founded solely on their own inability to understand, or be understood by the natives; or that they were imposed upon by their own servant, in whose hands their ignorance completely placed them. I do not mean to assert that trifling instances of overcharge never occur, in the towns especially; but I can only say that during eight or ten months I have spent in Norway, traversing its entire length and breadth, I never met with anything that could be called a serious case of imposition or deception. What foreigner can say as much for England?

“ So much for my experience of the lower and middle classes, with

whom the tourist, merely passing through the country, mostly comes in contact. But I have also mixed a good deal with the upper ranks of Norwegians: and ungrateful indeed should I be, if I did not add my humble testimony, not only of the admiration and affection they universally expressed towards my country, but also of the kindness and hospitality they showed to myself individually.

"An observant Englishman can scarcely visit any land without being impressed with the conviction that a large portion of the liberties of the world is at stake in the safety or fall of our diminutive island: but in Norway more especially will he be made aware of the universal conviction of the people, that England is the palladium of their liberty and independence. What a change of relative position a few centuries have produced, when that mighty empire which now broods, as it were, over so many millions from India to Canada, should be implored to grant a scanty portion of its protecting pinions to the not degenerate descendants of a people who once ravaged her shores, and seized her throne, at will!

"I must, however, confess that, attached as I became to the country and its inhabitants, my admiration is not so indiscriminate, as to blind me to its deficiencies, or to view it as an *El dorado* for emigrants, or to recommend it for imitation in all its institutions, as a late and intelligent tourist has done, whose exaggerated partiality is universally laughed at by the Norwegians themselves."

We had selected many other passages for quotation and remark, but, having already exceeded our limits, our remaining observations must be brief. It is to be regretted that no account of the weather is appended to the lists at the close of the second volume; a due study of the clouds, and the direction of the wind, being important considerations in the success of the salmon-fisher. We heartily agree with our author in his estimate of the character of the Norwegians. He is strongly prepossessed in their favour, as must be the case, we think, with every traveller (more especially the Englishman) who possesses a knowledge of mankind, and has been accustomed to note the manners and usages of other nations; but he is not blindly prejudiced in their favour like Mr. Laing, whose description of Norway, however valuable it may be in a statistical point of view, is so absurdly overdrawn as to offend the modesty even of the Norwegians.

In conclusion, the volumes before us should find a place in the portmanteau of every traveller proceeding to Norway, be he mere tourist, geologist, angler, or deer-stalker, for to all these they will afford a plentiful fund of information.

LEAVES FROM MEMORY'S LOG.¹

BY THE AUTHOR OF "NELSONIAN REMINISCENCES."

SIR SIDNEY SMITH.

SIR SIDNEY was the first man to spring into the lee-cutter. Captain Selby having remonstrated against his risking so valuable a life, was answered gaily by the gallant hero, calling to our first luff, "Mr. Langdon, if your tackle falls, give way; you will be drowned for your inattention, as I intend to be lowered in the boat, and her tackle should always be ready to bear any weight. Now for a bow and stern-fast well attended, and your two best quartermasters at the falls. Watch her roll, men, when I give the word, for on your attention and skill depend the lives of the cutter's crew, your first luff, to say nothing of my own, and Chips the carpenter, whom, with your leave, Captain Selby, I will take on board Jonathan, who I suspect is not so bad as stated, but rather lost in his reckoning. Additional stretches in the boat, Mr. Langdon; each man with them in his hands to bear us off the side. Now, Captain Selby, place your frigate close on her weather-quarter, to make a lee for us." And every man held his breath with consternation, as the gallant hero, watching the lee roll, loudly gave the word to lower away roundly—still louder, to let go and unhook, on the celerity of which depended all their lives. I drew my breath freely when the boat showed her stern to the mountainous waves, impelled by her oars, as each billow threatened to engulf her, and the cool magnanimity of Sir Sidney, as he steered alongside the wall-sided monster of a Yankey, who rolled awfully as he sprang on board.

"I guess you are the captain of that there Britisher," said Jonathan Corncob, addressing the hero of Acre, "and I take your conduct as most particularly civil."

"I am only a passenger in yon frigate, and am called Sir Sidney Smith; but let your carpenter show mine where he thinks the leak is, and I shall be glad to look at your chart."

"You shall see it, Sidney Smith, (we do not acknowledge titles in our free country;)" and Jonathan unrolled a very greasy chart before Sir Sidney.

"I do not see any track pricked off; what was your longitude at noon yesterday? and what do you think your drift has been since that time?"

"Why, to tell you the truth, Sidney Smith, I avn't begun to reckon yet; but mate and I was about it when the gale came on. I think we are about here." And Jonathan Corncob covered many

¹ Continued from p. 140.

degrees with the broad palm of his hand. "Mate thinks we are more to the southward."

This convinced Sir Sidney that he rightly guessed that the man was lost. Americans long, long ago, were not pre-eminent as now in navigation, and were generally and irreverently called God's ships. The carpenter, by this time, had diminished the leak; and Sir Sidney, giving Captain Corncob the bearings and distance of Brest only a day's sail dead to leeward, offered to take him and his crew on board the *El Carmen*, leaving his boat's crew to run the tarnation leaky hooker into Brest, and claiming half her value as salvage.

But Jonathan gravely demurred, and calling to mate, "Reverse our stripes, and place our stars upmost again, where they should be," while he kindly slapt Sir Sidney on the shoulder, calling him an honest fellow from the old country; and in the fulness of his gratitude offered him a quid of tobacco and a glass of brandy.

Sir Sidney got on board without accident, and Jonathan Corncob made all sail for Brest, where I trust (but never heard) that he safely arrived. The following letter from Sir Sidney to Captain Janverin, who sought employment in the Austrian service, will show the amiability and kindness of his excellent heart. And allow me to introduce my old messmate, Dick Janverin, who died at an early age in France, where he had resided on a post-captain's half-pay, having received various wounds, and encountered many hairbreadth escapes that would have destroyed any other constitution and frame, but his were, like his nerves, firm as iron and true as steel. I have him now in my mind's eye, as with his Herculean frame he stood modestly uncovered before Lord Nelson on the quarter-deck of the flag-ship the *Foudroyant*, in Palermo Bay. The case was, a number of wild young midshipmen played so many mad pranks on the previous night at the Opera House, that the audience with one consent united to turn them out: this was strenuously resisted, but considerably outnumbered, and sight dazzled by that effective, bright, but small instrument, the stiletto, a retreat was ordered by our commander Janverin, who covered our rear, by levelling the Italians with his powerful fists, and few possessed so much power; they fell before him like corn before the reaper; so that we effected our escape to the Spanish coffee-house, and gathering the British midshipmen there assembled, loaded several coaches, and returned to the attack, but the manager had, most wisely closed the house, and we were now called upon by Lord Nelson to rebut the chief justice's charge of having created a riot. Janverin was our spokesman, and assured his lordship we had only acted in self-defence, and received even blows before we thought of returning them.

"Mr. Janverin," said Lord Nelson, "you have more the appearance of the lion than the lamb, and I prohibit any petty officers from going on shore, except on duty."

Our leave was stopped till the capture of the "*Guillaume Tell*" again restored it. Dick Janverin left us to join his old friend and captain Sir Sidney Smith, and I now proceed to give part of his eventful life in his own simple and modest narrative.

RICHARD GAVE JANVERIN, ESQ., LATE POST-CAPTAIN IN HER
MAJESTY'S FLEET.

"Paris, 15th April 1818.

"MY DEAR SIR,

"I do not lose a post, having an opportunity clear of the foreign mails, and knowing your precise address from your last letter, to acknowledge it, and to say I agree with you in your reasoning, now that Austria and we have avowedly the same interests, though it was delicate ground to touch whilst the state of Italy and France was unsettled, and she liable to be forced to make unwilling and distressing sacrifices, as heretofore, for the sake of peace and political existence.

"I shall be most happy to further your views, under my experience of your indefatigable zeal and nautical knowledge, my conviction of your capacity to realize them with great credit to yourself and those who patronize you; among the latter you are right in reckoning on me.

"Now for the mode of proceeding. You must first become sufficiently master of the Italian language to enable you to command those who speak that only. Prince Nugent, with whom I can interest myself in your favour, speaks English fluently. I can get him to present you properly to those I am not in any degree of intimacy sufficient to take such a liberty with, as he knows them all; but we cannot and must not presuppose that the Austrian government, though it may see its interests in a nautical establishment, feels, or can be made to feel, it sufficiently to make pecuniary sacrifices, or to withdraw a sufficient portion of its finance from the army, to create and support such an establishment.

"The application for you to be allowed to serve in a foreign state must be made by that government to ours; that *sine qua non* was pointed out by the Admiralty, in answer to Wright's application for leave to serve in the Sardinian incipient navy.

"This not succeeding in Austria, you might get leave to create and command a Tuscan flotilla, that state being at war with the Barbaresques, through Austria not being covered from depredations by treaty with the Porte.

"I recommend your studying the Italian in Tuscany, and taking Prince Nugent's advice as to further proceedings. I am ready to answer any reference that Count Meerfeldt may make, in such manner as he will consider sufficiently favourable to authorize his recommendation of you.

"Yours ever, with sincere esteem and regard,

"W. SIDNEY SMITH."

CAPTAIN JANVERIN'S NARRATIVE.

I went to sea in the *Resistance*, 44, Captain Edmund Pakenham, on the 5th of September, 1793, being then near thirteen years old, having been born December 2, 1780. I received a regular education at different schools, being intended for a mercantile life; but I

ran from that situation, and was the founder of my own fortune in the navy, having entered as a boy. On the 19th of November, 1793, we sailed for India, and the first shot I ever saw fired was in an action off the Mauritius, with the *Duguez Firman*, a vessel which had formerly been the *Princess Royal*, Indiaman, had been captured early in the war, and fitted as a privateer. In this ship I was present at the capture of Malacca and its dependencies, and in 1796 at the capture of the Moluccas, and was employed with the small-arm men whenever their services were required, though without much real service, except in the beginning of 1797 and latter end of 1796, when I was in some smart bush-fighting with the revolted Malays. In 1797 I was present at the attack of Copang, headed the parties in the destruction of this place, and was severely wounded in three places. During the time we were lying at Banda in this ship, the revolted slaves set fire to the town; and here I had the pleasure of preserving and restoring to their mother, at the imminent hazard of my own life, (from a house that was in flames, and which was supposed to contain a quantity of gunpowder,) two children, one the age of three years, and the other three months.

I quitted this ship at Amboyna, in October 1798, to join a ship, to which I had been appointed by Lord Keith, as a lieutenant, and at a very considerable expense to myself; for living on shore until a conveyance could be found, paying my own passage, &c. &c., cost me three hundred pounds before my arrival at the Cape; and there I had the mortification to find that the *Dordrecht*, to which I had been appointed, had sailed for England. I now fully determined to quit the naval service, as, upon application to Sir Hugh Christian, then commander-in-chief of the navy, I could not get admittance on board any ship at that time in Table Bay, but was told I might pay my passage to England, if I wished to be there. I was thus thrown off from the service after having served near five years, with some credit to myself, and having received some wounds in it.

This was the second disappointment: the first had originated with Captain Pakenham refusing to allow me a passage to China, to which place he was going, though I requested and urged it very frequently in a correspondence which passed. The only reason I could elicit from him for not allowing me a passage was, that the route to China was not that of the Cape of Good Hope, though at that time it appeared to be the only chance I had of being enabled to get a passage for that colony. I, however, succeeded afterwards in a ship which had come as a transport from India, and which, fortunately for me, was ordered to the Cape. Had it not been for the humanity of Mr. Jones, the company's agent at Amboyna, I should probably have starved at that place, as, when Captain Pakenham sent me on shore from the *Resistance*, I had but five Spanish dollars to maintain myself till I could get a passage, and to pay for such passage, in a distance of five or six thousand miles. However, I suppose this was considered to be for the good of the service. Mr. Jones took my word and my bill, and supplied me with money, for which I shall always feel grateful, and promised, if no other opportunity offered, that he would order me a passage in a ship of the Company's which had arrived to land spices.

Out of evil cometh good. Had I gone in the *Resistance*, it is probable I should have lost my life, as that ship was blown up, and all hands perished. Having determined to quit the service, I had engaged with a Mr. Brown, then agent victualler at the Cape, to take command of a ship of his to India. This arrangement was concluded, when, to my astonishment, I received a letter from Sir Hugh Christian to attend him, when he proposed my going home in a vessel which he had purchased for the purpose of sending home despatches. This I refused, and was given to understand, if I did not comply, I should be treated as a deserter from the service. I had been living on shore at the Cape for a month at no small expense; the despatches were intercepted ones from the French Directory to the governor of the Isle of France, apprizing him of the expedition from Toulon. Here I again felt the strong hand of power; but it saved me a second time. The vessel I was to have commanded was taken by her crew of Malays, and all the officers were murdered. In this vessel, called the *Cornwallis*, commanded by Captain Byron, I embarked compulsorily for a second time in the naval service of my country, and, without any material occurrence, was paid off from her at Deptford in July 1798, and immediately joined the *Tigre*, then commanded by Sir Sidney Smith, and was with him during the siege of Saint Jean d'Acre, or at least arrived in time to see the commencement of it, as I had been put by him into the command of a small vessel purchased for the conveyance of despatches, and in which I escaped from a French squadron of three frigates and three brigs off Alexandria, and arrived in the Bay of Acre on the 19th of March, the day Bonaparte invaded that town. I had here a narrow escape, as I had anchored under Caiffa, not knowing that it was in the possession of the French, and had proposed to go on shore for intelligence of where Sir Sidney might be, when it came on to blow, and the next morning I found the French colours flying there. I was wounded in three places at the siege severely.

After the defeat of Bonaparte, in the year 1799, before Acre, not having the means of conveyance for his sick and wounded by land, he was reduced to the necessity of relying on the justice of his conqueror for the freedom of a passage by water for part of them, and to his humanity for supplying them with provisions and necessaries, of which they were wholly destitute. This appeared rather an act of providential favour to Sir Sidney Smith, whose humanity had been called in question by Bonaparte, who had not scrupled to affirm he had enticed the French soldiers to desert, and had afterwards put them on board vessels infected with the plague for a conveyance to Toulon; thus fulfilling the promises held out to them. The absurdity of this charge would not require a refutation, if the world would give themselves a moment's time for consideration; as, however desirous Sir Sidney might have been to get clear of the French army, he never would have exposed a part of his own ship's company to the danger of infection, as it was necessary that men and officers should be sent to navigate the vessels. But to proceed.

On the afternoon of the 24th of May, 1799, as the *Tigre* was proceeding down the coast of Palestine, a sail was discovered, which,

on being boarded, proved to be a Turkish vessel, having on board two hundred and fifty wounded officers and men belonging to the French army, that had been sent from Jaffa in this vessel, without medicine, and almost destitute of provisions. The following is a copy of a letter written to Sir Sidney on this occasion.

"On this application, myself* and seven men were sent from the Tigre to navigate the vessel to Damietta, and we were amply supplied with every requisite for dressing their wounds by the surgeon, and with every comfort from Sir Sidney Smith's private stock. On the second day after quitting the Tigre, the vessel was wrecked on the desert of Syria, to the southward of El Arish, about the pitch of Kan, in a heavy gale of wind. I was then labouring under the pain of a still unclosed rifle wound through the right shoulder, but made every exertion to save the people, and at last happily accomplished it after great difficulty, remaining on board till every person was landed, the sea making a fair breach over the vessel, and expecting to part every moment. When the last party was landed, by some mismanagement of the seamen, by not attending to the swifter on the hawser, the boat was swamped on the beach; thus the little store of water that it might have been practicable to carry was not available, and we found ourselves, without victuals or drink, in the midst of a desert, and, as we believed, upwards of seventy miles from the nearest French post. To attempt returning was not to be thought of, certain destruction awaiting us from the Arabs if we had attempted it.

"Reduced to the necessity of trusting to the strength of a single arm in swimming through the breakers, I jumped overboard and happily accomplished it, reaching the shore almost exhausted and expiring. A consultation was now held of what would be best to be done; and it was resolved to attempt reaching some of the frontier fortresses between the Nile and Syria. Our intention was Tinch, if possible, and on calculating the supposed distance, it was found to be upwards of seventy miles. Those whose wounds were so severe as to prevent their moving, we were reduced to the necessity of leaving on the beach, (to the mercy of that Providence who seldom forsakes his creatures in their distress,) in the hope that some vessel passing down might be able to relieve them from their impending fate, or that the weather might prove so moderate that provisions might be procured from the ship; for which purpose, two of the seven men sent from the Tigre were left with them, from their own choice, rather than undergo the hardships and fatigue of endeavouring to find their way through the desert.

"After having arranged everything that could be done, we commenced our march at six o'clock in the evening of the 26th of May, carrying on our shoulders one of the French officers, who had been severely wounded, hoping to be able to keep him with us. We travelled in this way until about ten o'clock, when he desired to be left under some small shrubs, (the only ones that we found for nearly two days,) requesting, if any of us arrived at a French station, that we would despatch people to seek him, and, in case of his death, to bury him in the desert. I had with me a bottle of wine, which I secured about me when I jumped overboard from the wreck; this I

* Mr. Janverin, master's mate.

gave him; and after taking leave, doubtful whose situation was the most desirable, we pursued our journey until daylight of the 27th, when, finding ourselves fatigued, we halted on the margin of the sea, which was still running dreadfully high. Here three of the remaining English returned to the wreck, alleging that, rather than suffer the fatigue that we had apparently to undergo, they would take their chance with the wounded left on the beach.

"After halting about four hours, we proceeded on our march, under all the influence of a vertical sun in these low latitudes, in the hottest time of the year. About mid-day we halted again, having proceeded, by our calculation, about thirty miles from the wreck. Here those who could do it, finding an excessive thirst, determined on bathing, that the pores might imbibe the moisture. Of this rash determination we heartily repented, as the particles of salt which was formed upon the body after bathing had such an effect from the friction of the clothes, as gave the skin the appearance of beef which had been salted, and we were obliged to shift off every article of clothing except shirts and shoes, and travel in this manner. At sunset again we halted for the night, much fatigued and faint for want of sustenance, not having eaten or drunk anything since our departure from the wreck on the evening before.

"We now amounted to no more than one hundred and twenty, the rest having remained behind from fatigue, or returned to take their chance by the wreck. It was now quite calm, and my advice was that we should all return, as we had not yet completed more than half our computed distance; but, on revising our calculation, we found that instead of seventy miles, which we at first calculated, the distance was more than ninety, of which we had not completed more than forty. Yet scarcely a complaint was heard. About two in the morning of the 28th of May, we resumed our march, suffering all the horrors of thirty hours' deprivation from water. We kept along the sea-shore the whole of this day, till about four in the afternoon, when a French sergeant recognised a parcel of bricks, which he affirmed he had seen the year before, in visiting with Bonaparte the French posts on the confines of Syria, and that our distance from the French port of El Calich did not exceed twenty-five miles.

"This was joyful news to those who had been near forty-eight hours without sustenance of any kind. But fearful of trusting to the knowledge of one man, which, should it not be correct, would involve us all in irremediable destruction, we determined to put it to the vote, which was in the affirmative. In fact, it appeared the lightest of two evils; it was becoming apparent that few if any of us would have strength sufficient to overcome the difficulties of fifty miles, which we calculated with some certainty yet remained for us to perform to the nearest French post, on the Lake of Mangala. With some faint hopes, but heavy hearts, we then committed ourselves to the deserts, and proceeded, by what we willingly believed had been a beaten track, until sunset, when we halted, having proceeded about two leagues into the desert. At this time we were so exhausted as to make it doubtful if any of us would be again able to rise. I now attempted to drink my own urine, but found it so bitter

and unpalatable, that I was forced to desist. Not being able to sleep, I wandered about with the French sergeant, who had been guide, in hopes of finding some palm trees, which he said he had seen near the spot where we had halted. About twelve at night we, by the help of the moon, discovered them, to our inexpressible satisfaction; as, wherever the palm tree is found, water, either good or bad, is certain. With an old cutlass we contrived to make an excavation, and found—O heavens what were our feelings!—water, after having been deprived of it near fifty-four hours. Those who have felt the want of water, even in England, for ever so short a time, may judge what were our sensations, who had been so long deprived of it under a vertical sun, and had travelled during that time fifty-four miles; but our joy was considerably damped on finding it so nauseously bitter, that it required almost as great incentives as we were then labouring under to induce us to drink of it. It allayed our thirst for the time, but the sensation left on the palate was, if possible, worse than the raging thirst. All, however, drank of it, and felt some refreshment, but none could be induced to try a second draught, and in a very short time the effects were felt, the water being strongly impregnated with salt.

“At daylight we again moved forward, and found that the road we had taken was a beaten track. At sunrise we were tantalized by the appearance of a lake of water. This extraordinary phantom, known by the appellation of mirage, is occasioned by the dew, that falls copiously during the night, being absorbed or drawn up by the power of the sun in half an hour after its rising; and although we were firmly persuaded, and in fact had certain knowledge, that no water could be there, still we followed the deception; and what is still more strange, disappointment was strongly expressed in the countenance.

“About ten o'clock we got sight of some trees, which our guide, to our no small joy, recognised. Here we again dug for water; but, though a height of four hundred feet above the level, at the depth of not more than two we found the water as salt as if it had been taken from the ocean. Having now reached a frequented country, it became necessary to make some appearance of a regular march, to intimidate the strolling parties of Arabs, should there be any on this track. Mustering our forces, we found only ninety-six of our original number. These we divided; those best able were thrown out upon the flanks, carrying on their shoulders branches of palm trees divested of their leaves, which gave them at a distance an appearance of being armed. The others were formed in marching order, and armed in the same manner. We had now been sixty-six hours without sustenance of any description, except the water got at the palm trees the second night of our journey. When ascending one of the numerous sand-hills, about six o'clock we got sight of the fortress of Calich, and in less than an hour were reconnoitred by the cavalry sent out for that purpose; an instant request was the consequence for water and provisions, and a convoy of camels to pick up the stragglers. We arrived at the fortress at three o'clock, having been three days, wanting two hours, without refreshment, and the thermometer

at Calich had not been under, during that time, less than one hundred and five.

"It will not, I hope, be deemed presumptuous to give an opinion, in this place, as to the supposed contagious nature of plague. There does not remain a doubt of its having existed on board the squadron, consisting of Tigre, eighty, Captain Sir Sidney Smith; Theseus, seventy-four, Captain R. W. Miller, and Alliance, store-ship, Captain Wilmot; but in no instance was it found to be communicated from mere contact alone, from this proof. When I had returned to Sir Sidney, and had the command of a squadron of gun-boats, on going on shore at Jaffa I found seven unfortunate Frenchmen in the act of being led from their hospital, where they had been left by the army under plague, to be put to a summary death, and after a great deal of trouble (with an armed boat's crew) and some little danger from the Turkish soldiers, I rescued them, and took them on board the Negress with me, where they remained with the glandular swellings in a state of suppuration, and with only common precaution, for upwards of six weeks, when they were all landed at Damietta, and given up to the French army. No appearance of plague ever existed on board the Negress among a crew of twenty-eight men, besides officers. Another instance I would mention at Acre. When I was there, repairing a squadron of gun-vessels, it was reported that the Pacha's head gardener was ill of the plague. I went to his house, and found him utterly deserted by everybody but his wife; I kept in the house, performed the last offices of religion and humanity for him, but escaped the plague. The only precaution I used was never to visit him with an empty stomach, and I fully consider a small portion of brandy taken before visiting the patient a sufficient preservative. I was afterwards overland to the Red Sea with Admiral Blankett, and the plague was supposed to be in the army, or that part of it which came up with him. I had no bed with me, and an officer having died of fever, his bed was ordered to be destroyed. I begged it, and slept upon it that night, and for years after, without inconvenience. From these trials I judge the plague not to be so contagious as is supposed. I afterwards, in an inland journey, passed through a country which had been nearly depopulated by the plague, and halted in the different villages where it raged, without being affected. I consider cleanliness as the great preventive. The Turks wash and bathe frequently, but put on the same linen and clothes.

"On my arrival at Calich, I found a French officer, (or rather German,) whose name was Broff, in command of the garrison; here I experienced every attention that it was possible to bestow, and remained one night. The next morning arrived some officers from the advanced guard of the French army, then retreating from Syria, who strongly desired my being sent on to Damietta by a convoy then preparing for the Nile, as they asserted that Bonaparte would detain me should I be found at Calich on his arrival, and that, from the humour he was in, I should not be pleased with my treatment. It was well that I took their advice, as the sequel will prove. Bonaparte arrived there that day. Being impatient to push on to Cairo, he did not receive the reports, but left an aide-de-camp to bring them on his

arrival at Cairo. When the report was made to him, he became absolutely furious, and immediately despatched orders to supersede the commandant of Calich, and to General Almiraz who commanded at Damietta, to prevent my departure, and send me on to Cairo. I had the parole of the officers for my safe conduct and return to Sir Sidney Smith in my pocket. It fortunately happened that a Turkish vessel had been taken with French wounded by the Tigre after my departure. This vessel General Almiraz, according to the convention, sent back to Sir Sidney Smith, and in her I took my departure after a four days' stay at Damietta, during which time I received from General Almiraz every attention and care, and he loaded my vessel, on his departure, with provisions of all descriptions, for my passage back to Acre. I parted from him with regret.

"On passing the Fort at Lesbe, the batteries commenced firing upon me for the purpose of making me heave to, and a boat was despatched for the purpose of detaining me. Having some presentiment it was by the order of Bonaparte, I determined to pay no attention to either the boat or the firing; and having a fine breeze and rapid current, I was soon out of the reach of shot.

"On the evening of the 9th of June, 1799, finding it impossible to reach Acre that night, I ran into a small bight apparently in the land, but which subsequently proved to be the harbour of Cesarea. We anchored here before sunset, and having an inclination to see some part of the immense ruins which presented themselves, I jumped overboard, accompanied by John Bell, the coxswain of the Tigre's black cutter, and a Greek named Georgi. Not having a boat, in this attempt I had very nearly perished. I had on a shirt and trousers; but finding the shirt held a great deal of water, I was endeavouring to clear myself of it, but my right arm being still weak from the effects of the recent wound, I could not support myself with it, and the shirt slipping down on my legs had totally disabled me from any exertion. Georgi, however, soon came to my assistance, and cleared the disaster. On our arrival upon the shore, we found the place had been an hospital for the sick and wounded, the horrid remains of which still presented itself in half-burned huts and corpses which had evidently been poisoned, and the atrocious deed attempted to be hid from human knowledge by the effects of fire. It was not probable that any European should visit the spot, but it appears the heinous offence was attempted to be concealed from the eyes of the barbarous inhabitants, as being too cruel an act to be tolerated even by the wild inhabitants of that coast. When we had recovered our horror-stricken faculties, we counted in one place alone, not more than six yards square, the mutilated remains of thirty-two bodies; some had evidently suffered amputation, but all bore the unequivocal marks of poison. The bodies had evidently swelled, and, from the very light materials of which the huts were composed, had not suffered considerably from the effects of fire. I should estimate the whole number at near three hundred men. I found besides twelve pieces of brass ordnance, which had been sunk to prevent its falling into the hands of the Turks or British: these guns were afterwards got up, and added to the strength of Acre.

"Bonaparte was exasperated at my escape, and issued an order that, if taken in any part of Egypt, I should be immediately hung without trial. I also landed with a flag of truce on the subject of sick and wounded—communicated with the General Almiraz from Tinch, and was very near being again decoyed into the power of Bonaparte. My stay on the coast was near a fortnight, and after my first communications, a messenger was sent to Cairo by the general on the subject of my despatches, and I was to land on that day week for an answer. I did so, but not finding it, the officer commanding at Tinch induced me to stay till the next morning, which I did; but the answer not having arrived, I determined to return on board. As I crossed the bar of the harbour, a squadron of camels were perceived moving down; this I supposed must be the answer expected; still I had some idea that all was not right, and having been more than twenty-four hours from my command, and above all, having distributed the French Gazetteer and proclamations of the Ottoman Porte, enticing the French army to desert, I did not think it safe to comply with a signal made to me to return to the shore, but lay off at a little distance. The impetuosity of the cavalry saved me; for finding that I did not appear to approach the shore, they commenced a heavy fire from their carbines, which went over, through, and under the boat, happily without doing injury to any person. On this hint I pulled on board, and so saved my life.

"General Almiraz was superseded, and all the officers of the garrison at Damietta: this I found when I joined the French army under the command of General Kleber at Salagha, with the treaty of El Arish. He introduced me to the general in this way: 'Amiraz, voilà votre ami.' This produced the explanation. Bonaparte afterwards told Mr. Keith, who was Sir Sidney's secretary, and with him upon some diplomatic business at Alexandria, that he had denounced me in army orders, and that, should I be taken, there was no hope for me. Keith answered this in the following spirited way: 'General, we have some prisoners in the Tigre, there are more than ten thousand in England; if you hurt a hair of Mr. Janverin's head, except in allowed warfare, they shall answer it:' Bonaparte then laughed and said, 'his intention was to send me round the Cape of Good Hope, by way of giving me a long passage to join Sir Sidney, to whom he knew I was valuable.' Thus ended the conversation.

"I remained with Sir Sidney in the command of detached vessels until July 1799, when I went down to Palermo to Lord Nelson, for the purpose of passing for a lieutenant. From him I received a commission to command my old vessel the *Negress*, as a regular gun-vessel. I returned and joined Sir Sidney in December. While employed in this vessel off Jaffa, and having the *Dangereux*, commanded by Mr. —, with me, I learned that a Hydriat vessel then in the roads had appropriated to her own use some brass ordnance, which I had received orders to get up. This vessel was armed with twenty-two twelve-pounders, and full of men—had been fitted out at the Island of Idria. I went on board to demand the guns, when resistance was made; I, however, succeeded in recovering them, and liberating from the Turkish yoke, or rather the yoke of pirates—for such I found they afterwards were—ten Italians whom they had taken out of a

Neapolitan vessel, (which they had destroyed,) and detained as slaves. This vessel had a firman from the Grand Seignior, and was manned with two hundred men. My small force consisted of Negress, six guns and twenty-eight men, and Dangereux, four guns and eighteen men. Here my life was saved by one of the boat's crew, of the name of Hooker. A Turk had placed the muzzle of his rifle close to the back of my neck, and was in the act of firing when knocked down by him. This fellow I took on shore and gave up to the governor of Jaffa, who executed summary justice upon him.

"Upon joining Sir Sidney again, I was recommended to his notice for the purpose of going to India with despatches, announcing the treaty of El Arish, which was signed on the 29th January 1800; and on the 30th of the same month I left the Vizier's camp at El Arish with General Dessaix, Monsieur Ponsilieu, D'Anzelot, Savary, and Rapp. This journey brought me acquainted with most of the superior officers who had been serving under Bonaparte in Italy. With this party I went to Calish, where we met the advanced guard of the French army, composed of two thousand men. We proceeded to ———, and joined General Kleber with the main army, consisting of eight thousand; from whence we went to Cairo. I remained there from the 8th to the 16th of February, and visited the Pyramids, the Nile, the ruins on the Island of Rhoda, and all the antiquities in the vicinity.

"Breakfasting with General Dessaix one morning, a man came in who followed the occupation of slave-merchant, and after having saluted the French officer, (seeing me in a different uniform,) he requested to know who I was. Being told that I was an Englishman, he immediately came to me and began a conversation which I could not understand, but I could distinguish clearly the name of Haquin Bruce. I requested that the interpreter should be allowed to explain to me the merchant's meaning. I found he had a been guide with Mr. Bruce in Abyssinia, and appeared very anxious to know if he was well, and ever intended to return as he had promised.

"On the 16th I started with a convoy for Suez, and arrived there on the 18th; when immediate preparations were made by General Boyer for my embarkation in a vessel which he, by orders of General Kleber, gave me. She had been seized from an Arab merchant, and converted into a gun-boat, and rigged as a lugger.

"On the 19th we sailed for Jedda with a crew of seven Arabs, a Chinese servant, whom I had hired at Cairo, and who had been a valet of Bonaparte, but left there by him when he quitted Egypt; a French sailor who concealed himself in the vessel, and an Arab girl given me by General Boyer; no arms except a pair of pistols, and a sabre of my own. At this time the sea of Acaba swarmed with pirates, and it was only by putting a good face upon the matter I escaped being taken; for the third day after leaving Suez, off Cape Racz Mahomed, we perceived, at daylight, two large dows in chase of us. There was no time to deliberate; I immediately hauled in towards the largest, who, supposing me a French gun-boat, made sail from me, leaving me at liberty to prosecute my voyage down the Red Sea."

TWO ERAS OF WINCHILSEA.

BY MAJOR CALDER CAMPBELL.

ANNO DOMINI 1250.

SHRIEKS on the shore, and storm upon the sea
 That twice hath flowed, unebbing! Thro' the town
 Echoes the voice of terror, and the frown
 Of woe assails devoted Winchilsea!—
 The crowded mart—where traffic used to be—
 Is covered by the crushing tides, which moan
 And heave, most lifelike in their greedy glee,
 As if they triumphed in the ruin, thrown
 By their mad force around! About are seen
 Rent barques, wrecked ships, the drowning and the drowned,—
 Houses overwhelmed,—and fields (where late the sound
 Of happy children sporting o'er the green
 Was heard) now filled with ocean's angry spray,
 That—spreading—sweeps man's proudest works away!

II.

ANNO DOMINI 1840.

A change hath passed! The stir of merchandise
 No longer loads the air; the sea—remote—
 Bears but the passing ship or fisher's boat :—
 Divided now from shore, in silence lies
 The desert city, by a lonesome marsh,
 O'er which at night unwholesome vapours float,
 While screams the seagull, dissonant and harsh!
 The place seems desolate,—no temples rise,—
 No swelling pageant tells of feudal pride;
 Yet Beauty still prevails around: beside
 Yon reverend pile, whose ivied wall defies
 The touch of Time, Reflection stands, and views
 The grass-clad graves,—the green bud's brightest hues,—
 And thinks of higher hopes, with thoughtful eyes!

Winchilsea, 1840.

A TURK'S REVENGE.

CAMARET is one of those small, obscure, poverty-stricken, unknown harbours nestled in one of the thousand sinuosities which form the maritime boundary of France. To hear of it, you must either have been incited by ennui, or the thirst of travel to visit the picturesque coast of Lower Brittany. To see it, you must either have been driven by tempest into its deeply-indented bay, or live at Brest, which is only three leagues off, before you could ever succeed in traversing its only street, whose straggling and ill-built houses are inhabited by a humble race of fishermen. And yet, notwithstanding the rude and unpolished appearance of every thing and person, there is somewhat curious and interesting in Camaret; and if you should be tempted to explore its numerous windings, creeks, and high-arched frowning rocks, you would neither regret your trouble nor your walk. You would be charmed, if a lover of simple nature, with wide-spreading sunny sands, and white houses beautifully reflected in the blue sea. You would be pleased at sight of the holy hill called the Tour de Guet, rising, as it does, naked, rugged, sterile, from the bosom of the waters at the narrow wooden jetty, which boldly projects itself into the waves for the length of a quarter of a league, and is terminated by the pointed spire of the chapel of our Lady of Camaret and the little fort of Paté, forming a sort of inner harbour, which affords a frail protection to the fishing-boats that take shelter behind it.

In the early part of November 18—, on that same jetty at the foot of the water-stairs, which adjoins the blackened walls of the church, two travellers, a gentleman and lady, waited the moment for entering a boat which gently balanced itself near them on the measured undulations of the waves. Trunks, boxes, portmanteaus, covered the fore part, and were guarded by a servant and a fisherman. A great portion of the inhabitants of the village was collected together to see the departure of the two rich strangers, who had for eight days past inhabited the best auberge which Camaret afforded, and they had therefore given good occasion for many conjectures, and excited curiosity which had not as yet been satisfied. Their sudden arrival, their studied seclusion, the patience with which they awaited the departure of the ship from the port of Brest that was to carry them away, and which they were to join this very day off Camaret—the whim which made them prefer departing from a miserable little harbour rather than from Brest, as if they contemplated flight or a clandestine embarkation—all these things were fully sufficient to surprise the simple honest folks of the village, to whom the least circumstance was a rare and important event. The man was not French; one could easily discern that by his cold black eyes and southern accent, and much more by his Italian accent. The lady, whose elegant figure was concealed by a large shawl, was equally young and beautiful, at least as much as one could judge of her under the bonnet and veil which covered the

greater part of her face. Whilst awaiting the moment of their departure, both seated on a large stone, they regarded the children playing near them on the sand, and the women who pressed curiously around.

"The corvette is long in leaving the Goulet," said the gentleman at last, with a slight movement of impatience.

The fisherman, who was idly reclined in the boat, then turned his head. "She ought already to have set sail, Monsieur. At noon from the point of Kilerun I saw them begin to rig her: doubtless we shall see her masts and yards above the Monk in a few moments."

"O Leoni, how I long to be gone!" said the young lady, raising to the stranger, as she spoke, her dark and brilliant eyes, in whose flash one could discover the fire of a deep-seated passion.

"You will not then regret *La belle France*?" he asked in a low tone.

"Never!" she replied, "if I can preserve your love."

"Why then these fears, Lavinia—this mystery which you impose upon me, and which I cannot comprehend—why this impatience to quit your native soil? I no longer see in you the merry and careless gaiety of the prettiest milliner in Paris. Are you not your own mistress? Do you fear any one's pursuit?" he added in a tone of disquietude and suspicion.

"No, no!" she quickly replied. "You know, Leoni, I am an orphan without relations, but—hark—a voyage on the sea alarms me, and I wish we were already arrived at Naples."

"Naples!" repeated the young man—"Naples! my beautiful birth-place—the diamond of the Mediterranean: you are right, Lavinia. Yes, in a few days you will thank me for giving you that new country;" and seizing a sort of mandoline which lay near him, he sang, accompanying himself with enthusiasm, Italian words of whose fire the following lines are but a feeble translation.

Speak to me—O speak to me of Italy;
Paint to my longing heart that charming land
Which realises to the wishes of my ravished soul
A heaven of happiness and love.
How many times in the days of my dreamy childhood
Have I rambled through her perfumed valleys;
Admired the Lido—the palaces of Florence,
Vesuvius with its fire-consumed sides,
Or questioning those crumbling relics of history
Which tower afar off like black giants!
I have sought in Rome and her old monuments,
Trace of the lofty deeds whose memory they are.
Often, with the gondolier,
I have traversed the deserted lagunes,
Passed the marble bridges and the sandy shore,
Whilst soothingly he chanted me a song;
I have left behind me sleeping Venice,
And glided softly on the agitated sea.
The silver rays of the evening star
Fell glittering on my naked head,
The waves, breaking themselves against the tiny boat,
Rebounded in sparkling drops,

Whilst, like the sea-bird which balances itself on its wings,
 I floated, listening to the murmur of the waves ;
 Often have I leaped from the rocks of Lorrentè
 And opposed my daring bosom to the waves
 With strong arm, and proud to conquer fear !
 I cleft the summits of the roaring waves,
 Like wine mantling in the joyous cup,
 They caressed my lips—and following
 With rapid motion my adventurous course,
 I outstripped the singing breeze,
 Laughing. I shook my wet lock,
 And my songs answered the hoarse summons of the sea,
 The divided crests of whose rebellious waves
 Formed a moving and perfidious throne,
 Whereon it pleased me to sit—a king defying the universe !
 Then saw I without shudder the storm increase,
 Then raised I myself on the angry waters a conqueror,
 Or in the green profound, when I plunged my head,
 I opened for myself sometimes—mastering my fears—
 An unknown way even to the cold shells—
 Even to the deep wrinkles cut by the currents in the sand ;
 Whilst on the shore, and trembling with alarm,
 My friends surveyed the foaming waves,
 Anxiously gazed and called for me in vain.
 Then would I spring to the inconstant surface
 With a rapid dart—clutching in my grasp
 The prize which proved that I had fathomed the abyss,
 And anon yielding myself to the will of the salt waves,
 Repelling with lazy hands the foam floating around me :
 I would cradle myself upon their foaming crests,
 Like the Halcyon of the sea.
 I have wandered in those gardens of verdant foliage
 Where Naples loves to group her proud palaces,
 Where the vine hangs graceful from the lofty trees
 Which surround the sparkling rivulets with grateful shade.
 I have raved on the black eyes of our lovely women,
 On the sun glowing in a sky of softest blue,
 On the waters shedding in the marble fountains,
 Their boldness ever fresh and pure.
 Speak to me—O speak to me of lovely Italy ;
 Paint to my longing heart that charming land
 Which realises to the wishes of my ravished soul
 A heaven of happiness and love !

The sounds of the mandoline ceased, lost themselves in space, and Leoni remained pensive and silent, when Lavinia remarked the brief cloud upon his forehead.

“O ! I shall also dearly love your Italy,” she said, “if it be as beautiful as you describe ; how charming to spend one’s days there ! Yes, I shall be very happy near you, in whose trust I confide my future life.”

She hid her face as she spoke, covered with a sudden blush, in the bosom of the young man. But what excited it ? The soft emotion of love, or the shame of perjury ?

At this moment a woman singularly clad advanced along the jetty. A long staff was in her hand, but it was not easy to divine if she used it commonly to assist her rapid walk, or for what other purpose.

There was something strange and wandering in her eyes—a handkerchief of bright colours covered her head, and long gray locks, escaped from its confinement, floated on the breeze. Her face was wrinkled, but it seemed more through suffering than years.

"The Gitana! the Gitana!" cried the children, running in a crowd in pursuit, and casting sand and stones after her.

She took refuge from their attacks in haste amongst the wives of the fishermen, who had great difficulty in preventing them from maltreating her.

"Who is that poor woman?" asked Leoni.

"Either a fool or a wicked sorceress," replied the man who guarded the boat and the travellers' luggage. "She was left some time back on our shores by a xebec from Vigo. Her presence is always the forerunner of misfortune. She is doubtless attracted by the hope of winning from you a trifle, in return for her reading you the future, as written on your brow or hands. 'Tis best to send her away, if you'll trust me."

"Why?" said the gentleman; "her chatter will pass the time. Approach, good woman, and fear not."

The mendicant had truly, as the fisherman had said, come in search of the strangers. For some moments she had been walking round Lavinia, and evidently sought a pretext to accost her. She eagerly answered Leoni's call.

"Charity—charity," she whined, frequently bowing with constrained manner.

"I do not like that woman," said Lavinia to Leoni; "give her the alms that she asks, and send her away."

"Silly child! she must first make known to us the result of our intended voyage—she must first tell us our fortunes;" and, without listening to his pretty mistress, the careless Leoni gave his hand to the Gitana.

The mendicant seized it instantly, and examined its lines with deep attention; then raising her gray and piercing eyes upon Leoni's noble face—

"There is much love in thy heart," she said, "but there is more ambition. Count Maroncelli," she continued, elevating her voice, "thy mission in France was glorious, but it has completely failed—thy friends and thyself build their hopes on the sand—thou must renounce all thought of it at present—young Italy must yet slumber long."

"Hush!" interrupted the alarmed Leoni.

The woman's words were doubtless strange, for the profoundest astonishment was painted on the count's features, whilst Lavinia regarded him with disquietude, and the women and children, being no more able to comprehend what had passed before than the now sudden dumbness which seized the count and the gipsy, pressed curiously round them.

"La Bayadère!" cried the fisherman, raising himself quickly, standing on his boat, and pointing out the far-off masts of the corvette which were discernible above the Monk's rocks.

"And thou, young lady," said the mendicant, casting on Lavinia a

sinister and ironical look of respect, "dost thou not wish to learn thy destiny?"

"No—no," she answered; "leave me; our ship is here, and we must go."

"First listen to what the woman has to say, Lavinia," said the disturbed Leoni, in a tone at once brief and resolute.

She dared not disobey the order given, but it was with evident fear that she let her little white plump hand fall into the crooked yellow fingers of the old hag.

"Ho! ho!" she cried with a mocking laugh, "what joys! what fêtes! what pleasures wasted! thy life, young girl, is almost spent: take thou good care, it touches on its end. Like the unfaithful wives of the East, thou shalt perish, thy shroud shall be a leathern sack, and thy tomb the expanse of the waters."

"Merciful God!" cried Lavinia, "this is the second time I have had so horrible a death predicted to me. Woe is me! O woe is me!"

"Wretch!" said Leoni to the mendicant, "see the effect of your crazy prophecies: here—here is gold, begone instantly."

"Maroncelli—Maroncelli," exclaimed the gipsy, casting on him a thrilling glance, and tossing her arms in savage ecstasy, "Liberty is a phantom, and plots lead the way to Spielberg. Ha! ha! ha!"

"Drive the frantic fool away!" cried the dismayed Italian.

The indignant inhabitants began to exclaim against and to push the Bohemian from side to side, who, with warning look and skinny finger raised on high, endeavoured to pass through the crowd.

At first she seemed to defy their cries and menaces, and raising her shrill and cracked voice, she began to sing the fragment of a gipsy chant; but soon a volley of stones closed her lips.

"Away, cursed dogs!" she cried, striking all around her with her huge staff.

"Thief," said one of the fishermen's wives, "give me back my child, which thou hast carried away to the Tour de Guet."

"Old witch," broke in another, "restore my pretty goat—my little Mina."

"Take away the ban you have cast on old Gevèroch the cow-herd."

"Cure my cow, which thy evil eye has struck: beggar!"

"Bohemian! hag! gipsy! wretch!"

Such were the angry words poured out pell-mell by the excited and pursuing crowd.

"Be ye all accursed!" yelled the Gitana, running hastily along the jetty in the midst of a shower of stones, sand, and shells, which whistled past her ears, but often struck her; when she was suddenly met by a band of children, who prevented her from proceeding farther that way, and obliged her to retrace her steps. Darting along with a speed incompatible with her apparent age, she soon reached the portal of the church of our Lady of Camaret, and finding the door half open, rushed in and closed it in the face of her enraged pursuers.

"The gipsy! the gipsy!" shouted the excited crowd, following her close. But the outside shutters, which were the only protection

the ancient chapel had from the fury of the roaring blasts, the drifting sands, and the angry waves of winter, were closely fastened.

The deepest obscurity reigned throughout the interior of the building; and when, by reaped and strong efforts, the small windows were at length partially opened, when a glimmer of light was cast on altar and floor, all search was useless—the *Gitana* had disappeared.

Meanwhile the two strangers had entered their bark, and the fisherman, letting go the rope, had gained the open sea, and loosened to the freshening breeze his clumsy triangular sail. The dancing boat soon doubled the fort and point of *Pâle*, then bending almost to the water's edge under the south-west wind, she sailed rapidly towards the entrance of the *Goulet*, in front of the immense bay of *Berthanne*.

'Twas a graceful craft that *Bayadère*—'twas pleasant to see her black waist bordered by a double white stripe, and dotted with portholes. One would have compared it to the long body of a slender wasp, or the slim shape of a young girl. And then her strong yet light masts—her spotless white sails—her numerous crosses of interlacing ropes and yards, looking in distance as delicate as thread—her tarred rigging, that resembled brown lace, and of which she seemed to make as much parade, the proud puss, as any young girl of a new ball dress. But it was not the exterior alone of the *Bayadère* that was so brilliantly varnished and adorned with an elegant appearance, worthy the drawing-room or the boudoir of a pretty woman. 'Twould be a pleasure even to place your foot on the planks of her deck; yellow, clean, nicely jointed, free from all soil, so often was it washed, pumice-stoned, rubbed each morning by the ready sailors; then her between decks so carefully arranged, her rolls of cordage so neatly fastened to the iron stanchions of the bulwarks, and her glittering round-house of gilt copper so brilliant, so greedy of the sun's rays which it reflected, burning as they were and without shadow.

Yes, we repeat, she was a graceful vessel that *Bayadère*, as elegant, as coquettish as her name.

"Back the topsail," shouted the captain of the corvette through his speaking-trumpet, as, reclined on the larboard bulwark, a telescope in his hand, he had watched attentively for some little time a sail which was tacking towards them from the bay of *Camaret*.

"Back the topsail, you lubbers!" repeated the quartermaster; and twenty sailors, darting forward, busied themselves with the braces, following in harmony and with precision the sharp sounds of Master *Jean Louis's* silver whistle.

"Haul in that sternsheet—lower the royals—quick, my lads—steersman, look to your helm!" were the next orders of the captain; and the *Bayadère*, suddenly arrested in her course, turned lightly on her heel, and remained stationary, with her sails neutralising each other.

One could now scarcely hear the foaming waves which before, cut by the rapid keel, had dashed themselves in impotent fury against the sides of the corvette, and caused her lofty and elegant spars to creak under their repeated shocks.

The commander was surrounded by a brilliant suite, who carefully watched over the execution of his loudly repeated orders. Master Jean Louis translated them to the sailors through his whistle. The mates, distributed here and there, with liberal hand, boxes on the ear to the laggards, and the sailors ran with alacrity to execute the prescribed manœuvres on the deck and masts of the corvette.

"Ho! friend," cried, in the midst of the surrounding bustle, one sun-burnt mariner to another near him. "Dost know why our old sea-wolf of a captain has made the corvette take this tack?"

"Dost thou not see that boat yonder, making sail this way, as if to hail our pretty Bayadère?"

"Oh, then, some passengers are coming; and now that it draws near, I see a petticoat, a veil, and a bonnet. 'Tis some sweetheart of our captain. Hang the sex, say I; I wish the devil had them, with their never-ceasing lies and jilting; misfortune always chances to a ship that carries a woman."

"Hold thy tongue, savage! what knowest thou of the empire of love and beauty? Watch those glowing looks which our fresh-water officers, with their gold tags and telescopes, cast on the young lady. Let that show you what a power a pretty woman has over the hearts of us men. They are not the only fools who are casting sheeps' eyes that way; for I see below there, near the starboard bulwarks, the buffalo visage of one of our Moorish sailors. How! does that wretched dog dare to show his ugly muzzle in the light of day? Yes, truly, by St. Anne d'Auray. Impudence! Didst ever see such a villanous ill-favoured countenance? I can't think what Master Jean Louis was about in hiring such tanned skins as his, with whom not one of our regular ship's crew will have aught to do. Then the fellow has ever such an infernal leer on his ugly countenance. Begone, devil's mate—hence to thy natural darkness, I say."

But the angry sailor's vociferation did not attract the attention of their object, whose every sense seemed concentrated on the little boat which was rapidly nearing the Bayadère. He was a remarkable man; and without reference to the common aversion with which our seamen generally look upon Moors, his appearance did truly, to a certain extent, justify the antipathy which the sailors of the Bayadère seemed to entertain against him. His face had, on the whole, a ferocious aspect, though his features were regular. For the few days he had been on board the corvette, he exchanged words with none. His rude dress, which consisted of a shirt of red flannel, and trousers of coarse gray cloth, supported by a single leathern brace on his brawny yellow shoulders, added to his at once harsh and repelling appearance. At this moment it seemed as though sparks of fire had darted from his black eyes, almost hid under the shade of his thick, contracted eyebrows—so fierce, so fiery was their glance, as he regarded, with breathless interest, Lavinia, sad and pensive, supported on the arm of Count Maroncelli. It was the very instant their little boat touched the sides of the Bayadère. The whistle of Master Jean Louis then rang merrily out. The sailors let down a light and neatly painted ladder for the new passengers' ascent to the quarter-deck of the corvette, and an officer stood near to receive and present them to the commander.

"'Tis well," said the Moor, in a low voice, remarking the grief and fear which were painted on the features of the young girl. "The Gitana has followed my instructions." And gliding stealthily away under cover of the bustle of reception, he retired unobserved into the gloomy hold.

And now fly—dash away, rapid as thought, or the arrow cutting through the air—my pretty and lovely Bayadère. Unfurl all the flapping canvass from the tall graceful royals to the large and heavy mainsails. Lightly glance over and cleave the foaming wave, noble corvette; fly swift, careless one, ignorant of the passions which lie concealed in thy bosom. For in that narrow space, which with difficulty contained a hundred and twenty men, all the virtues and vices were comprised. There were courage, and devotedness, and hatred, and love, and vengeance—the germs, perhaps, of many a lofty deed and many a base crime. If you seek a proof, only look at the elegant state-room of the captain, richly decorated with carved work and gilding. What an interesting chain of observation and thought the party there assembled offer us! There is Lavinia extended on a rest-inviting couch, smiling gently at the eager gallantries of the young men surrounding her, whilst Leoni makes a hand at whist with the captain and two grave seamen, a game of which he knows but little, and at which he loses his money with the best possible grace. His fine eyes wander frequently from the cards before him, with an expression of disquiet and anger, to the laughing group which surround his pretty mistress. He wishes but dares not quit the tediously protracted game in which he is engaged, and to which the captain lends an uninterrupted attention, bespeaking a lively interest.

"'Tis a jest, I am sure, Monsieur le Major," said the ex-milliner to an officer standing near her. "I cannot believe you are so deeply enamoured of flowers as to seek them so far." Saying these words, she endeavoured to cast into the sea, through one of the small windows of the saloon, a rose with which she had been carelessly playing for an hour past; but the flower catching against one of the corners of the casement, fell back on the gaily-coloured Turkish carpet which covered the floor.

The officer snatched it up hastily. "Now," said he, concealing it in his breast, "no one shall snatch this from me but with life."

"I cannot fight longer against such endless ill luck," cried Leoni, at that moment rising hastily and pushing from him the card-table. "Your pardon, captain," he continued, in a softer tone, "but I am really sick of my uniform bad play. And you, signora," he said to Lavinia, surprised and alarmed at the emotion which the voice of Maroncelli betrayed, "be so good as to see if the orders I gave respecting the arrangement of our cabin have been attended to—servants are so stupid."

No one was the dupe of this flimsy pretext. The officers looked at each other smilingly, and began to mount the companion-ladder to the deck, while Lavinia retired in silence to obey the wishes of Leoni. She remained a long time alone in her little chamber, indulging in a sad reverie. Leoni's jealousy inspired her with disquiet.

tude for the future ; she dared not confide entirely in him, for fear of awakening his suspicions on the past—a past which she herself would fain forget, but could not ; and thus she remained without defender, without support ; for to implore her lover's protection had been to reveal to him a tale of which he ought ever to be ignorant. In addition to other sources of discomfort, she could not forget the prediction of Gitana, and its fearful coincidence with anterior events, of which she believed the world ignorant. These gloomy reflections brought back to her mind, by little and little, the solitude which surrounded her. Night approached rapidly—the cabin into which her room opened was deserted—all the ship's crew were on deck, and the silence and darkness filled her with fear. She went out, and, crossing the saloon common to all the passengers, prepared to mount the ladder which led to the quarter-deck. Suddenly, in the shade under the arch of the weather-boards which protected the staircase head, she fancied she could distinguish the form of a man. Stern, immovable, and with arms crossed, and rigid as an iron statue, he seemed to await her approach. Lavinia stood one moment transfixed before him—pale, icy cold. In another she recovered her dismayed senses. “Achmet,” she screamed in accents of horror ; and darting past, rapidly ascended the steep and narrow staircase, rushed wildly over the deck, and threw herself, palpitating with terror, into the arms of Maroncelli.

After many weeks passed at sea, when the eyes are become fatigued with blue waves and blue sky, and the same wide-spread, seemingly boundless extent of ocean everywhere, how sweet it is to see a faint cloud-like tinge of land on the extreme horizon, to watch it gradually stretch out and increase in size between the waters and the heavens ! How beautiful and verdant does the land seem then—how picturesque are its hills, its valleys — how fresh and inviting its cool shades ! The *Bayadère* coasted like a joyous thing along the Spanish shore ; she passed before San Lucar, sweetly situated at the mouth of the Guadalquivir. She saw, to the larboard of her bowsprit, the enchanting bay of Cadiz open, and the lofty tower of San Sebastian. All the crew were on deck, admiring, under the sweet influence of a fine morning and a pleasant breeze, the rich laughing country which unfolded itself to their delighted eyes. There lay stretched before them bold and rocky mountains, white houses in the midst of green orange groves, the barracks and the harbour of St. Mary, the flat terraces and red roofs of Cadiz. Cadiz ! that, brown Andalusian beauty, placed in the midst of the waves, at the extreme point of her narrow isle, like a painted shell on the waters. The officers and passengers, from their elevated position on the quarter-deck, saw and commended to each other in glowing terms this immense and beautiful panorama. The watchful commander, with telescope now pointed here, now there, walked to and fro ; and Lavinia, leaning on the arm of Leoni, cast a look of regret on those seemingly happy shores, where, tired with her protracted voyage, she longed to land. The sun was reflected in all its glowing lustre by the blue and foamy waves ; his rays, repeated in a thousand brilliant forms by the agitated waters, sparkled on the face of ocean like the stars of a summer's night ; the gulls, with discordant

note, flew rapidly by, dipping their long white wings in the waters, and fishers' barks glided before the charmed sight in every direction, bending gently under the lateen sails.

"It was in 1832," said the lieutenant of the watch to those who surrounded him, in continuation of some former conversation; "the *Bayadère* was then engaged in a cruise before this same Isle of Leon, when a man fell into the sea. For eight days we had been followed by a persevering companion like the present. Does he always keep near the corvette, Master Keros?"

"Always, lieutenant," replied our friend Jean Louis; "the devil take him, he'll no more budge an inch from our wake than the figure-head of our pretty *Bayadère*."

"The man was never seen again," continued the lieutenant, after a pause.

"Could he not swim?" asked Lavinia.

"He was the best swimmer on board, madam; but he was devoured in an instant by a shark."

"O heavens! What! the companion, then, of whom you have been speaking was—a shark."

"Yes, signora.

"Where is he now, then?"

"Phu! have you not yet seen him? He has followed us from Cape Finisterre. There, on the starboard side of the bow, about two fathoms off, do you not see, under the water, a shapeless mass of light-coloured green, which always keeps the same distance from us, and balances itself in the water by a slow and almost insensible motion?"

"I do, indeed," said Lavinia, shuddering; "and so if any one fell in the water now—"

"A long streak of blood would colour the waves, and all would be over."

"Merciful God!" cried the young girl, surveying with horror the marine monster; "and will it follow the *Bayadère* for long?"

"Doubtless to Naples. When a shark attaches itself to a ship, it rarely quits her before her voyage ends."

The bell, which sounded to breakfast, interrupted this conversation. The captain, the officers, and passengers, prepared to descend and take their places.

"Make short work of your inspection," said the captain, as he put his foot on the companion, to the ship's surgeon, "and come and join our meal."

"What inspection is it?" asked Lavinia.

"The crew are about to pass in review before me, signora, in order that I may be certain each has complied with the ship's regulations as to cleanliness."

"Will all the crew be here?"

"Yes, Signora, from the oldest seaman to the youngest cabin-boy."

"Let us remain a few moments to see them, Leoni," said Lavinia, with an anxious air, and leaning upon the colonel's arm. Despite his sarcasms on her singular whim, she remained on deck, whilst the

mate's whistle summoned the sailors, who had just finished their morning's cleansing.

'Twas something strange and even amusing to survey that long file of rough faces, some more sunburnt, more coarse, more grotesque than others, but all bearing the evident impress of hard weather and service. Each mariner, with naked feet, tucked-up sleeves, revealing muscular and hairy arms, and the collars of their check shirts carefully plaited, passed gravely before the poop, where stood the surgeon, Lavinia, and Leoni. They saluted the officer by carrying their hands to their foreheads, and more than one of them was astonished in himself, without doubt, at the intense interest with which the young lady surveyed them as they passed. Once Lavinia's eyebrows contracted, as though with sudden pain; her arm trembled in Leoni's; but when the young man looked anxiously in his mistress's face to discern the cause, she had recovered her tranquillity, and a sweet smile played about her lips. The last sailor was passing before her.

"These, then, are all your men, sir?" she asked the surgeon, a second time.

"All, without exception, signora," he replied, bowing respectfully.

"It was a mistake, then—I was deceived," she murmured to herself. Then, as if relieved from some dreadful weight, she darted lightly forward and descended, with Leoni, the staircase which led to the captain's apartment.

"Master Keros," said the surgeon, "summon those dogs of Moors from the hold, and examine them yourself. They do not, in fact, form part of the regular ship's company, and I do not, therefore, consider myself bound to inspect them. Besides," continued he, amidst the noisy bursts of laughter from all the sailors, delighted at this sneer cast on men they detested, "the Signora Maroncelli is gone down to breakfast in the cabin, and it is not polite to let a lady wait."

It was a beautiful night, and the moon shone bright o'er the waves; all on the starboard side the vessel were asleep in their hammocks, and the seamen of the watch wiled away the weary hours in smoking and spinning yarns, squatted down at the foot of the foremast.

"As I told you, then, you fellows," continued an old mariner, stretched on his back, with eyes half closed, and entirely absorbed in his tale and the whiffs of tobacco which he inhaled from his pipe—"as I told you, the midshipman of the Sylph, as soon as night fell and the shore was deserted, repaired to the rendezvous in the city of Constantinople. With some trouble he found the princess, who impatiently cried, 'D—n your eyes, you've kept me waiting a good while.'"

"Ah! master, master," interrupted a young sailor, who had the merit of being a wag, and who was a little less gullible than his neighbours, "why, your favourite sultana swears, for all the world, like a true blackguard."

"How now, puppy, hold thy licentious tongue; thou hast never been in Turkey, poor tarry-at-home, where the charming women

wear breeches as well as veils, and have always a long pipe in their mouths. But where was I?—that dog has thrown me out. O—so at length, after many narrow escapes, my midshipman carries off the princess, and takes her in a xebec to the Isle of Chameau, situate in the centre of the wide bay called the Dardanelles, and somewhere on the coast of Africa.”

“Ah! master,” again interposed the sea wit: but a sound box on the ear, amidst the acclamations of all the sailors present, taught him to pay more respect to the geographical knowledge of Master Jean Louis. In the mean time the saunterers on the quarter-deck, consisting of a part of the officers and passengers, listened with much amusement to the tale of the old mariner, who resumed it with imperturbable gravity.

“They had again set sail, and made some way, when they perceived a tartane, which appeared to be in pursuit of them. The midshipman spread out all his canvass, and began to fly before the wind like a pirate brig.

Ah, cursed tartane!” broke in a sailor, “she will capture them.”

“She will not,” said another.

“Silence there, you heap of sea-porpoises. She did overtake them, I say, and the day after my midshipman was impaled, like a sheep on a spit, upon the ramparts of Constantinople. and the princess cast into the sea, enclosed in a bag filled with cats and snakes.”

“So may every faithless woman perish!” cried a hoarse voice, apparently proceeding from the depths of the hold, which opened near the group of seamen.

“See there! another interruption, and from that cursed dog down below,” cried the enraged Jean Louis. “Silence, beast, or dread the lash which shall repay thy insolence.”

In the mean time a great commotion took place amongst the officers on the quarter-deck. Lavinia, loudly screaming, had fled into the interior of the corvette. This interruption put an end to all further gossip, and the seamen kept a gloomy silence during the remainder of their watch. The day after, the *Bayadère* passed the strait which separates the Atlantic and the Mediterranean—Europe and Africa. On her larboard lay Gibraltar, that immense storehouse of nations, which England took from Spain by the right of the strongest; Gibraltar, with its Moorish houses and powerful defences, its lofty rock and its large bay—half Spanish at the little port of Alguiròs, half English at the roads of Gibraltar. On her starboard stretched away into distance the sandy shores of Fez, the moles of Ceuta, and further off the vast mountains of Atlas, with their lofty and stony summits. A thousand small sails furrowed the waves with their keels, crossing incessantly that narrow passage from one world to the other.

“See, Leoni,” said Lavinia to the count, pointing out to him the dancing waters through the small window which lighted their room; “there is yet time—see that light bark which is entering Gibraltar—for pity’s sake consent to hail it; let us land in Spain; leave with me this *Bayadère*.”

“What, another new and strange whim!” exclaimed Maroncelli, with impatience. “You know, signora, the secret and important mission

entrusted to my care has compelled me to take the present long and tedious route, instead of the ordinary way by Marseilles or Toulon. You also ought to know that same mission prevents me from leaving the ship until her arrival at Naples; what strong motive, then, impels you to such an unaccountable, such an unreasonable wish?"

"I know not myself, but I have a painful presentiment that this vessel will be fatal to me."

"I shall not listen to such nonsense."

"God have mercy on me, then!" said Lavinia, burying her face in her hands.

A strong breeze from the south-south-west, which sprang up immediately after the *Bayadère* had passed the straits of Gibraltar, delayed her on her passage, and caused her to diverge somewhat from the line she had been pursuing. Driven towards the coast of Sardinia, the corvette was obliged to luff to the north, and the second day, in the middle of the night, she was plunging and tossing violently in the trough of the sea, opposite the channel or strait which separates Corsica from Sardinia, near the mouth of the Bonifaccio, and some fathoms only distant from Cape Patùsolo and the rocks of Cavili. Her position was a dangerous one, for the wind and tide set in strongly towards the land, and prevented any hope of making the Gulf of Ajaccio. One way alone remained—a way that required all the energies of a stout heart to make good, but which, if ventured, might yet save the seemingly devoted vessel—and which was, to enter and pass the dangerous strait, although darkness fell thicker around every moment. A storm! a storm at night, with all the perils of an inhospitable and iron-bound coast and roaring breakers!—who can ever paint in words its overwhelming horrors—its heart-sickening agony!

"Shorten sail—quick!—bestir!"—shouted the anxious yet even then measured voice of the captain.

"Aloft, my men—lie to the wind, steersman—luff, luff—you can"—and the sailors, actuated by a single impulse, a single thought—the love of life—leaped upon the yards with matchless speed and fearlessness, and executed in the twinkling of an eye the orders of their commander.

An unbroken solitude reigned between decks and in the cabins, for the common danger had summoned every one on deck. Of the state-rooms that opened into the saloon, however, one door was unfastened, and the glimmer of a single lamp which escaped from it was sufficient indication that it was inhabited.

"Leoni! do not leave me. O God! we shall be shipwrecked!"

"Fear not, Lavinia; I will return in a moment; but, in such an hour of peril as this, perhaps my assistance is needed above; the arm of a brave man is never useless:"—and without listening to the entreaties of Lavinia, Count Maroncelli, having hastily dressed himself, ascended to the deck.

The young girl was left alone trembling—listening with anxious fear to the roar of the tempest without—the sharp sounds of the boatswain's whistle, which ever and anon rose amidst the rattling of cordage—the flapping of sails, and the creaking of masts—the hasty steps of mariners, which sounded dull and heavy above her head—and the

sucking gurgling whirl or furious dash of the waves against the vessel's side.

Lavinia thought her hour was come. Her pale cold lips, dried with excess of fear, murmured inarticulately a fervent prayer. Alas! swift recollection brought back to her with anguish those happy days, when, a simple merry girl, she tripped along the streets of Paris, careless of the future, and, as yet, free from and unspotted by those sins which had stained her after life. She thought on repentance—wretched being! She wept the bitter tears of acknowledged guilt, and invoked the name of Mary! when the noise of the opening door caused her to turn her head, and by the lamp's light she saw a man enter, who gently but carefully shot back the bolts. He dragged after him something (as it seemed) of black, and letting it fall on the ground, gazed on Lavinia with crossed arms. She (poor soul!) thought the crew were about to abandon the corvette to its fate, and that she was sent for to embark in the long-boat. She started up hastily.

"Here I am—here I am," she cried, "ready—I will follow you instantly."

But he moved not; his burning look was fixed on Lavinia's terrified features. "'Tis I," was all he said; yet Lavinia did not comprehend his meaning. The man seized the lamp, placed it near his stern visage, and then at length she recognised him.

"Achmet!" she groaned—"then I am lost!"

"Yes," he repeated in a low deep voice, "thou art lost, seeing thou art now in my power. Thou couldst hardly have escaped death in the Bayadère, but it is now much nearer, much more certain to thee, and thou shalt be the first to be hurled into the waves which howl around us."

She raised herself fearfully, cast a despairing look on the closed door, listened a moment to the vast noise which destroyed all hope of her cries being heard, and then, overwhelmed, fell back again on her disordered bed.

"Don't think to escape me," cried the Turk with a bitter sneer; "the love of a servant of Allah begins to weigh like a deadly sin on thy infidel soul—eh? Ungrateful, have I not abandoned for thee my post of secretary to the embassy which the sublime Porte sent to the king of France? Have I not suffered my companions to return to my beautiful father-land without me? Have I not, for thy sake, renounced my country—ay, perchance blasphemously denied the law of our holy prophet? And when my gold was spent—when I had in thy company drunk the cup of pleasure even to the dregs—didst think I would permit thee unavenged to choose another lover—rich, young, handsome—one who could deck thee out in new dresses, new jewels? No, no, perfidious woman. Since thy departure from Paris, I have never lost sight of thee. I myself directed the circumstances which have delivered thee into my power. Thou hast taken a last look at thy brilliant Italian count; thou shalt never see at Naples those palaces of marble which thou desiredst so ardently; thou shalt never wander through the perfumed groves of Ischia and Sorrento."

"Achmet!—O great God, have pity on me—what is thy design?"

"In the East, thou knowest I have told thee, when thou used to hang with hollow love around my neck, we punish faithlessness and perjury with the sack."

Saying these words, he pointed out to her starting eyes the leathern sack which he had brought with him. Lavinia screamed with horror at the sight.

"Oh! thou wilt not—thou canst not, Achmet—you will not be so barbarous as to slay me; thou, a man, slay a feeble woman! hast thou considered well what coward baseness that would be? I am guilty, 'tis true—but to die so young! The punishment you threaten would be too cruel—Oh, mercy! mercy!—Achmet, do not slay me!" and she wound round the pitiless man with her white arms, and her black hair fell in dishevelled torrents over her alabaster neck, whose dazzling whiteness was thereby set off to still greater advantage.

In the mean time the tempest had risen to the extremity of fury; the broken masts fell crashing on the deck; the shouts of the sailors, the mates, the officers, fell dull upon the ear. The pitchings of the corvette became more frightful; the waves roared in wild commotion, and each instant swept the decks of the *Bayadère*. Achmet brutally repulsed the young girl, and, stooping down, busied himself in preparing the sack which he had brought.

"What are you doing, Achmet? Oh! you will pardon me—will you not?"

He hesitated a moment. "Yes," said he at length; "I will have mercy on thee. Take thy choice, either to die by this poniard, or to be cast alive into the waves."

At this barbarous answer, uttered in a calm, cold, passionless tone, Lavinia's reason began to yield. She cast herself maddened against the bolted door, but the powerful hand of Achmet threw her back with violence on the bed.

"Help! help!" cried the wretched girl. The Turk laughed.

"Fool! can thy voice, dost think, be heard in the frightful tumult which rages above? Pronounce thy fate quickly, for time flows away."

Lavinia dragged herself, mad, despairing, to his feet. She raised her streaming eyes—met the Turk's stern look—and at once she felt the uselessness of prayer or entreaties to soften that iron soul. At length, compelled to choose, her almost senseless hand pointed to the knife, whose blade Achmet cruelly displayed before her stiffened eyeballs. But when he removed her dress, when she felt the cold steel placed over her palpitating heart, she uttered a cry so terrible, that the murderer himself shuddered.

"No! no!" she said.

"There must be an end of this!" muttered Achmet in a fierce and choking voice. "'Tis all the same—thy life will but be prolonged a few minutes more; thou wilt remember a shark follows the corvette."

The poor girl made a faint movement of horror. Achmet seized her in his robust arms—anon the icy touch of the leathern sack ran over her shuddering flesh; stupified and almost senseless, she yet felt herself buried alive in that horrid shroud. Excess of anguish—something restored her failing strength.

"Achmet!" she shrieked in piercing accents—"Achmet, one instant yet! Life! life! O God! O God! Leoni, help—help—Leoni!"

At the name of her lover, Achmet furiously plunged his poniard into Lavinia's arm, which vainly sought to offer a weak resistance.

"Not in the heart," he said in a low voice, "for thou wilt not then suffer long enough."

"God—God—Achmet!" screamed the lost girl, "mercy -- mercy! Jesus—pity! O help—help—life—life! only life!"

But placing a thick handkerchief over the wretched being's mouth, he stifled all farther sounds—drew the mouth of the sack over her beautiful head—closed it with care, bound it with strong cords, to which he had fastened heavy stones and pieces of iron, and dragged it along the empty saloon and up the staircase to the crowded tumultuous deck. The tempest was still at its height, all was yet uproar and danger. Passing under the mainsail, the Turk met a sailor who was about in haste to descend between decks.

"Ah! art thou there, dog—what art doing—what is that thou draggest behind thee?"

"A leak has sprung in the hold," said Achmet. "I am carrying some bags of biscuits from thence to a securer place."

The sailor descended. A few steps farther, at the moment when the ship reeled to larboard, the Turk opened a port-hole on the opposite side, and after having cast around a hurried and anxious look lest any should observe him, he hurled his horrible burden into the howling sea—less pitiless than himself.

In an instant the Bayadère opened the mouth of the straits of Bonifaccio, and the day but one after, although much shattered with the storm, arrived sound and safe in the Bay of Naples, after doubling the point of Prosido and the green Isle of Capri.

But consternation and alarm reigned on board, for since two days' anxious and unceasing search had been made to explain the inconceivable disappearance of poor Lavinia, as yet no one had discovered the truth. In the course of the many interrogatories addressed to each person in the ship, the mariner who had met Achmet on deck related that circumstance. There had no leak sprung in the corvette—no bag of biscuits had been taken from the hold; and, in addition to the suspicion these false statements had excited, Leoni found in his chamber a bloody knife, which was recognised as belonging to the Turk. They were in sight of land when it was determined to arrest him for the murder.

Achmet was on deck intently regarding the fast-nearing shore, when some armed soldiers approached, and commanded him to surrender himself and accompany them to the commander.

"Back!" cried the wretch, seizing an axe which lay near; "he dies who dares advance;" and profiting by the sudden pause which caused them to retire a pace or two, he plunged into the waters.

"Unmoor the long-boat and pursue him," cried the lieutenant of the watch hurriedly.

His order was obeyed, but before the men had pulled two strokes from the corvette, Lavinia was revenged. Leoni had snatched from one of the soldiers his loaded musket, and watching his opportunity

when Achmet's head was seen upon the surface of the water, he fired with deadly aim. The wretch sprang convulsively upwards. Half his naked body was seen above the sea one moment, and in another he had sunk from human sight for ever, to meet his victim and give an account of his fearful crime at the judgment seat.

The Bayadère cast anchor in the road of Naples, and Count Maroncelli landed in despair at the loss of his pretty mistress. Yet three months after he was doubtless consoled, for every night one might have met him under the perfumed shades of the Chaigo, or in the luxurious boxes of the brilliant theatre of San Carlos, accompanying a ravishingly beautiful woman, who had long been first lady to her highness the Duchess de Piombino. Poor Lavinia!

A BRIGHTER WORLD THAN THIS.

BY MRS. ABDY.

On! when I trod Life's early ways,
 Hope winged my fleeting hours,
 I saw no shadow in her rays,
 No serpent in her flowers;
 I thought on days of present joy,
 And years of future bliss,
 Nor deemed that sorrow could alloy
 So bright a world as this.

Alas! the fairy dreams I wove,
 Soon from my fancy fled,
 The friends who owned my tender love,
 Were numbered with the dead;
 Upon their pallid lips I pressed
 Affection's parting kiss,
 They left me for a world of rest,
 A brighter world than this.

Nor did the spacious world supply
 Those ties of opening life,
 False was its mocking flattery,
 Keen was its bitter strife;
 And then I first began to look
 For purer, truer bliss,
 And loved to trace, in God's own book,
 A brighter world than this.

My wounded heart desired relief,
 I found the good I sought;
 And now, in trial and in grief,
 I feel the soothing thought,
 That though the worldling may despair,
 When robbed of earthly bliss,
 The Christian humbly hopes to share
 A brighter world than this.

HISTORY OF THE JEWS,¹

FROM THE DECLINE OF THE MACCABEES TO THE PRESENT DAY.

BY M. CAPEFIGUE.

CHAPTER IV.—*Continued.*

State of the Jews from the Taking of Jerusalem to the Reign of Constantine.

NEVERTHELESS, some remains of the Epicurean philosophy still flourished, and seemed, at long intervals, to protest against this accommodation of Neoplatonism, in adopting the uncertain traditions of an obscure tribe in Syria. Equally opposed to all preternatural doctrines, the Epicureans remembered the objections of the old school against the origin and the opinions of the Jews, and combated the cosmogony of Moses, and the general history of the people of Israel, either by absolute doubt, or by able criticism. But the very importance which they placed upon this controversy, and the grave and serious character which their arguments often assumed, afford proof that the things on which they disputed were more generally esteemed. It is no longer, in effect, that trifling mockery, and those biting and sarcastic *jeux d'esprit*, which only reach an adversary after opinion has sided against him, but an argumentative examination where criticism is laboriously supported by proof, and in which sarcasm itself is obliged to justify itself. We may add that Pyrrhonism, although divested of its repulsive aspect and its insulting pride, does not long preserve its influence on society. There are those periods when mysteries and creeds becoming a necessity for the people, the multitude confesses a certain want of religious emotions which leaves no room for haughty infidelity to act upon their minds. Such was the character of that period which elapsed from the reign of Antoninus Pius to the triumph of Christianity under Constantine. Philosophy laid down her scepticism, and abandoning the proper purpose of her institution, examination and criticism surrounded herself with mysteries, and craved as it were the sanctity of a creed.

While philosophy accepted with a kind of deference the opinions of Judaism, Judaism in its turn did not remain stationary, and mutual concessions cemented the treaty of alliance. However strict might be the commandments of Jehovah, however positive the prohibition never to admit the gods and opinions of strange nations, a great many Jews, in the new situation in which they found themselves placed by the destruction of Jerusalem, were unable to resist the general movement which then impelled society towards a complete fusion of systems. If Plotinus, Porphyry, and Jamblicus loudly extol the wisdom of the institutions of Moses, and the divine character of his author, more than a century before; Aristobulus, Philo, and the historian Josephus, had associated the Grecian ideas, the principles of the Ionic school with the pure and severe system of Judaism.

¹ Continued from p. 257.

In their theory, more or less ingeniously developed, the synagogue is no longer a peculiar society gloriously separated from the human race by the predilection of Jehovah; but the Jews are a nation who are found to have been mixed up with all the events and all the epochs of ancient history. To justify the great antiquity of their origin, and to acquire the respect of the magistrates, they not only appeal to the sacred books and the prophecies, but to the histories of Herodotus, the poems of Homer, and the acknowledgments of Plato and Pythagoras. Their doctrines and their annals no longer present themselves in the native grace and simplicity of Genesis; but the cosmogony of the Scriptures and the primitive times of the world are blended with Grecian allegories on Deucalion's deluge and Pandora's box. The God of Israel is still the One Holy God; but around his sublime majesty is grouped a medley of immortal essences, borrowed from the system of Persia and India, regulated and embellished by the genius of Plato.* Within the synagogue itself, the philosophical sects of the Therapeutians and Essenians arise; the school of the cabal springs up and develops itself, and becomes the most complete exemplification of that strange mélange of doctrines which a Rabbín has compared to the confusion of tongues and the chaos which preceded the creation.

From the exposition of the altered aspect and condition of Judaism, we can understand that the measures of the government and the laws of the emperors by degrees assumed a more equitable character. In political societies, it is impossible for legislation not to experience, sooner or later, the influence of public opinion, of which, indeed, it is as it were the expression. As nations admitted the Jews, their doctrines and manners, into that community of sentiment which embraced the Roman world, political society would cease to proscribe them. There still exists a remarkable law in the great collection of Ulpian, declaring that the privileges of the Jews extend to all their religious concerns, but that they must still submit to the duties of guardianship the same as other subjects of the empire: this law proves a fact of great importance, which is, that the Jews, being called upon to bear the duties of guardianship, are elevated to the rank of citizens.† In the general system of Roman legislation, the duty of guardianship was inherent to the rights of the city, and the foresight of the legislature would not entrust the inexperience of the minor except to an enlightened member of the body politic. During the reign of Septimus Severus, the historians relate that the secular games were celebrated, and that the Jews, in order to participate in those public festivities, solemnized their public jubilee the same year;‡ another striking proof of that fusion of doctrines and that mutual concession to which we have already adverted.

Until the accession of Constantine and the triumph of Christianity, we have no more than a few isolated facts to guide us for the history

* Compare the works of Josephus and Philo, and particularly those of the Cabalists: it is evident that the doctrines of the East are impregnated with their systems.

† Ulpian in Digest. tit. de Tutel. viii.

‡ Basnage, Hist. de Juifs, lib. iv. chap. xii. sect. 8.

of the Jews. Amidst the military revolutions and public agitations which disturbed the empire, we see the Israelites protected and exercising a kind of influence over the people, and in the palace. The companion of the boyhood of Caracalla was a young Jew, who formed his chief delight and shared his affection.* Alexander Severus gloried in the title of Archsynagogue amongst the brilliant dignities of the Cæsars.

While Decius fulminated a bloody decree against the Christians, he ordered the proconsuls and pontiffs to respect the Jews in their synagogues; and we may place implicit credence in the account of Denys of Alexandria, that the persecution of Valerian against the christian sectaries was suggested by an *Archsynagogue of Egypt*, an expression which also seems to refer to a Jew.†

This signal protection has been celebrated in the synagogue; the Rabbins apply to this period of toleration the words of the prophet: "When they shall fall, they shall find help;" and they have not failed to boast, that while the cross of Jesus of Nazareth was concealed in a few obscure caverns, their synagogues multiplied and spread over the entire surface of the kingdom of Edom: it is to this epoch that they refer the exaltation of their patriarch and of their regular government, and the foundation of the school of Tiberias and Jamnia. In these schools their doctrine shone forth in the greatest splendour: the masters were day and night engaged in the instruction of their disciples; and in the course of a few centuries their schools, as we shall see in one of the following chapters, produced the Mishna and the two Thalmuds; that is, the chain of legal traditions, and the commentaries of the Rabbins on the important subject of the observances prescribed by Moses.

CHAPTER V.

Appearance of Christianity in the Synagogue, and of its progress and ultimate triumph under Constantine.

WE have been occupied during the preceding chapters in describing the situation of the Jews in the Roman empire, while it was yet subject to the manners and institutions of polytheism; we have traced the progress of public opinion and of legislation as regarded the worship of Israel, from the conquest of Palestine by the Roman eagles to the accession of Constantine. Another scene now opens itself to the historian: the religion of Jesus Christ, hitherto persecuted, wields the sword of power. This cross of the Messiah, which the Scribes and Pharisees had insulted within the walls of Jerusalem, adorned with the trophies of victory, now glitters beside the eagle of the Cæsars. The legislation of the emperors is about to be animated with a new spirit; a stern and religious aspect will distinguish the career of the government of the christian princes. The times are indeed changed!

In the various sentiments which the opinions and doctrines of the Jews excited in pagan Rome, succeeds a kind of jealous consanguinity

* Spartian in Caracall. chap. i.

† Casaubon de Script. in Rer. Aug. in Alexandr. Sev.

between two religions long cognizant of each other, and which reciprocally sustain the accusation, one of ingratitude for the unappreciated benefits of a new revelation, the other of apostasy towards the ancient laws of its fathers.

Placed on the basis of the same traditions, the controversies of religion rise to the pitch of fury. While the canons of the councils and the ordinances of the pontiffs, sustained by the power of public opinion, tend to impose the christian law on the children of Israel, the synagogue curses the Christ and his church seven times a day. On the slightest token of power and unrestrained action, one sect rushes on the other, and marches to persecution.

Under Constantine, the Christians demolished the synagogues, and did not leave one stone upon another of these impious oratories; and during the reign of Julian, the Jews destroyed the churches of Antioch, Nicomedia, and Egypt; so that if the sword of persecution is oftener in the hands of the Christians, we must not attribute it to the moderation and tolerant spirit of the Israelites, but to their more constant state of weakness and political dependence.*

This important revolution in the history of Judaism must be taken rather higher up. The doctrines of the Christians and Jews had long been co-existent, when Constantine raised the standard of the cross; and as the moral doctrines of Judaism may be dated, strictly speaking, from the appearance of the Christ and the preaching of his gospel, it appears to us of essential importance to go back to that period, and to follow the developements of the evangelical principles with regard to the synagogue, as well as to observe the influence which they exercised over the general economy of Judaism.

At the epoch when the revelation of the Christ was manifested in Judæa, Israel was divided, as we have seen, into various sects, each professing with perfect freedom certain religious and philosophical doctrines: unity of principle and fixedness of opinions, which could alone have enabled the first indication of christian ideas in the synagogue to have been detected, existed no more; Judaism had been cut up, if I may use the expression, into a thousand theories, more or less daring and novel; and the first symptoms of Christianity would not be perceptible in a society abandoned to so many systems, and where the doctrines of the Pharisees, the Sadducees, and Essenians, into which any novelty might so easily gain a footing, all at one and the same time endeavoured to establish their influence and ascendancy.† What were the causes of this rivalry which they occasioned in the society of the Hebrews, and of that desperate struggle which was, as it were, its result? These are important questions, the solution of which helps to explain one of the most remarkable of religious revolutions.

The first appearance of Christianity is referable to the preaching of John in the wilderness. John was of the family of Abia, the eighth of twenty-four classes which David had established to fulfil alternately the offices and functions of the priesthood. According to the Christian record,

* See chapter v.

† On the different sects of Israel at the coming of the Messiah. See book iii. of Basnage, and chapter vi. of this work.

Elizabeth his mother was barren, and the birth of John was announced to her by a divine revelation: when Mary came to visit her cousin Elizabeth, the latter felt her bowels leap within her; the virtuous Zachariah, moved by the spirit of prophecy, proclaimed in terms of solemn thanksgiving the approaching advent of the Messiah.* All these circumstances occurring in the bosom of a priestly family, were not important enough to engage the attention of the pontiffs of the temple; it was merely said in the mountain, *What do ye think of this wonderful child?* At fifteen years of age, John retired into the desert: he drank no wine; he tasted not bread, but fed upon locusts and wild honey; his raiment was of camel's hair, and a leathern girdle was about his loins. And thus the son of Zacharias passed away thirty years, acquiring a great reputation for holiness in Israel, by the purity of his life and his long fastings: he called upon all the people who came to hear him, to repent, for that the kingdom of heaven was at hand. Standing on the banks of the Jordan, he baptized all such as truly repented. When asked if he was the Messiah, or the prophet Elias who was to precede him, he replied that he was not worthy to loose the latchets of their shoes, and that he was as one crying in the wilderness, "*Prepare ye the way of the Lord.*"†

It was under these circumstances that the doctrine of Jesus Christ was proclaimed by the preaching of John the Baptist. Various traditions have preserved the life and the mission of Jesus Christ; some, written in a strain of simple and sublime enthusiasm, are the work of the companions even of Jesus; others, consigned to the *Thalmud*, appear to be mostly dictated by the gloomy resentment of a rival sect;‡ other facts are found scattered through the works of Josephus and Philo, who lived nearly contemporary with the events they relate. Whatever opinion may be given as to these different accounts, it appears certain that Mary was a daughter of the tribe of Judah, and of the family of David; she had espoused Joseph, sprung from the same race, and who was an obscure carpenter in the little town of Nazareth in Galilee. We shall not enter into any detail on the miraculous birth of Jesus, and the first actions of his childhood; suffice it to say, that on the eighth day he was circumcised, and that Mary, like all the mothers in Israel, submitted to purification in the temple. The belief in the approaching advent of the Messiah, and of the restoration of the royal line of David to the throne, was then more strongly spread abroad than ever; and the Gospel speaks of the worshipping of the magi, or wise men of the East, and of the massacre of the innocents of Galilee, which the jealous policy of Herod directed against the uncertain offspring of the race of David. At twelve years of age, Jesus was found in the temple, disputing with the doctors; but he did not begin his ministry of preaching before he was thirty years of

* Gospel according to St. Matthew, chap. iii. ver. 2, in the orthodox version: the Gnostics and the Nazarenes who have increased the Gospels, gave other details, which it may be well to compare. See chap. vii. of this work, in which religious sects are treated of.

† Gospel of St. Mark, chap. i. ver. 1 to 5.

‡ I give further on, in this chapter, the version of the Rabbins on the birth and life of the Messiah.

age, a period of life when the doctors were allowed to expound the law in the public schools.*

The preaching of a doctor in a synagogue was a circumstance sufficiently common, to enable Jesus Christ to lift up his voice and teach the assembled congregation.

There were Rabbins in Jerusalem, and in every town in Judæa, who daily taught the law and the prophets in the public places, and it was no novelty for the people to hear the voice of their doctors and wise men: but the slightest attention was sufficient to show the Pharisees, that this man, called Jesus, advanced doctrines with an eloquence so commanding, and with such unparalleled boldness, as to menace the entire edifice of Judaism, and of the law on which it rested.

It fact, however bold might have been the doctrines of the Essenians and Sadducees, none of the learned in their schools had advanced opinions which threatened to subvert the whole economy of the Jewish law; but in scrutinizing the doctrine of Jesus Christ, the restless Pharisee would quickly discover that his system, so fearlessly inculcated, was in every particular incompatible with the existence of Jewish society; that it went towards establishing a religious theory wholly different from the instructions till then tolerated in the schools, and would inevitably tend to the overthrow of the fundamental tenets of the theocracy of the temple.

Israel, by its laws and customs, showed that it looked upon itself as a peculiar and privileged people, whom Jehovah had encouraged by his promises, and whom alone he had summoned to the loftiest destinies. The Gentiles were a reproach, according to the law: and the alliances proscribed, and the severe obligations imposed on neophytes, showed how careful had been the lawgiver of Israel to separate his people from strange nations. The teaching of Jesus Christ called the whole universe to the wonderful promises of the Scripture: "I say unto you," cried the new doctor, "that many shall come from the east and west, and shall sit down with Abraham, and Isaac, and Jacob, in the kingdom of heaven.† . . . God can out of these stones raise up children unto Abraham: the kingdom of heaven shall be taken from you and given to one bearing fruit." It is very natural therefore to suppose, that those whom the Scriptures called the *holy nation, the people of promise*, would be indignant on hearing these new doctrines, which, not content with calling mankind at large to the participation of these benefits, absolutely excluded none from the promises but the faithful adherents of the ancient law.‡

This ancient law itself, exclusively venerated by the doctors and the people, was unequivocally declared, in the preaching of Jesus Christ, to be incomplete, and, indeed, in a great degree, abolished. He purifies its moral precepts and its ceremonial ordinances.

"Ye have heard it said in the old law," cries Jesus amongst the

* Gospel of St. Luke. chap. iv. ver. 16. In the Gospel of St. John, Jesus is called in the text *Rabbi*, or master, chap. i. ver. 38.

† Gospel of St. Matthew, chap. viii. ver. 11.

‡ Other motives for this hatred of the Pharisees against Jesus may be found in the Gospel of St. Matthew, chap. xxiii.

doctors, "an eye for an eye, and a tooth for a tooth; but I say unto you, that ye resist not evil.* The sabbath was made for man, and not man for the sabbath; it is lawful to do good on the sabbath day."

All these principles were well calculated to raise the popular prejudices; but Jesus Christ made a stronger attack still upon the Jewish community. It was not merely the maxims of the ancient law, the moral bond of union, which he attacked, but Jerusalem herself, the material link of unity in the Jewish nation, whose destruction he thus foretold.

"Master," said one of his disciples unto him, "behold what stones, what buildings!" But Jesus answered him, "Do ye see these great buildings? Verily, I say unto you, there shall not be left here one stone upon another that shall not be thrown down.† Jerusalem, the days of thy calamity shall come, and thine enemies shall encamp round about thee; they shall shut thee up, and enclose thee in on every side, because thou hast not known the day of thy visitation."

He who thus spake as a prophet and a legislator, took the holy and powerful name of Messiah. It is true, that amongst the Jews it was generally believed that the days of deliverance were at hand; but the doctors and the rabbins represented the liberator of Israel as a conquering prince, who should subdue the nations by his sword, and trample the great ones under his feet. The darkened understanding of the Pharisee was incapable of viewing these great promises of Scripture in a moral and figurative sense, or of applying the exalted representations which the prophets had drawn of the liberating Messiah, to a legislator whose sublime reasoning overthrew the whole edifice of their venerable superstitions; the pride of the rabbins, as well as of the people, was wounded, to see the son of an obscure mechanic of Galilee, under a mean and contemptible exterior, raise himself up on a sudden as a prince among Israel, and promise deliverance to the people.

However, Jesus Christ began boldly to preach the Gospel. He had chosen for his abode Capernaum in Galilee, between the tribes of Zabulon and Naphthali; on the sabbath day he was accustomed to enter the synagogue amongst the doctors, and always announced the kingdom of heaven and forgiveness of sins. A great multitude came to listen to his discourses on the lake of Tiberias, and two men of Cana of Galilee, one named Philip and the other Nathanael, became his followers, and called him "Master," as they did the rabbins and teachers in the schools. We shall not here follow the well-known life of Jesus Christ, nor the acts of his ignominious death: it is enough to say, that the sublime author of the Gospel perished a victim to the jealous fury of the sect of the Pharisees and the doctors of the temple, who could not endure the innovating principles of his evangelical preaching.

Nevertheless, the death of Jesus Christ did not destroy the early seed scattered within the precincts of the synagogue; numbers in

* Gospel of Matthew, chap. v. ver. 38, 39.

† Ibid. chap. xxiv. ver 2.

Galilee had already believed, and the disciples of Jesus were spreading all over Palestine; they preached eloquently to the people; and the rabbins, not being able to understand how it happened that men sprung from the very dregs of the populace could speak thus before the multitude, thought *they were full of new wine*.* Three thousand brethren, however, were converted and believed in him *whom God had made both Lord and Christ*; they diligently attended on the preaching of the apostles, and all were convinced that they were entering on a new life. At the same time they went daily to the temple, and did nothing different from other Jews; equally with them they submitted to all the ordinances of the law; they celebrated the passover together, made their children, as usual, undergo the painful operation of circumcision, and were only remarkable, at first, for the purity of their manners and their renunciation of this world's goods.†

Yet the admission of the Gentiles into the communion soon raised serious discussions in the reformed synagogue, and entirely separated its doctrines from the ancient laws of the temple. So long as the evangelical preaching was confined to Israelites by birth and extraction, it was natural that the neophyte, being still under the influence of his early habits of life and the prejudices of his education, would even, after his conversion to Christianity, continue to observe those respected customs which, if Jesus Christ had not actually prescribed, *neither had he forbidden*, in his Gospel. The recent Christian, as we have observed, celebrated, with the most zealous Israelite, all the pomps of Judaism, and joined in the crowd which inundated the cloisters on feast days; accustomed to the pious study of the Old Testament, he preserved a profound veneration for the sacred traditions, and it was with an extreme timidity that he adopted those maxims which the apostles sought to engrave upon their hearts and memories. But when the Gospel was preached to all, a difference of opinion very soon prevailed: the Gentile, who embraced the faith of Jesus Christ, not bringing to this worship any of the habits and prejudices of the Israelite as to the Old Testament, a serious consideration presented itself to the council of the apostles; and St. Paul demanded of the elders and brethren assembled at Jerusalem, whether it was necessary to exact from the Gentile who entered their community, a strict observance of the law of Moses, and whether, consequently, he should be called upon to endure the painful trial of circumcision, and to join in the celebration of the passover, and in the prayers of the temple. The assembly of brethren decided that henceforth these practices should be abolished, and that if the laws of Christ could not proscribe them as acts of idolatry, yet they could not but be looked upon as usages which the march of time would gradually efface, and which ought perhaps to be treated as a necessary concession to human weakness.‡ After this, those Christians who tenaciously persisted in the rites and practices of the synagogue were already regarded as a peculiar and perfect church, which was

* Acts of the Apostles, chap. ii. ver. 13.

† Ibid. chap. iv. 34, ver. 35.

‡ Ibid. chap. xv.

called Nazarene; and the orthodox church, enlarging every day the fundamental principles of its belief, separated more and more from the primitive laws of the synagogue.*

This slow and successive developement of the christian doctrines, this progressive separation of the two churches, was not effected without exciting bitter dissensions. We must proceed now to view and to point out the first germs of those animosities which broke out so furiously between Judaism and Christianity, during the three first centuries of the church.

The first opposition which the preaching of the Gospel encountered, proceeded, as we have seen, from among the Jews. When Jesus Christ said to his disciples, "Go preach the word to the four corners of the earth," his disciples disseminated themselves throughout Judæa; even Jerusalem had resounded with their pious exhortations. And the little care which these companions of Jesus took to conceal their doctrines and designs, together with the never-slumbering vigilance of the Pharisees, had drawn the attention of the Sanhedrim to those men who, under the cloisters of the temple, healed the sick by the laying on of hands, and endeavoured to seduce the people in the name of Jesus of Nazareth.

With the spirit and opinions of the Scribes and Pharisees, it may readily be conceived that the storm of persecution would ere long break forth against those apostates who thus dared to call Israel to a new alliance. The Scripture had ordained that false prophets, and brethren who sacrificed to strange gods, should be stoned; and as in the first times of the conquest by the Romans, under their kings as well as under their tetrarchs, the Jews had preserved almost all their privileges of domestic jurisdiction, it was rare that they could not, in their populous cities, give free scope to those *movements of zeal*, those tumultuous visitations of wrath, which Jehovah had prescribed against apostates and false prophets. The indifference of the Roman governors tended to encourage those violent displays of hatred and revenge, which Rome often permitted a vanquished people freely to indulge; and the condescension of Pilate, when the Pharisees called for the death of the Messiah, had proved that the magistrates, without troubling themselves about religious discussions, only exercised the power of capital punishment, to make the empire and authority of the Cæsars feared and respected. In every town of Judæa, in Syria, at Antioch, at Tarsus, at Nicomedia, the synagogue had risen as one man, and the apostles were dragged before the elders, or before the governor, to give an account of their faith. At Jerusalem, Peter and his companions had been locked up in the public prisons, where the keepers and the priests had subjected them to the lictors' rods.† Everywhere the preaching of the Gospel was proscribed, either by the fury of the populace or by the troubled superstition of the doctors of the law.

And the disciples of Jesus had often been obliged to *shake the dust from off their feet* on leaving those ungrateful cities which understood not the promises of Scripture. At the same time, during the first

* On the Nazarenes, see chap. vi. of this history.

† Acts, chap. iv.

years of this public ministry, the blood of the Messiah alone had been spilt. A profound impression had been produced in the christian church by this event; but looked upon, as it was, as the necessary fulfilment of the unalterable decree of Providence foretold by the prophets, and as the only means of man's redemption, the death of Jesus Christ had not so much excited the hatred of the Christians against the Jews, as a feeling of pity for the blindness of those who had thus neglected the Son of the promises. But the remarkable behaviour of the Israelites, and their cruel perseverance in pursuing and persecuting the Christians, by degrees extinguished in the reformed sect every principle of fraternity, and every recollection of their common origin.

The first martyr who sealed with his blood the truth of the Gospel preaching and the divinity of Christ, was a victim to the fury of the synagogue. Stephen, born in the bosom of the Jewish law, had been elected one of the seven deacons appointed to distribute alms to the faithful, and *to break bread from house to house*. Engaged in his holy calling, he was visiting both in the towns and in the country, when he was denounced before the tribunal of elders. The suavity of his speech, and his sublime moral principles, could not save him from the hands of the priests and Pharisees. He was dragged without the walls of Jerusalem, and stoned to death by the people, as a false prophet.* Some time after, James, the brother of John, of the tribe of Zabulon, was also put to death at the instigation of the Jews, and thus became the second martyr of the infant church.

Though the right of the sword was taken from the Israelites after the destruction of Jerusalem, and the Sanhedrim and the tribunal of elders could no longer, on their own authority, deliver up to death the followers of the Messiah, yet the Jews still continued to persecute the Christians, as far as their state of degradation and subjection would permit. We have observed that Paganism long confounded the Nazarenes and the Jews in a common contempt; but, in the course of time, the provincial governors, especially those of Syria, of Palestine, and of Africa, began to perceive, as we have said, that the sect known by the appellation of Nazarenes or Christians, was distinct from the old Jewish religion, and that the ancient and national creed of the Hebrews was not to be confounded with that reform which, with its daring novelties, endeavoured to displace the religious harmony of the old world.

As soon as the edicts of persecution were issued against the Christians, and the synagogue rescued from all confusion with the proscribed sect it displayed its hatred against the rising church by a multitude of public acts, and unequivocal demonstrations. When the proconsuls and the intendants of provinces had received orders from the Cæsars to seek out the followers of Jesus of Nazareth, and constrain them either to burn incense on the altars of the gods, or to wear the sacred chaplet, the Jews of Syria and Egypt made the air ring with their acclamations and cries of joy.† More familiar

* Acts, chap. vi. and vii.

† The martyrdoms of Polycarp and of the deacon Pionus, which we shall speak of presently, sufficiently attest this fact.

with the secret usages and distinctive rites of Christianity, they denounced before the prefect of justice the catechumen who sought to conceal his ardent faith in retreat, or in the darkness of the love-feasts; sometimes they would name to the idle crowd, who thronged the circus, some pious provincial bishop, or the most active of the deacons who moved about the country distributing alms to the faithful; sometimes they would join the populace, ever greedy of gratification, who, in the midst of the theatres, loudly demanded that the Christians should be given to the lions; oftener still, they would hold up to public scorn and profanation the mysteries and the name of Jesus Christ. In one of his vehement orations, Tertullian shows us the Jews of Carthage carrying about, through the streets of that populous city, the head of an ass, superscribed with the name of the crucified Messiah.*

The church has preserved to us, in her traditions, a list of the acts of the martyrs in Syria and in the province of Africa, where the Jews appeared as active agents in the persecution. We are about to quote them, less as irrefragable testimonies, than as a faithful expression of contemporaneous opinion among the Christians, as to the part which the Israelites took in these persecutions directed against the religion of the Messiah.

Under the reign of Marcus Aurelius, a general remonstrance was heard throughout the empire against the indulgent legislation of the Antonines, as to the followers of Jesus. Christianity, it was said, had gained ground under cover of the tolerant laws of those philosophic princes: the cross of Christ had traversed the world; and the apologist Athenagoras boldly declares before the masters of Rome, that his brother Christians already filled the most distant provinces, from the banks of the Ganges to the utmost boundaries of Britain.† The progress of the new sect had awakened the fears of Paganism. The pontiffs, invoking the voice of the oracles, threatened the empire with signal calamities, while the trembling and superstitious multitude demanded on all sides the death of the Christians, or their return to the country's faith.‡

Under the sixth consulate of Marcus Aurelius and Lucius Verus, Statius Quadratus governed the province of Asia. Polycarp, the disciple of St. John, had been elevated by the suffrages of the deacons to the perilous functions of bishop of the church of Smyrna. During the decennial feasts and the pomps which celebrated the association of Verus to the imperial dignity, the Jews of that city had joined with the Gentiles in the vast amphitheatre where eleven Christians were going to be given to wild beasts. Blood had already been spilt in the circus, and the multitude, intoxicated with delight and enthusiasm, had applauded the weakness of a young deacon, who, to escape death, had just placed the sacred chaplet on his brow, when some Jews, who were stationed near one part of the stage, cried out, "Extermination to the impious wretches! let us bring out the

* Tertullian, *Apologet.*

† Athenagor. *Apolog. Christ.*

‡ Tillemont, *Memoires pour servir à l'Hist. Ecclesiast. tom. ii. Persécution de l'Eglise sous Marc. Aurel., chap. ii.*

bishop, Polycarp! We know his retreat, and the catacombs where they hold their love-feasts." When the Gentiles had responded to these fanatical cries, and made the circus resound with their loud acclamations, the Jews ran into the country, dragged the bishop from his abode, and led him forth in derision on an ass.* They follow him to the judgment-seat of the proconsul, and while the virgins and deacons exclaim, "Courage, generous Polycarp, confess the name of Jesus," the Jews make the people remark how the obstinate old man refuses to swear by the fortune of Cæsar. As the games by this time had finished, Polycarp was consigned to the lictor's axe. Ignatius, from whom we have this account, further adds, that such was the bitter hatred of the Jews on this occasion, that the rabbins and elders of Israel solicited and obtained an order from the proconsul, that the catechumens and widows should neither be allowed to bury their bishop's body, to dye their garments with his blood, nor place a palm branch, the sacred sign of martyrdom, in his hand.†

In this same city of Smyrna the Christians witnessed another spectacle well calculated to sharpen their resentment and feed their animosity against the Jews. The persecution of Decius had commenced with a fury wholly unexampled. Amidst the most bloody executions, the deacon Pionus and the virgin Sabina were led by the priests of Diana under the peristyle of the temple, to sacrifice to the immortal gods. According to the record from which we borrow this account, all the places which the young Christians traversed were filled with Jewish women, for it was the sabbath day; and these shameless women, lightly clothed, insulted, by their boisterous laughter, either the sufferings of the martyrs, or the weakness of those Christians who, to avoid execution, crowned their heads with wreaths of roses, or dropped grains of incense on the sacred tripod. While this mob were uttering their clamours, and when Palemon, the high-priest of the temple, had exclaimed, "Infidel! sacrifice to the immortal gods, and to Diana, the guardian deity of our city!" Pionus expressed himself in the following words: "Inhabitants of Smyrna—that illustrious city which boasts of having been the birth-place of Homer, and you, children of Israel, who now hear me, wherefore all these insulting cries; and these murmurs, which burst forth equally against those who have the weakness to sacrifice to vain idols, and those who have the courage to scorn and despise your vengeance? You, in particular, sons of Jerusalem, wherefore can you mix yourselves up with this idolatrous people? In witnessing our torments and their fury, you ought to obey the law of Moses, which teaches you to assist the ass or the ox, even of your enemy, which sinks beneath its burden. Wherefore, I ask, all this laughter and derision against those who sacrifice, and those who die? Ungrateful people, is it thus that thou rememberest the promises made to thy fathers?" At these words the Jews, gnashing their teeth, were the first to demand the

* S. Ignatius. *Epistol. Eccles. Smyrn.*, published by Usher in his edition of the *Epistles of the venerable Bishop of Antioch*. An account may also be found in Eusebius, *Hist. Eccles.* l. xiv. ch. xv. p. 128.

† *Ibid.*

execution of the deacon, and of the virgin Sabina, who had been placed in the public prisons.

They passed the night and following day there in strengthening the wavering faith of some young Christians, and in resisting some of those rabbins whom the synagogues sent into the prisons where the faithful were confined, to engage them to blaspheme the name of Jesus of Nazareth, and make a public profession of Judaism, then tolerated in the empire. When Pionus was brought out for execution, the Jews again gathered round his person, filling the air with their fierce and insolent menaces.*

In the turbulent city of Alexandria, where the Israelites were so numerous, they rose against the Christians during this same persecution of Decius. The houses of the faithful were broken open, and their inmates violently dragged forth and put to death. The christian legends, which have carefully collected the history of these persecutions, have recorded the cruel perseverance of the Jews in pursuing their former brethren. A rabbin and the elders of Israel presided at the execution of the virgin Apollina, whose extreme old age could not save her from martyrdom. They hurled the deacon Serapion from a high tower, and an old man named Miltina was stoned to death by the young men and doctors of the synagogue without the walls of Alexandria.†

These details, which a pious zeal no doubt exaggerated, prove at least that the general opinion in the christian church was, that the Israelites had taken part in the persecutions, and presided at the death of the faithful. The acts of these martyrs, arranged by the deacons and catechumens, were sent from one church to another, and preciousy preserved in their archives as solemn remembrances, to be consulted during the feasts of the year. They were read at the love-feasts, in the silence of the catacombs, by the pale light of torches. At times, in these gloomy assemblies, when the brethren saluted each other with the kiss of peace, a bishop of Egypt or of Syria arrived; he had but lately left Antioch or Alexandria; he had been an eye-witness of the rage of the Jews; he dwelt with groans upon the oppression of their brethren in Asia, the bloody games of the circus, and the indignities offered to the Christians. Here, he would say, the sacred things *had been thrown to the dogs* by the exasperated synagogue; there, on the denunciation of the Israelites, pious bishops, rudely torn from their quiet retreat, had been condemned to the painful works of the Numidian mines, or holy confessors had been obliged to fly into the deserts of Thebaïs. Garments which had been torn to pieces, and vials filled with precious blood, were exposed before the eyes of the brethren as sacred relics. The churches of Ephesus, of Corinth, or of Alexandria, accompanied these devout offerings with doleful epistles, where all the circumstances of the persecution were minutely related. As the Jews had often participated in these excesses, the deacons and catechumens called to mind, in the outpouring of their griefs, the blindness and the crimes of Israel. The Jews had stoned their prophets, they had crucified the Messiah, it

* Eusebius, Hist. Ecclesiast.

† Sogomenus, lib. ii. chap. v. Socrates, i. chap. viii.

was they who had given the signal for persecution against the infant church ; under their blows fell St. Stephen and St. James. All these recollections, joined to their present conduct in their fresh misfortunes, aroused the resentment of the Christians ; and it was very difficult to cultivate and cherish that admirable spirit of forgiveness inculcated by the Messiah, which might calm within their breasts that violent excitement and natural thirst for revenge which became in them almost a religious sensation. It may be conceived, therefore, that when Christianity rose triumphant under Constantine, and could strike in its turn, it did not forget the malicious and ungovernable conduct of the Jews during its hour of trial and adversity.

But what embittered still more the opinions and retrospect of the two rival sects, were the animated and persevering controversies between them, which signalized the three first ages of the church. Religious opinions are so bound up with the inmost feelings of the human heart, that men can very rarely dispute with temperance and moderation when they think themselves engaged in the vindication of God and the truth. We have seen that the christian religion, as it came to be promulgated on the earth, had to struggle against all the religious systems of antiquity, which it was destined to displace ; but if we meditate closely on the peculiar nature of the controversies which arose between the Jews and Christians during the first centuries of our era, they will be seen to have been marked by a distinctive and special character of irritation and hatred.

The religious disputes between Paganism and the doctrine of Jesus Christ were placed on a large and philosophical basis. The polytheists and the Christians had no common traditions ; they invoked not alike one God and his prophecies ; they could not reciprocally taunt each other with apostasy from a religion which they had never professed, or with ingratitude for promises and a revelation which they had never recognized. When the direful spirit of persecution did not throw the weight of the sword into the balance, all their disputes were comprised in moral dissertations or philosophical discussions : the old Roman would defend the gods of the capitol, who had saved Rome from Hannibal and the Gauls, against the innovations of a new worship ; in grave discourses or spirited dialogues, Celsus, Porphyry, and Lucian would dispute with Christianity on its origin and primitive constitution ;* and while their adroit and flexible mode of arguing alternately sought for proofs and objections against the religion of the Galileans in the system of Plato, in the worship of Mithra, and orientalism, the noble friendship of Pliny lamented the blindness of those sectarians who refused to subscribe to the happiness of mankind, and to swear by the genius of Trajan. On their side, the fathers of the church, in their replies, only appealed against their adversaries to the general laws of reason and humanity. Tertullian, Justin, Athanasius, without stopping to dispute on traditions and promises which the polytheist absolutely rejected, contented himself with attacking the structure of Paganism by the general principles of philosophy and universal morality ; so that these discussions had nothing of that ma-

* See the great work of Dr. Lardner, tom. i. to iii. for the articles on Celsus, Porphyry, and Lucian. It is necessary also to consult the works of the Emperor Julian.

licious repartee which naturally introduced itself into the controversy between the Christian and the doctors of the law. In fact, it was difficult for the bishops and the priests to avoid feeling a lively resentment, when they beheld the Jewish people still obstinately resisting what they esteemed the promises of God himself; while, on the other hand, the rabbi shook with rage in thinking that the Nazarenes had abandoned the ancient laws of the synagogue to follow an obscure upstart, whose imposture had been covered by the power of magic.

Insults were passionately exchanged on either side. The Jews designedly recounted the equivocal birth and uncertain genealogy of the son of Mary; they compared, with a smile of compassion, the poor and obscure life and ignominious death of the Nazarene, with the brilliant destinies of the Messiah of the promises, who was to subdue the kings and nations of the earth by his victorious sword. On their part, the Christians depicted the misfortunes and the dispersion of the Jews as the beginning of that terrible vengeance which it was reserved for the church to accomplish. "They are wanderers throughout the whole earth, without God, without king, without tabernacle," exclaims the vehement Tertullian; "not a vestige of a country remains to them."* This animosity, which broke forth in disputation, became at length a fact so well known, that the philosopher Celsus places, as we have seen, his most virulent objections against Christianity in the mouth of the Jews.†

For the better appreciation of the spirit and character of these impassioned controversies, it appears to us necessary to expose their progress and to develop their principles by an analysis of those records which have come down to us upon this subject.

After the Acts of the Apostles, the dialogue between Justin Martyr and the Jew Tryphon‡ is the most ancient regular discussion between the synagogue and the church. It was under the reign of Antoninus, just at the time when Judæa was inflamed by the war of Akiba; a great number of Jews had sought refuge in the Grecian colonies of Asia, to escape the vengeance of Adrian. St. Justin was then visiting the schools of the learned, and was vainly seeking repose amongst them in the study of an enthusiastic philosophy. One day, while he was walking in the capacious galleries of the temple of Ephesus, wrapped in the black mantle of the Platonic philosophers, a man of polished manners and respectful address accosted him by saying, "I have learned from the Socratics of Corinth always to honour the mantle which you bear;" and when St. Justin asked him to what sect he belonged himself, Tryphon frankly avowed that he was a master in the synagogue: St. Justin, on his part, confessed himself to be a Christian. Upon which an animated discussion takes place.

"How is it possible," exclaimed Tryphon, bursting out with a laugh of derision, "that you can have suffered yourself to have been deluded by men of nothing, and have attached yourself to a crucified

* Tertull. Apologet.

† Origen contra Celsum.

‡ St. Justin, Dialog. cum Tryph., in his complete works in folio. Lightfoot in his Chronic. Tempor. sect. v. p. 144, disserts at length upon this dialogue.

malefactor? What do you expect? You have imagined to yourself I know not what Christ, whom you only know by hearsay, and for whom you are losing yourself like wretches!"

"God forgive your blasphemies," answered St. Justin, "for you know not what you say: the synagogue follows the absurd doctrines of its rabbins, and the Jews lose themselves by their unhappy obstinacy." A shout of laughter again assailed St. Justin, and Tryphon resuming, said—

"Go along, and get circumcised without delay; observe the feasts and the new moon; keep holy the sabbath-day, and perhaps God will have mercy on you. In truth, we ought never to speak to such miserable creatures as you, as the rabbins are always telling us; and then we should not hear the odious blasphemies you utter in trying to persuade us that the crucified slave is with Moses and Aaron in the clouds, and that he is seated among the angels in heaven."

"Insignificant creatures!" exclaimed St. Justin, full of indignation, "you are only circumspect and religious at the surface: you have despised the eternal law which God has promised by the mouth of his prophets; your ears are closed that you cannot hear, your eyes are shut that they cannot see, and your heart that it cannot love. Jeremiah lifts his voice, and you flee away to avoid the reproofs of his word. You think to fulfil the law, because you observe the sabbath, and eat unleavened bread; but it is not that which the Lord requires: if any one among you is a thief or a perjurer, let him cease to be so; if he has committed adultery, let him become penitent; and then he will have kept the sabbath as God intends. But you have never shown love or charity for your brethren, or even for God himself: you have nailed his Christ to the cross; you are to the Christians like those voracious flies which settle upon sores. Beware; God shall judge you, for you are very guilty."*

* I have analysed this conference as exactly as I possibly could, which occupies two hundred pages in folio in the works of St. Justin.

SONGS OF SPAIN.

BY MISS H. B. MACDONALD.

Cancion No. V.

It is the Lady and the Moor!—
And they come with the speed of the flying;
They've passed each steep sierra o'er,
Pursuit and toil defying.

And heavily drooped the Moor's dark crest,
Like the wings of an angel weary;
But the pride of success is in his breast,
And his eye is wild and fiery.

For his bride upon his bosom dwelt,
And her white arms were around him;
And the love, which from her eyes did melt,
Like a cloud of light encrowned him!

But the shame of a recreant was on her brow,
While they dashed thro' the Guadalquivir,
Whose dark deep flow must part her, now,
From her Christian home for ever!

And proudly they stemmed its might awhile—
And the gallant steed that bore them
Breasted the flood,—as the brave can smile
On ruin hovering o'er them!

One look on her own sierra's height,—
It was dark as the fate before her!
One look at the distant STAR, whose light,
Like hope, seemed dimming o'er her!

One glance for the attainless shore—
One for the thundering river,—
One long, one last, her lover o'er,
And all was dark for ever!

The midnight moon her vigil keeps,
And the stars look sadly over
The dark and lonely grave, where sleeps
The maid with her Moorish lover!

Cromarty, October 1840.

RECOLLECTIONS OF A STUDENT.

INTRODUCTION.

IN the spring of the year 183— I was matriculated at the University of Heidelberg. As a foreigner, and an Englishman, I stood in a somewhat peculiar position, and at first felt very lonely. I did not know a single fellow student; but being rather of a thoughtful turn of mind, this did not affect my comfort much, and I indemnified myself for my solitude, by wandering about the beautiful country that was spread around.

Those who have once beheld, can never forget the exquisite scenery that surrounds the romantic town of Heidelberg; I would not describe it, for I should do it injustice; suffice it to say, it is a land of hill and dale, of river and distant mountain, crowned by the oak, and garlanded by the vine. And Heidelberg itself, quaint-looking but cheerful, with the beautiful walks and avenues surrounding it, in which nature has wisely been left to do more than art; what shall I say to its praise? Shall I laud its buildings or its streets; its squares or its lofty towers? No, the grand must not be sought there; but it is a spot in which one may calmly dwell among all the enjoyments of life—in a lovely land, companioned by the high of soul!

O Heidelberg! endeared to me by many recollections, by much of the pleasing and the painful, by the various incidents that chequer the life of a student.

It is these I would relate—" *The Recollections of a Student.*" Think not they merely tell of boisterous pleasures, of stormy brawls, or of tales of lore. Ah! no. There is much of the bitter and the harrowing, much of the great and the glorious, much of the soft and the sorrowful. The German student lives much in a few short years, he sees much—he feels much. He is a being lifted above the world—for he fears it not—he is surrounded by the glories of the past, and the aspirings of the present. From the universities of Germany go forth the great political, religious, and moral revolutions that change the face of Europe: from thence came the spark that, brightening to flame, burnt the pinions of the Gallic eagle, and blinded those eyes, which quailed not when they looked even upon a flashing sun!

Though not knowing a single person when I arrived at Heidelberg, I was not long in making acquaintances, even friendships; but I soon found I should have to go through my apprenticeship of rough usage.

My abode was in an old, quaint-looking house, in a lonely and retired street. It was a large, rambling building, with massy walls and deep-set windows, and seemed to be the remains of some old feudal fortalice.

My rooms looked through the openings in the town upon the river, backed by a range of dim and misty mountains; I could gaze along the rich valley of the Neckar, with its luxurious groves, its stately feudal seats, its glowing vineyards, and see the evening sun spread a veil of light along the hills, and, drawing it over him, lay himself to rest among them.

I will not relate my first adventures—how I had to bear with the rough moods of my companions, or how I resented them. Suffice it to say, I got through them as best I might, and found myself, after a time, tolerably established in the good-will of most, and the friendship of some.

ISSENDORFF.

Was sind Hoffnungen—was sind Entwürfe
Die der Mensch, der flüchtige Sohn der Stunde
Aufbaut auf dem betrüglichen Grunde?

SCHILLER—*Braut von Messina.*

What are the idle hopes and futile plans
Formed by mankind, the hour's fleeting children,
Upon foundations shifting and unstable?

Frederic von Issendorff was the friend I most valued; I looked upon him with a painful interest, he was so delicate, so melancholy. Deep feeling and noble thought were stamped on his pale and almost femininely-beautiful features. He was of the middle height, slender and graceful, with light hair and pale blue eyes. His very appearance prepossessed you in his favour. Bodily he was not strong, and yet he never shrank under any exertion; brave as a lion, proud and sensitive, he was peculiarly alive to slight and injury, perhaps the more so because of his poverty, sad inheritance of his lofty and once powerful line, and from his want of physical strength, which sometimes would subject him to insults, from which others would escape. But thus did his mind subdue his body to his will, that the strongest could not resist the fierce and sudden impulse of his anger. He scorned the confining trammels of college discipline, but rose superior to them; he did not sink into the gulf of dissipation, for poetry threw a halo around his thoughts, and the feelings of true chivalry were in his breast. In the middle ages he would have been a knightly troubadour; in the present he was the unvalued, unappreciated member of a society that knew him not—born to waste his mighty talents in obscurity, to die unpitied and unknown.

His companions never liked him, and he was unkindly treated by all,—unkindly as far as they dared,—for they had learned to fear the mighty spirit that seemed slumbering among flowers. Yet this preyed upon him. That fiery spirit could not sink and droop,—but its own flames devoured it. I felt that he was doomed to be unhappy, for he was, as it were, not a being of this earth, at least not of this age. His feeling was called sentimentality; his high spirit, morbid pride; his noble bearing, haughtiness,—that sat ill, it was remarked, on one whose poverty would force him to fill a dependent and inferior

station in life. And there were many among his colleagues, who, rich and influential, would stand above him in after years, and have it in their power to command his obedience.

Haughty spirit, how wilt thou learn to bend to those thou scornest?—to those infinitely beneath thee? To those who have quailed before thee, all feeble as thou art? Issendorff—much I fear thy noble and gentle heart will be deeply hurt, will be wounded to the death. Oh! had I the power of a god to bring those who will crush thee to thy feet. Bear up, brave spirit—thou mayest triumph yet, and relight the star of thy destiny with an immortal fire.

It was with feelings of happy hope that I beheld him form an attachment for a young lady, as remarkable for beauty as for good qualities. She was, in fact, the counterpart of himself; she echoed all his thoughts and feelings, for they were her own. He beheld his sentiments again in her's, though in gentler guise, as the glorious star of heaven sees itself reflected in the mellowing mirror of the sea, as lovely, but more softly bright. They were made for each other, if ever mortals were; it were cruelty to part them—nay, it were vain, for those two congenial spirits were sure to draw together; even if separated by distance or by death, they would still be together in their thoughts. Need it be told how passionately two beings like these were attached? Could it be otherwise, when the one was, as it were, the vital principle of the other? They loved—*THEY*—that tells it all.

Of the highest birth, her choice would honour the first in the land, and men marvelled when she stooped to the poor young student, marvelled—though he was as highly born as she. An additional dislike was felt against Issendorff from this moment, and I trembled lest some insolent fop should intentionally insult him, perhaps by her side. I trembled every morning, lest I should hear of his death, or see his glorious form borne past me pale and cold on a bier, with the sword-wound seal of death upon his breast. I watched him with an intensity of pain, as his brow clouded and his eye flashed whenever a remark of doubtful meaning was made by any empty fool, or whenever the name of Louisa von Adelheim was mentioned. And how often was that word spoken by the frivolous and depraved! he felt it a profanation from their lips; I feared less it should be coupled with any light remark.

How unlike was Adolph von Adelheim to his sister and to Issendorff! He was fully as proud, but dissipated, wild, reckless, addicted to every vice—need I say more than this, he was a professed duellist. I feared that Issendorff and he would never be on friendly terms, and I was not deceived. He treated the suitor of his sister with marked rudeness, nay, almost insult. All wondered at Issendorff's forbearance in submitting to such conduct, and detracting remarks were circulated as to its cause. The sneers and cutting jests were scarcely concealed in his presence. I saw the indignation that overwhelmed him ready to burst forth every moment, but he restrained it still.

The young student's suit had never been looked kindly on by the

family of Adelheim, who had intended a more wealthy and powerful alliance for their daughter. Her mother, it is true, favoured him, (her father was no more,) but all the rest, foremost amongst whom was Adolph, were decidedly against it. Otto Count of Altweil was the constant companion of the latter, and never were two friends (if they can thus be called) more suited to each other. Count Otto was a professed admirer of Louisa von Adelheim, and as such was much befriended by the family; indeed Adolph was heard to say, he was determined that none other than his friend should be the husband of his sister. He often brought him to her, reeking from intemperance and tavern brawls, and polluted her presence with his company. O heavens! should he and Issendorff meet before her! But the firm and haughty conduct of Louisa somewhat awed him, and moreover he had a deadly fear of his rival.

Once, however, it was rumoured they had met alone in the house of Adelheim; Adolph was fortunately not there, and it is said the interview finished by the count's being summarily ejected out of the door by the hands of Issendorff; but the former never divulged the secret, and it is certain he never resented it openly; though, from this moment, he conceived a deadly and implacable hatred to his rival, and doomed his destruction. He feigned a more deep and fervent attachment to the beautiful Louisa, and assuring her brother that Issendorff was the only obstacle to his success, he inflamed his mind against the predestined victim to such an extent, that he succeeded in making him pledge his honour never to sanction an alliance between the houses of Issendorff and Adelheim.

"I will soon and in a safe way put an end to his pretensions," said Adolph; "you know how I get rid of disagreeable people. I never failed yet."

The count applauded, and the deadly conspiracy was formed.

The intentions of these no better than murderers reached the ears of a friend, who mentioned them to me. I immediately imparted them to Issendorff, at the same time imploring him to avoid any altercation with the count or with Adolph. He turned deadly pale at my words.

"It is fated!" he said, "but nothing on earth shall induce me to fight Adolph!"

I was happy to hear him say this, and tried to strengthen him in a resolution I thought almost impracticable for him to keep, knowing Adelheim's character and his own.

A few days afterwards there was a general convivial meeting of the students, to celebrate an anniversary. Issendorff called at my lodgings in the morning. He was depressed and irritated. A paper containing the most insulting allusions to himself had been nailed to his door during the night, and when he awoke, a crowd, among whom were the count and Adolph, were reading and laughing at it. He rushed down, and had it torn away—every one denied any knowledge of the author, though he well knew him in the brother of his beloved, *but he had not dared to ask him!*

"I know that some dreadful misfortune will befall me—I feel it."

"Cheer up," I replied. "All will end well. But for the love of heaven avoid altercation with Adolph."

He promised to follow my injunctions. I begged him not to go to the meeting that day.

"I must," he replied; "it would be a voluntary exclusion from their circle; besides, I have retired enough of late. I must brave the storm. And, by heaven, let any one but say a word of doubtful meaning, and I will make such an example of him as will, I trust, deter the rest from venturing too near me!"

With feelings excited to agony, I joined in the gay and noisy circle assembled on that day. The count and Adolph were there when I entered. They were speaking of Issendorff, but in an under tone; for he had some few friends present, though very few among the many, who would not be backward in asserting his cause; but I heard enough to fear the worst. At length, among the latest, Issendorff entered with his usual proud and haughty step, but with more than usual fire in his pale blue melancholy eyes. I hurried to him.

"For mercy's sake depart, Frederic; they are exasperated against you, and something dreadful will happen! Go! and we will try and pacify them, or intimidate, for you have still some trusty friends among us. Go! there is a conspiracy against you."

Issendorff frowned upon me! "What! dare you think I fear them?"

"No, no! But Adolph!"—

"Fear not; I have already told you that nothing shall provoke me to quarrel with him."

He left me, and passed into the centre of the saloon. He will not succeed, thought I. Must that glorious spirit die?—must that amiable youth be murdered?

I watched him with intense anxiety. Foremost among the groups stood Adolph von Adelheim and Count Otto von Altweil.

Frederick advanced to the former in the most friendly and courteous manner, extending his hand. Adolph stared haughtily at him without returning his greeting, and then turned his back upon him; a most deadly insult. Issendorff turned ashy pale, but he did not resent it! With ready presence of mind he addressed a friend who stood near, without appearing to have noticed it. But a scarcely-suppressed laugh and an open sneer came from nearly all present. I burned with as deep an indignation as my friend. The count, fearful of offending, saluted him courteously: he returned the salutation with an insulting laugh, and, pushing him rudely aside, seemed trying to provoke him to a rejoinder, but the obsequious coward drew back. This action served to divert the pleasantries of the company into another channel, and a sudden interest seemed awakened in favour of the doomed Issendorff.

For a time all remained quiet, till towards the close of the repast, when perhaps all were somewhat heated with wine.

"What say you," cried Wilhelm von Gandolf to Adelheim, "if we drink the health of your future brother-in-law?"

It was the concerted signal.

"With all my heart," was the reply.

"Well then,—Frederic von Issendorff."

"Who?" cried Adelheim,—“do you think I will ever grant my sister to that lying coward? It is Otto, Count of Altweil.”

"Who said those words?" Issendorff asked in a calm, deep concentrated voice. "Count Otto, you know the Lady Louisa is mine, and if you dare even to mention her name, I will write oblivion of it with my sword upon your heart. The name of Adelheim shall not be polluted by coming from so vile a mouth as yours."

"Aha!" cried one of the company, "I will be your second, count. The sooner this is finished the better."

Count Otto shuddered, and looked to Adelheim; he understood him.

"It was *I* who said those words," he thundered, "and I repeat them."

"Retract them then, Adolph! for the love of heaven; I will not, *I cannot* fight with you. You know it, and it is ungenerous in you to insult me. Now retract those words, I implore you!"

"Dastardly villain, I repeat them," roared Adelheim. "Leave my sight, or I shall strike you."

"Come but near me, and I will fell you to the ground," thundered Issendorff, now rising in a vehement passion—"but all the powers of hell shall not make me fight you."

"Then you must leave this room," shouted many voices; "a dishonoured coward dare not be among us."

"Come one, come all," cried Issendorff, "I will not move a step, and liar and coward in the teeth of all who have spoken those words to me. You know I cannot fight him. Here, Count Otto! you are the first; bring us swords."

"No, no!" roared Adelheim, "I appeal to our seniors; I have the first right. Silence, and hear!"

He had, according to their laws of honour.

"Frederick von Issendorff, you must accept the challenge of Adolph von Adelheim, or leave this room branded with eternal infamy, never more to appear before us. And every student that meets you, shall have the right to strike, without giving you satisfaction."

"Then be it so," said Issendorff, with a deadly smile: "Adelheim, I accept your challenge." He calmly reseated himself, and a heavy silence reigned for a time.

"Let us finish this business at once," said the challenger.

No!—not till to-morrow morning. Senors, I have the right to enforce that."

They agreed. Then Issendorff filled his glass. He raised it to his lips, exclaiming: "*To the health and long life of Adolph von Adelheim!*" I knew his meaning—none pledged the toast; the feeling of all was turning against the challenger.

Having emptied the goblet, he rose and left the room.

He immediately went to his lodgings, and calmly wrote to his family and more intimate friends, and having arranged his affairs, he hastened to the house of Louisa, though already late in the evening. He felt certain that he should fall; for Adelheim was one of the first masters of his weapon at the university, and, though himself inferior to few, he had resolved on not killing the brother of Louisa, and had determined

on perishing himself, if otherwise that dreaded result could not be avoided.

It may therefore be supposed with what feelings he entered that house! The lingering rays of the summer sun were on the linden trees that waved over its windows; the music of the evening bird floated on the perfumed air, that had a magic soothing power, as though it was formed of the sighs of angels; but oh! sweeter, far sweeter than the night-bird's note, came the voice of Louisa through the open casement! Frederick paused on the threshold and listened—she was singing a song of his own—a shudder ran through him as he thought that, in the noisy hall he had just quitted, heartless enemies were discussing his death!

"O God! must I leave all this?" sighed Issendorff.

He never mentioned what had passed, what was still to come; a miser of his still remaining few short moments of happiness, he would not destroy them; he lengthened them till the chiming hours one by one warned him away by their knell-like voice; then he departed. He had never appeared more gay than on that evening, but there was a wildness, a sudden burst of melancholy, mingling with his gaiety, that startled the unsuspecting Louisa. Alas! she understood it all on the morrow. He asked her for a remembrance, she gave him her scarf; an ominous present, for it was a war-gift.

The sun rose glorious over the vine-clad banks of the Neckar that came sparkling from the distant hills, as though it was a vein of light bearing celestial radiance to the earth.

In a woodland meadow by its side, Frederic von Issendorff and Adolph von Adelheim met in deadly combat. The count was the second of the latter, a near relation was by the side of the former.

With his usual proud bearing Issendorff stepped before his opponent. The scarf of Louisa was wound round his sword-arm, that he might never forget it was her brother with whom he fought.

He spoke, but this time sternly and haughtily.

"Adelheim, what you said yesterday may have been under the influence of wine. Retract it!"

Count Otto stepped forward.

"It is to *you* I speak, von Adelheim. I exchange nothing but blows with that dastard by your side. Answer me!"

"The swords!" roared Adelheim.

The swords were measured and given to the respective parties.

"*En garde!*" And with the swiftness of lightning the combatants started into the position of defence, and the seconds fell back. With graceful courtesy Issendorff made his salute; it was not returned by Adelheim, whose rapier flickered in his hand as though instinct with life. In an instant the point hovered over the heart of Issendorff, who calmly and scornfully, with scarcely an apparent movement of his blade, parried the fierce thrusts of his adversary. Never were combatants more ably matched. The sword of Adelheim flashed around Issendorff in the morning sun, like a lightning shower, as it quivered in his grasp.

"Have a care," cried Issendorff, "or you will fall on my blade!"

"Insolent boaster, then thrust it home!"

With fresh fury he rushed on his opponent; none could see the rapid motion of their weapons, none could guess the issue, when suddenly, as though with a lightning shock, Adelheim leaped high into the air, and fell a corse upon the ground. Issendorff's rapier had passed through his heart.

At this unexpected and unintended issue the survivor stood horror-stricken.

"The murderer of her brother!" he ejaculated. "Lost! for ever lost!"

"Fly," cried his friend, "before the minions of justice come. See! that dastard Altweil has deserted his principal," pointing to the count, who was galloping away. "Fly! I will take care of the body!"

Issendorff paused a moment, then mounting his horse, galloped off with frantic speed, breaking through every obstacle.

Whither did he go? Did he fly to save his life, or his liberty? No! A few moments, and he checked the fierce career of his panting horse before the house of Adelheim. He leaped from his seat, threw the reins forward, and the infuriated animal darted away—the last chance of escape! In an instant he stood before Louisa.

With joyful surprise she turned towards him, she threw her arms around him, gently and slowly he unwound them. He shuddered. "She embraces the murderer of her brother," he thought.

He would not let her touch him, but he stood and gazed upon her in silent, tearless agony. Louisa was hurt—she spoke coldly.

"O Louisa! Louisa! Look not thus! Speak not in that tone! It will kill me!—Speak kindly to me! No—do not! you *cannot*—you *dare not*! Hush! Let me still be with you, one minute only—that is all I ask."

Pale and startled, Louisa von Adelheim, as though a spell was upon her, returned, the frenzied, intense gaze of Issendorff without the power to move, and then sank senseless at his feet. All was forgotten in that hour—ay, even the dreadful past. The moments flew by unheeded, and again Louisa smiled and listened to the fond words of Issendorff. But suddenly the tramp of feet was heard without. The student started and gazed in terror towards the casement.

He beheld the dreaded object—he felt his hour was come.

"They have followed speedily," he said, as he started from the side of Louisa. "Once more, and the last," he cried, as he imprinted a burning kiss on her lips; but she too had beheld the frightful object approaching. A sudden and fearful thought struck her. Mechanically she advanced to the door. Slowly winding up the road was borne the bier with the ghastly disfigured body of Adelheim; it was set down before the door of the garden saloon, and the officers of justice entered. Issendorff tried to clasp the hand of Louisa; with a thrill of horror she drew it back.

"He did it—I tried to save him—it is fate"—Issendorff faltered. Louisa gazed at him with a look of agonizing horror, and threw herself on the death-wet bier.

"There stands the murderer—arrest him!" exclaimed the officers of justice.

"I surrender," said Issendorff in a cold voice, such as one might expect to hear, could a marble statue speak.

His trial was short. The powerful family of Adelheim procured his incarceration in a fortress for life—a severe doom for the challenged, according to the laws of the country.

The fortress of W—— was situated in a beautiful scene. Owing to the favour of the governor, Issendorff had a couple of chambers allotted to him on the top of the highest tower. There, from the deepset window of his lofty dwelling, the broken-hearted captive could look over the populous country, and hear the glad voices of men ringing up from below; thence could he see the distant towers of H——, and behold, at its setting, the sun, that high-priest of nature, waft clouds of fragrant incense from his golden censor towards the snow-capped mountains, that stood like white-robed listening vestals in God's great temple—earth."

A year had thus passed—passed in sorrowing solitude—save when angels visited him in the revealings of his thoughts, (for the visits of his earthly friends were few and far between,) when one morning a messenger brought him the following note, written in a faltering, hurried hand. They were from Louisa.

"FREDERIC,

"I have learned the truth—and I forgive you. Need I say I have never ceased to love you? O, you could not doubt it! Come to me once more—and look again upon your dying Louisa! Haste—or you will not find me! No earthly obstacle must, none shall hinder you."

A smile—a smile of hope and love once more, and for the first time since that fatal day, beamed on the pale but touchingly expressive face of the student.

He sent for the governor, who knew his tale.

"I will see her," he said; "grant me a week—I must follow her to her grave," he added, with a faltering voice.

"I dare not. If you should not return?"

"I pledge my honour."

"It is enough! you may depart. Return this day week, and my best wishes attend you, my poor young friend."

Issendorff departed on his melancholy way. A few hours, and he was by the side of Louisa. She lay like a stricken flower, but more beautiful than ever. Her gentle heart could not bear the dreadful blow; she had pined and faded away, but every day she became more and more lovely. She was as though the grosser earthly particles of human nature had dissolved away, and left nothing but the ethereal spirit in its pure halo-like dwelling.

Issendorff was with her in her last moments; in his arms that beautiful girl breathed her last, and glided imperceptibly into the land of eternal spirits; it was but by the smile of sweet resignation fading

from her fair pale face, like evening beams from snow, that one could tell she was no more.

They buried her by the banks of the Neckar in a simple tomb. There were few mourners by her grave, but they were true ones. She was buried in vestal white, and a broken-hearted student laid a wreath of white roses on her tomb; gently, as though he feared to wake her pained spirit from its blessed sleep.

True to his word, Issendorff returned to the fortress. On the particulars of his noble conduct being stated to the government, he was offered his liberty, but he always refused to accept it.

"I have done with this world," he said; "the broken-hearted belong to it no more; and if ever duelling was a fatal curse, it is in my case. Let me, though innocent, suffer as an example."

He remained firm in refusing his liberty, and still lingers in his lofty prison, till grief with its dewy wing shall lull his soul into the slumbers of eternity.

KARL.

ΕΠΕΑ ΚΑΙ ΠΡΑΞΕΙΣ,
OR,
SAYINGS AND DOINGS IN THE UNIVERSITY OF
OXFORD.

LETTER XII.

Society in Oxford—A President's Dinner-party—Dons and Donneses—The revolutionary party—The hooking family and their schemes—St. Peter's District Dorcas Society and the Pope.

TO RICHARD VIVIAN, ESQ., THE GRANGE, ATHERLY, NOTTS.

X—x. Coll., Oxford, March —, 183—

DEAR DICK,

Society, *alias* the light world, is always disappointed with a first-rate Oxonian; one who has gathered every honour in the gift of the university, and is allowed to walk over the course for this or that professorship, mastership, or incumbency. And why is this? Because the absence of good female society is the bane of our college existence, forcing us to associate with few save our own sex, and making the very best of us—clever scholars, logicians, theologians, or philosophers, as we may be—careless in our manners, rude in our speech, reserved, and even timid, when thrown into a different class of society, and too many of us entirely unable to interest mixed society to one tithe of the extent that the formal guardsman, or rattling middy, does in one-tenth of the time, and with one ten-thousandth part of the knowledge. What! no female society in Oxford, with so many heads and headesses, professors and professoresses, tutors and tutoresses? No, not for undergraduates; the broad lines of distinction drawn between dons and under-graduates forbid the latter to derive the little benefit that even such society might afford. But do you not dine with your own president every term? Admitted. And is not he a married man? Admitted. And of course you meet other heads of houses and their wives, enjoy their society, and reap the benefit of their experience in matters academical? Quere. Last week, Dr. Doldrum, President of —— College, favoured nine of his men with a feed, to which they were summoned, not by word of mouth or three-cornered notes, but by the following vestry-like notice, posted in hall:—

“The following gentlemen are to dine with the President on Thursday next, at five precisely:—Mr. Perkins, Mr. Macraw, Mr. Peters, Mr. Anderson, Mr. Jones, Mr. Carstairs, Mr. Phillips, Mr. Smith, and Mr. Wilkins.”

To this invitation (as it is called) no excuse is ever taken; go you must, or run the risk of coming in for a row at the very first opportunity. At five precisely, the nine culprits, in full academics, including white ties, march up to the door of Mr. Preses, and being admitted by

his flunky, proceed upward, still in full robes, to the drawing-room. This sacred ground once entered, a bow is made to Mrs. President, and one or more fingers of Mr. President touched, and then cap in hand stand the regiment, until the butler announces "dinner." Thereupon Mr. Preses takes Mrs. Preses, and leads the way down stairs, desiring the rest to follow according to seniority, and, consequently, the youngest goes first, much to the Preses's disgust, and as much disarray is made as possible, that Mr. President may have the pleasure of discovering that he has asked a junior to take wine before a senior. Conversation there is none; a fair allowance of eating, for college cooks are never niggardly. As soon as the eatables are disposed of, the bottle begins its rounds, stopping a most unaccountable time at the head and tail of the table. Ere two rounds have been accomplished, the chapel bell begins to ring, and Mrs. Preses takes her departure. Another round succeeds, and then, the bell having given its last clank, the butler enters with the caps. "Bell going down, sir—your caps, gentlemen." All bow, and get out of the inhospitable mansion in the shortest possible time, get rid of their ties, and sit down to their wine, right glad that, as far as they are concerned, the terminal feed is done. Dr. Kingston is a worthy exception. No two men can be more at variance in every respect than the Rev. the President of X—x College and the Rev. Philip Kingston, D.D. As to the one, I do not hesitate to say that he is as cold, as formal, and as disagreeable as a head of house ought to be; but in his other character, it would be a libel not to record him as a gentleman of the first water. His parties are like those of rational beings; his conduct towards his guests affable and pleasant; his liberality Oxonian; his lady wife too good-looking to be vain, and far too sensible to be either a rattle or a blue. But, alas! where there is one Kingston with half his worth, there are ten Doldrums with ten times their donnishness.

As for the country society, the fearful state of the inhabitants of almost all the villages within five or six miles of Oxford has driven the country gentlemen so far from their local metropolis, that the strict rules of college, never to be relaxed save in favour of noblemen, gentlemen-commoners, and presidents' relations, bar us from all intercourse with such far-off friends.

As to the married residents in Oxford, above the solicitors and the apothecaries, nearly nine-tenths of them are late fellows of colleges, who, after fifteen to twenty years of common-room selfishness, make up their minds to settle on a headship, professorship, tutorship, or city incumbency. A solitary chick, or at the most a pigeon's pair, enliven their domestic solitude; whilst past habits and present honours naturally inspire them with an exalted notion of their own value, and a suitably mean opinion of all who are not included within their narrow circle. Their wives, married when on the verge of old maidism, educated from their earliest years either in the same narrow circle and cold formal routine of life; or raised from the comparative obscurity of apothecary's daughter or solicitor's niece in a country village; pleased with their high estate, look down upon their former associates—lay aside their affableness, if they ever possessed the accomplishment—"assume the god, affect to nod," and regard under-

graduates as imps of the first water, minus the tail and horns. Our successors will probably fare better, if the earnest endeavours of a new and younger race of M. A.'s continue to be well supported. Within the last year or two, a new kind of society has sprung up, a sort of neutral ground for all classes. Men of high attainments and polished manners have scorned to waste the best years of their life in splendid misery, waiting for their elders' shoes, but, trusting to their own abilities, have been content to settle either on curacies in the city, and to eke out the small stipend by private pupils, or have trusted entirely to the latter most lucrative though fatiguing profession. At the houses of such men, a very pleasant and particularly musical society is springing up; an off-hand concert is a tolerable certainty, a carpet dance no great rarity; and a college tutor, even of the old regime, will condescend to take a part in the "Chough and Crow," with an half-fledged undergraduate of his own college. Heads of houses and their ladies seldom if ever condescend to these parties. Large formal feeds occupy their time, where the lords of the creation discuss old port, politics, and the statutes; and their better halves the prospects of the Acapulco mission, or the fearful effects to be expected from the frivolous and ill-mixed soirées of Mrs. Cooper, or Mrs. Cavendish, of Beaumont Street; and the awful breach of privilege committed by the latter lady, in locating an undergraduate next to Mrs. Principal Figgins, when the reverend lady condescended to put her legs under the other's mahogany. Beaumont Street is the horror of all good dons and donnesses, because it is the head-quarters of the anti-formality society, which is so rapidly and so very successfully treading on the heels of the consequence of the she dons and their reverend lords.

In the modernized remains of one of the many halls which some centuries since harboured undergraduates, and which now, having had all the oak carving painted white, have become residences of apothecaries, solicitors, or minor married dons, lives a family whose numerical force marks them as an exception to the rule of the "pigeon's pair." The Reverend Josiah Oldbook was the eldest son of a glover at Woodstock, one, in his fellow townsmen's opinions, well to do in the world, and wherewithal warm. Josiah hated gloves, took to reading and the university, and at his father's death found himself, by virtue of his sire's will, the possessor of one hundred and ninety-eight pounds fifteen shillings and fourpence three farthings per annum, from the portion of the three per cent. consols with which he had been cut off. By dint of being everything to all men, and talking learnedly, he obtained a deputy librarianship in the Bodleian, and on the strength of his consols and his salary took to wife his present lady, then of the sober age of thirty-six years and upwards. Six daughters and a son and heir blessed their union, the latter a fine full-grown specimen of the *humano-canino-tauro* species; the former, tall, middling, and short; fair, dusky, and dark; fat, cozy, and lean. There never was a better sub-librarian than Josiah Oldbook; he knew the place of every book in the library, and in the dark could tell them by the touch; at a glance he could decide on the genuineness or spuriousness of an old edition, the number of red

letters there should be on the title-page, the date, the place, the printer, the number of leaves, and how many ought to be deficient to support its genuineness, its price to a penny. Ask him of its contents, like a true librarian he knew not of them. He hated a new clean octavo edition, and when he walked along the book-lined rooms and patted the musky backs, his eye glistened, and a smile played over his face, mixed with a slight contemptuous upturning of the nose, as he beheld some long line of new editions waiting for their places among the dusty shelves. His fair Miranda, the elder sister of his only pupil, his first and only love, was now, in the words of the ballad,

“ Fair and free,
Full, fat, and fifty-three,
And blooming as piony
In buxom May.”

The eldest of a large family, she had been trained to management from her youth, but having mixed several systems together, she was most conversant with the theory, ay, with every theory of domestic economy—theoretically perfect, practically at fault in all points. Husband-hooking was her chief study. Manage as she would, it was no easy matter to keep a son and six fair daughters on less than six hundred a year; so the net was spread far and wide, and the hooks well baited with varied food for the matrimonial haul. Her schemes were various. One term it was the select scheme—quite a favour to get a ticket; then followed the omnibus scheme—met every one, and thought it nothing; found plenty of friends, and were not driven to while away the evening by talking to Miss first, second, third, fourth, fifth, or sixth Oldbuck. It was hard if a man could not suit his taste among the bevy. Did he admire music, they all played; did he admire singing, Miss Oldbuck sang bravuras; Miss Emiliana light ballads, such as “Had I a heart,” and “Go, forget me;” Miss Georgiana Handelized, Miss Philipina comicized, Miss Margueretta Neukomized, Miss Marietta hymnicized. Was his taste in painting, drawing, or sketching, the three eldest delighted in landscapes, portraits, and flowers; the fourth in pencil sketches, the fifth in pen and ink caricatures, and the youngest dirtied velvet. One term it was all singing, another paperstaining, a third worsted; then came pious intervals of visiting societies, charity children drilling, proselytising gin-drinkers through the means of mutton-chops, and washing sweeps on Saturday evenings. One term, an entirely new notion entered their heads; they agreed to invite all the young ladies in their parish into a Dorcas Society, to cut out and make up, in solemn conclave, hemises and chemises, and other skin-covers, for their poor parishioners. The society were to meet once a week at Mrs. Oldbuck’s, and that their minds might work equally with their fingers, their pet clergyman was to read history to them during the working hours.

As the clock struck eleven one morning, twelve young ladies, with Mrs. O. and the Rev. Paleface Blackhair, commenced the operations of the St. Peter’s District Dorcas Society: materials and tools were produced, and the rev. gentleman began a little papal history.

"The Pope," read the curate, "enraged at these just demands, determined to issue a bull to"—

"Gore, Mrs. Oldbuck," cut in one of the workers.

"Here, my dear," replied the lady president.

"Restrain," continued the curate, "the proceedings of the delegates, who by this time had sent one of their number to the imperial city to obtain permission to"—

"Tuck to this habiliment, Mrs. O.?"

"Yes, my dear."

"Assemble," continued the reader. "The delegate was introduced, the Pope was seated, and behind him stood his secretary, to whom he had referred the petition. Clement rose, and placing his hand behind him, replied, ask my"—

"Assuredly, Miss Marietta, you must have taken my scissors?"

"Indeed, dear Miss Olivier, I have not."

After a little dearing and missing, the scissors were found, and the Rev. P. Blackhair added the conclusion of the sentence,—

"My secretary."

Hard work and no profit made many defaulters; some odd dovetailings of the reading with the conversation created ridicule; and a good caricature, well circulated, extinguished the St. Peter's District Dorcas Society.

The old baits have been renewed, the old hooks have been set, are set, and will be set, until six weighty fish are safely landed. The success of the fishery seems doubtful, though I am afraid it will eventually be summed up, in the words of the old common law reports, "took nothing by their motion." I did intend to have sketched a few more of the live cattle of Oxford; but alas! I have had a call—a call not to be rashly disobeyed—to a broiled bone and mushroom sauce, at Hetherington's. I hope I shall escape the night-mare, and all her awful train.—Pleasant dreams to you from

Your sincere friend,
EDGAR HAMILTON.

LETTER XIII.

The Death in college—Charles Beresford—The Vicar's family.

MISS EMILY HAMILTON, THE BURY, AMERSHAM, BUCKS.

X—x. Coll., March —, 183—.

MY DEAR EMILY—

You will find this letter but a melancholy affair, for the gloom which hangs over every inmate of our walls forbids me to forget the occasion of our sorrow. The hand of death has fallen suddenly on one of our scholars; the honoured and loved of our society has been torn from us ere the fruit was allowed to ripen. The sages of Greece believed that those who died young were beloved of the gods:—

"Ον οἱ θεοὶ φιλοῦσιν ἀποθνήσκε νεός,

said the Greek.

Charles Beresford was the only child of the Rev. Charles Beresford, vicar of Snellesley in Oxfordshire, a small rural parish, boasting some

half hundred neat English cottages, the vicarage, poor as the benefice, and the lordly mansion and park of Sir Augustus de Courcy Snelles Snellesley, of Snelles Park, Oxfordshire, lord of the manor of Snellesley, patron of the living, &c., &c., the most important man in his neighbourhood.

The vicar's cottage, in which the incumbent and his wife lived, was humble in the extreme, and yet replete with every comfort that order, neatness, and strict economy could contrive. In this retired spot, doted on by his parents, noticed by the squire, and caressed by the poor parishioners, Charles Beresford passed the earlier years of his life; rising gradually from the Nurse's Primer and Horn-book to the Latin Rudiments, imbibed at his mother's knee, and passing thence to the quiet morning lesson in his father's study, until his bodily and mental age required his being sent to one of our great receptacles for the children of England's sea-kings—a London public school. An elder brother of his father's, a merchant of London, who had been left a widower with one fair daughter, about three years Charles's junior, afforded his nephew a home during his school time. Thus thrown into the constant society of each other as children, sharing each other's pleasures, confiding their mutual sorrows to one another, the cousins found it a harder task to deceive themselves than each other, and their hearts and minds became as one. Emily's father was a man of wealth, the product of his unwearied attention to his worldly calling; and much as he loved his only nephew, and rejoiced at the prospect of the union of the families as years flew on, yet he was too much a practical man to think of permitting them to fall headlong into love, ere any provision was made for their worldly comfort. Of his nephew he was justly proud; of him all spoke well. His constant successes, his rapid rise, his accumulated honours, spoke of his industry and ability. The high rank which he held in the estimation of his masters told of his duty as a scholar. The kind word ever spoken for him by his school-fellows, their unbounded love for him, evidenced the kindness of his heart, and proved that, in him at least, successful ambition had not overwhelmed worthier principles.

At the age of eighteen, he passed from his school to the foundation of our college, and, before he came into residence, established his school reputation by carrying off the Latin prize poem of the year of his matriculation. The allowance which his father's narrow means permitted, combined with the profits of his scholarship, enabled him to live in a plain but strictly proper style, such as befitted his station in society and his transcendent abilities. Tall, and rather spare by nature, he seemed to attenuate term after term, through the ceaseless activity of his mind; his intellect seemed wearing out the meagre framework of his body.

In his third year, a few months before his final examination was to take place, he passed a short month with his uncle, now retired from business, and settled in the peaceful vale of Taunton. His little cousin was no longer the fairy-like, flaxen-haired playmate of his childhood; "less radiant, indeed, but more winning than his fancy had created her, for the loveliness of earth and reality was about her." Still, however, he was her dear Charles, she his dearest Emily; and so united

did they seem, so formed and fashioned for each other, that her father could no longer refuse his consent to their ultimate union, clogging it with one proviso, to all appearances the least likely to take effect—that Charles should gain high honours in the class-list. Charles returned to college the happiest of the happy. He now had an object in view, the attainment of which would give a value to life itself. His health improved, his spirits became almost boisterous.

It was but three days ago that we had dined together in hall, and agreed to take a quiet stroll in the evening. As the clock struck six, I hastened up his staircase (we had parted but a quarter of an hour) and knocked at his door. Thinking, from his not answering, that he was preparing for his walk in his inner room, I opened the door, and seeing him reclining on his couch, with an open letter in his hand, began calling him to order for his unpunctuality. The silence that succeeded my appeal struck cold to my heart, and so suddenly did the idea of death flash across my mind, that I seemed in a manner prepared for the death-stare that met me as I approached the sofa. Although my alarm was instantaneous, and every assistance that science could render was at hand before many minutes had flown, he did but recover to grasp my hand, and then died without a murmur.

His uncle, as it happened, was staying with his child at the vicarage, and to him, therefore, rather than to his father, I wrote a hasty letter, detailing the sad occurrence, and requesting his assistance in disclosing it to the family at Snellesley.

When the family circle met at the vicarage on the morning after the fatal day, there seemed an absence of that lightness and liveliness which had always characterised their meetings, as if in expectation of some impending calamity. Charles's mother had passed a night of unwonted restlessness, troubled with dreams of fearful import, which, though, like all visions of the night, they were mingled overmuch with incongruous matter, bore such distinct marks of reality, and coincided so nearly with the sleeper's natural fears, as to leave an impression on the mind of the near approach of danger.

"Charles," she said to her husband, as he entered the breakfast-room, "I have been haunted with dreams about our poor boy; I fear he is ill."

"Nay, dear Clara, it is but your natural anxiety as to his approaching trial that has embodied itself in your dreams," replied her husband with an effort, for on him too had fallen a vision of the past.

"Charles, there was too little wildness and fantasy in my dream for it to be aught but true."

"Good morning to you, Clara," said her brother-in-law, coming into the room with the produce of the letter-bag; "here are two letters for you, Clara, and one for me from Oxford."

"From Charles?" asked his brother.

"Why, who else would write to uncle John?" replied his uncle, laying down the two letters for his sister-in-law on the table, and handing his own unopened letter to his brother whilst he searched for his glasses.

"John, this is not Charles's handwriting," said his brother.

"O dear, no," said his daughter; "Charles never wrote like that."

John Beresford opened the letter I had written, and, keeping a strict command over his countenance, said—

“It is from Charles’s friend, Hamilton; he seems to think him unwell, and wants me to come and rout him out. I will leave for Oxford directly after breakfast, and see how he is getting on;—rather over-worked, poor fellow.”

Amid many inquiries, which he met with all the coolness and address he was master of, the meal passed off, and the two brothers were left alone.

“John,” said the vicar, with a voice tremulously indistinct, “I know something dreadful has happened—tell me all.” His brother could not answer him.

“John, John, my boy is dead!” cried the agonised parent.

“Brother,” answered John, “I may not deceive you; your fears are, alas! too true; death has fallen on him suddenly—oh! so fearfully sudden has been the stroke!” and the strong man wept bitterly.

“My poor boy!” sobbed his brother. “God’s will be done!”

Leaving his heart-broken brother to console his wife and niece, the uncle came to me at Oxford, and assisted in committing poor Charles’s remains to the grave. Beneath the centre flag-stone of the ante-chapel he lies, within the walls of that sacred place which he so loved to frequent in his life. Plain as were the preparations for his burial, few scenes could be more solemn and impressive. It was midnight—a dark, cloudy midnight—the darkness hardly relieved by the torches of the bearers, as the long and mournful procession wended through the long corridors of the quadrangles. Passing by the open grave, the body was brought into the inner chapel, as the *Miserere* moaned above us from the choir; and when the melodious voice of our President had committed our brother to the earth, many a tear was brushed away, and many a deep-drawn sigh uttered by his former companions and friends. At the vicarage, all is sorrow and desolation. Death, too, has been busy there. Ere the dead was laid in his resting-place, his heart-broken mother was a corpse, and his once gay and happy betrothed a pale and ghost-like lunatic, wandering from room to room, from arbour to arbour, where her beloved was wont to sit, harmless as a babbling child, strengthless as a feeble old woman.

Stay here, dearest Emily, I cannot. The spirit of the departed seems to haunt me as long as I remain within the college walls; so that, with our President’s permission, I shall curtail this term of a few days, and return to happy Amersham before the end of the week. Though I have much to write to you, yet the thoughts of the late events are so rife within me, that it is best that I should conclude with love to all at home

From your affectionate brother,
EDGAR HAMILTON.

LETTER XIV.

The Dissenters' Bill—Fry College and Pye Smith Hall—Oxford breakfast Statistics—College Regulations versus Undergraduate Feeds, and Don's Dinners versus Founder's Rules.

TO RICHARD VIVIAN, ESQ., THE GRANGE, ATHERLY, NOTTS.

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The attempt to use the custom of our sister university was a miserable failure; as to her, a Dissenter is not known as a Dissenter, until he proceeds to his degree. And though he has not been made to subscribe to any formulary of faith, still he is bound, during his undergraduateship, to follow the customs and rules of his college, and to obey the statutes of the university; and being considered as a member of the university, is regarded as a member of the church, and bound to attend her ministry. Now, to affirm that this much-lauded bill did not propose an interference with the internal regulations and statutes of colleges, was a gross fallacy; for though true enough that bill did not contain the actual words of such an enactment, yet as it left the Dissenter in the dilemma of either proclaiming his own hypocrisy, by open attendance on the form of worship prescribed by his college, or of resigning the very benefits which the bill was to obtain for him, we cannot look upon that bill in any other light than that of a precursor to another sheet of parchment, absolving Dissenters from all such obedience to such internal collegiate regulations as might interfere with their own ideas of religion. In that case, the principle of separating religious instruction from general education must have been affirmed; and by religious instruction I do not mean that expurgated acquaintance with a few leading truths, rather historical than doctrinal, which may be designated as the government religious education, but that form of religious belief which our church has preserved to us in her creeds and her formularies. Of this fatal principle America and Germany are the most favourite examples. In the latter, great indeed has been the intellectual progress in history, criticism, and philosophy; but what in religion? Ratioanlistic principles of criticism, originally applied to clear away the mist of Archæological research, have been used against the Scriptures. The Testament has been Nieburized, "*naturally interpreted*." Strauss, one among many, among other crudities and impieties, has gravely hinted that Zachariah, having long desired posterity, and sought a sign in everything, might have formed figures

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are unrestricted; battels may be run up to any amount so as they are paid, and suppers served hot from the college kitchen, with every kind of delicacy that the season affords, as the voracious newspapers always say of my Lord Mayor's feeds; but high authority and sanction is required for a solitary chop in your own rooms, unless *æger*, and a presidential license for a family dinner. Hop over the garden wall, and all is changed; dinners range free and unrestricted; but a plate of ham or of cold chicken for breakfast requires a humble request in writing to the senior tutor, at least twelve hours previous to the feeding time. So harmonious are our internal regulations!

The consumption of some eatables in our university is statistically curious; in particular that of eggs, cold meat-pies, plates of tongue or ham, and cold fowls, the exclusively breakfast materials of the poor scholars of Oxford. We reckon about twelve hundred resident undergraduates, every twelfth man of whom may be calculated to give a breakfast every day, at which one dozen eggs, one cold pie, one plate of tongue or ham, and a pair of very cold fowls, are attacked and nearly demolished. Now taking our days of residence at two hundred per annum, the single article of breakfasts makes away with two hundred and forty thousand eggs, twenty thousand pies, twenty thousand plates of tongue or ham, and about forty thousand full-grown chicks every year: "Oh dira fames! oh dura Oxoniensium ilia!" Besides this, consider the wine campaign; allow only a quarter of a bottle per day to every resident undergraduate, adding together two bottle-men, no bottle-men, steady three or four glasses per diem men, no unfair average, and this will give above an hundred and fifty bottles a day, or some sixty thousand per annum. Add to this the consumption of the resident dons, no flinchers at the bottle; give one-third of a bottle to each, and then run up the sum-total to eighty thousand bottles of all kinds of wine, wine and water, and other less harmless decoctions, consumed in twelve short months. Suppose this wondrous demand suddenly stopped by the rise of anti-eggism, teetotalism, anti-cold pieism, or the destruction of those crow-nests, the colleges; in the one case would not the hens present a petition, and the sloe bushes an humble remonstrance to the heads of houses, for the extermination of the heretics; and in the other event, the good city of Oxford, its mayor, burgesses and corporation, go to the dogs at railroad speed? Pray, Mr. Deputy Figgins, do not let me prevent your annual tirade against the Oxford convents, that admirable piece of eloquence, with which you, (the Orator Hatticus, as our clever member christened your rival-maker of Golgothas) delight the Oxford radicals. Pray don't let me interfere with your innocent amusement of cutting your own throats, and prevent an intelligent jury of citizens from bringing in a verdict of "sarved him right."

I had intended making this a very long epistle, but as chapel-bell is now ringing at the unwonted hour of four P.M., and I am engaged this evening, it must be concluded with the reason of the conclusion. This day, says our church, is a fast. Ergo, says our founder, no dinner until after evening service. Now, the idea of keeping us and themselves waiting until nine P.M. for a supper-dinner, is so distasteful to our dons, that they evade their founder's rules, (for which they

have a profound veneration, so far as it profits them and annoys others; and the orders of the church, which they revere in the inverse ratio of their own discomfort;) by antedating chapel and ringing in to evening prayers at four, that they may regale their fasting stomachs on a Domus feed, at the expense of the college, in the Bursary, at half after five. But kind, considerate creatures, lest we undergraduates should lose our respect for fasting, they tack on a fine of two shillings for every broiled bone or chicken's leg that is served to us out of the kitchen at the supper hour, when the founder intended his collegians to recruit their empty stomachs.

Adieu, dear Dick, till I see you again, as the man facetiously observed, when he swallowed the emetic, from

Yours affectionately,

EDGAR HAMILTON.

LETTER XV.

Antiquity of Town and Gown Rows—The Riot of 1297—The Tragedy of 1354—
The Queen's visit—The Proctor and the Black Wig.

THE REV. SCRIBLERUS STEVENS, SILCHESTER.

X—*x. Coll.*, April —, 18—.

DEAR ANTIQUARY,

Very few, if any, of those roaring blades who sigh for a "jolly town and gown row," are aware of the very high antiquity that may be cited in defence of their predilection. True it is, that this tradition does not go back to the much-admired times of King Brute and his Trojans, who, as saith Grafton, "placed themselves in a place, not very far distant from Oxforde;" but certain it is, that as far back as the year 1209, the hanging by Lynch law of three innocent scholars gave rise to the first "town and gown" émeute, occasioned the flight of more than three thousand of the scholars to Cambridge, Reading, and Maidstone, and placed the city under an interdict, from which it was not absolved until, with repeated vows with heads uncovered, naked to the waist, barefoot, carrying rods in their hands, the burgesses had gone to every church in Oxford, and supplicated pardon of the parochial priests. This penance, and the exaction of some further privileges for the university, did not avail to keep the peace, but in the years 1228 and 1232 serious quarrels broke out, many were killed and wounded on both sides, and the burgesses once more subjected to an interdict, though only for a short time.

Passing by another quarrel between the citizens and scholars, which by the timely care of the king was appeased without bloodshed; and also the sad affair of Cardinal Otho, and the taking off of the curse, through the procession of clergy from St. Paul's to Durham House, followed by all the academics, "*Sine capis, et mantelis, distincti et discaleati,*" most humbly to beg the legate's pardon for their wickednesses; and a slight disturbance in 1224 between the Jews and the scholars, by which only forty-five of the latter were imprisoned, but, at the request of Bishop Grostet, and at the king's command, released, because no man appeared against them. The horrid murder of a

nobleman by some burgesses requires notice. Hear the Bishop of Lincoln to his officary : —

“ Richard by the grace of God Bishop of Lincoln—to our beloved in Christ, Mr. Richard de Marshal, canon of Lincoln, health, &c. On the day of the Apostles Philip and James, some of the burgesses of Oxon meeting a young nobleman, a scholar of good deportment, passing St. Martin's church, without provocation wounded and besmeared him with the offal of butchers' meat from the stalls, pelted him with the dirt of the street, while others stoned him, that he fell down half dead before All-hallows church door ; and being carried to his own house, three days after died, early in the morning, in a miserable manner. The bailiffs of the city permitted the murderers to walk the streets, converse with them familiarly as usual, till he died. After his decease, they conducted them with arms to St. Mary's church, there to reside with safety, as in a sanctuary ; nor did they suffer his body to be buried, but reserved it above ground, until an order from the king or the diocesan obliged them to bury it. And because we can procure no legal cognizance of the fact, so as to pronounce any certain sentence of condemnation on particular persons, or against the country at large ; we command you immediately to repair to Oxford, and there in person forthwith cause a publick excommunication in general to be solemnly denounced against all persons disturbing the peace of the church, and the university, by the violence offered the scholar, and his murder. And against all aiders and abettors thereof, commanding the same to be pronounced in every church in the city, with candles lighted and bells tolling.”

This threat, coupled with another from the university that they would immediately shut up the schools and decamp, unless justice was exercised between them and the town, obtained from them many new privileges and immunities by royal charter, with the consent of the burgesses, fortifying the rights of the former against the attacks of the latter.

Excepting a few trifling squabbles between the town and gown, and a riot or two between the scholars themselves, when north-English quarrelled with Irish, south-Welsh with north-Welsh, and had pitched battles frequently in the middle of the city, in the suburbs, and the neighbouring fields, Oxford was at peace within herself, though involved to some extent in the great war between the king and his barons. A Jew or two was now and then bullied, but in that the agreement between the scholars and the citizens was generally truly harmonious.

In February 1297, the storm burst, and the two contending parties went to it tooth and nail. Two sceuts, or, in Walsingham's language, “ garcions or valets,” agreed to fight, and being mutually backed by the town and gown, the seconds engaged likewise, and in a little time the fight became so general, that the chancellor seized the leaders of the town and imprisoned them. Being, however, released by their bailiff, they renewed the battle on the next day, despite the interposition of the magistrates and the chancellor. On the Sunday night following, the town, headed by their bailiffs, broke into the colleges, dragged out the occupants, wounding some, and treating others in a

shameful manner; their books were torn and trodden under foot, and their goods carried away or thrown into the streets; besides, numbers of scholars were cast into prison and into the Bocardo. On the Monday the gown mustered in full force, defeated the town, and drove them beyond the city, until, succoured by an immense country mob, they drove back their assailants: many they killed in cold blood, numbers they wounded, and others were beaten unmercifully; nor were they safe who fled to the altars, for they were hauled hence to prison, and if they walked slowly on account of their wounds, their enemies scourged them with rods, or pricked them with sharpened stakes. Many of the town were punished for their share in the riot, and rendered incapable of office. And for their disregard of holy days, and "setting on killing of many innocent clerks," the authors and abettors of these crimes were interdicted from all sacred offices; some citizens too were cited at the next assizes, and the town fined five pounds for a yearly mass for the soul of Fulk Neyomite and his ill-fated brethren who had fallen in the conflict. The privileges of the university, in all and every article, were once more confirmed to them, and were preserved, with but slight interruptions, for nearly half a century; the scholars being too much engaged in quarrelling with the masters, to find time for a battle with their old opponents. Far better would it have been for both parties, had the minor frays been renewed; these sort of annual blood-lettings in those days were almost necessary for preserving the general peace, and preventing the occurrence of such a riot as the one in 1297, or the greater and more important tragedy of 1354.

"On the feast of St. Scholastica," says the ancient chronicle, "certain clerks went to a tavern, called Swyndlestock, near Carfax, and there being served with bad wine, demanded a fresh flagon, and on the vintner becoming abusive, broke his head with the old one." Off goes my host, and lays his grief before his servants and neighbours, who forthwith took up arms; and, proud of an occasion to fall out with those who in their souls they hated, rang the city bell, and summoning all the mob, attacked the scholars, shot at the chancellor, who tried to quiet the disturbance, and in the end drove in the unarmed scholars, until the chancellor ordered the university bell to be rung, and the gown to arm themselves. Until vespers the skirmish was bloodless, and night left both parties masters of their own positions. The next morning the chancellor ordered it to be proclaimed that no academick or oppidan should bear arms, to which mandate the scholars paid obedience, and returned to their labours in the schools; whilst the town, disregarding everything but the advantage they might gain by stealing a march on their opponents, retained their arms, collected their forces, prepared their measures, and sent into the country for aid; offering pay to all who would assist in the destruction of the scholars." "It was about dinner-time," says Wood, "when about eighty citizens lay concealed in St. Giles's church waiting for the scholars, who, for diversion, went into Beaumont fields to play, whom at the Three Stadii they fell upon and shot at. The scholars fled in all haste, some to St. Austin, others into the city; only one fell a sacrifice to their

cruelty, but others were terribly wounded." And, on the bells of the two parties pealing forth, battle commenced on both sides ; nor did the students, though far inferior in numbers to the citizens, despair of success, until, about vespers, above two thousand of the countrymen broke through the west gate, bearing a banner of black, when they immediately fled to their halls. *Dici non potest,*" continues Anthony, "*quantum academicis timorem incuserit illa cohors furialis, ergo protinus ad fugam corripientes, se in suas aulas revolârunt.* An old poet, whose verses exist in Mr. Richard James's MSS. in the Bodleian, has commemorated the tragedy in the following curious verses :—

"Urebat portas agrestis plebs populosa :
Post res distortas, videas quæ sunt vitiosa
Vexillum geritur nigrum, *Slee Slee* recitatur,
Credunt quod moritur Rex, vel quod sic humiliatur,
Clamant *Havock* et *Havock*, non sit qui salvificetur
Smyt fast, gyve gode knocks, nullus post hæc dominetur."

The scholars having fled to their houses, the poem proceeds—

"Invadunt aulas. '*By the Sun come forth,*' geminantes,
Fregerunt caulas, simul omnia vi spoliantes."

The doors were broken, and every kind of property spoiled, plundered, and carried away. All their victuals and wine were poured out on the ground, "*Sanguinem solum sitientes, nec illo satiandi, panem et pisces et alia victualia in terram projecta pedibus calcaverunt.* Night alone put an end to the conflict, which the returning sun saw renewed with the utmost cruelty and brutality on the part of the town. The houses and halls were again invaded with increased forces; every one who resisted was slain, and every cruelty and indignity that can be conceived was joyously inflicted on the corpses of the scholars; whilst the wounded were tormented even to death. Forty scholars fell victims to their rage; fourteen halls were plundered; the ceremonies of religion were disregarded and profaned; the holy Eucharist was dashed on the ground, and its bearers abused and wounded. "This wickedness," continues Wood, "and outrage continuing from the rising of the sun till noontide and a little after without ceasing, and thereupon all the scholars (besides those of the colleges) being fled divers ways, our mother, the university of Oxon, which had but two days before many sons, is now almost forsaken and left forlorn." The Bishop of Lincoln forthwith placed the city under an interdict; the king imprisoned the magistrates in the Tower, for the felonies committed during the riot; and both parties, the university as well as town, surrendered their rights into the king's hand; the one, their municipal and royal privileges, the other, not only their liberties, but their persons, all their goods moveable and immovable, and their guilds general and special, and all rights whatsoever. Unheard of as was the outrage, and disastrous as was the defeat of the scholars, it proved to them a glorious day, and advantageous to their liberties; as their privileges were restored and augmented by a royal grant of the greater part of those which the city had justly forfeited. So great a fear had fallen on all the scholars, that they did not return, in any

numbers, until the following July, and then only under the protection of a royal proclamation in their favour.

Waynfleet's orders, in his Magdalen Statutes, respecting stirring up disputes between northern and southern scholars, has often been ridiculed, especially by those who are ever talking of the ignorance of our ancestors, and the perfectness of our own times. When, however, we find one class of academicks continually waging war with another; Irish fighting openly, in the streets and fields, regular pitched battles with English; the Welsh halls and chambers broken into and sacked; the very proctors chosen from the two great factions—a principal of Hart Hall actually leading in a pitched battle opposite St. Mary's, and falling a victim to his folly; Waynfleet could not be very far out in endeavouring to keep the peace of the university through the means of his scholars' and fellows' oaths.

The accidental loss of many of the university charters and muniments, prompted the citizens once more to commence encroachments on the privileges of the scholars; bringing causes against privileged persons into their own court, resisting the mandates and interrupting the operations of the chancellor, and impannelling privileged persons on common juries. An impeachment, followed by a penance, at last brought them to terms, and the privileges again flourished unopposed, even before their confirmation by the king in 1523. The encroachments had been gradual, and would in all probability have been in the main successful, had not the ill-will of the oppidans broke out into open violence. The scholars were attacked at the Latiport and driven back with some loss, which so angered them, that at night they treacherously assailed the citizens, and wounded some, and made a complete clear street. The authors on both sides were punished, and on a very strong remonstrance being sent up by the university to Cardinal Wolsey, in about a couple of years they obtained their charters according to their fullest expectation.

From this time, excepting during the all-disturbing times of the civil war, the riots between the scholars and the city seem to have degenerated into rows similar to those of our own time, seldom or ever productive of more fatal consequences than a fair proportion of black eyes, bruises, and bloody noses, here and there interspersed with a broken arm, leg, or head. When her Majesty* favoured Oxford with her presence, and fearful of overstretching the hospitality of the Dean of Christchurch, honoured Mr. Griffiths, of the Angel, with her presence, to the annoyance of all save one member of the university, the opportunity of the general illumination on that memorable event gave the last chance of a town and gown row, a chance clearly thrown away by both parties. One or two little affairs of honour did, indeed, occur in various parts of the High Street and Corn Market, but, as far as my personal experience carries me, one event alone requires to be recorded.

In our college was a commoner, cognomine Davis, who, having suffered from a severe fever, had been clean shaved, as to his head, some time before, and consequently wore a wig; not after the colour of his own original covering, or those downy little patches of under-

* The Queen Dowager.

wood which were beginning to appear on the summit of his head, but, after his own taste, black, raven black, well curled on the top, and ornamented with flowing locks. During a slight skirmish opposite All Souls, the proctor, who was hurrying down to the scene, saw Davis, in his wig, quietly knock down a Bargee. Bustling up to the spot where Davis and his companions were, he made a dart at the culprit, who dodging behind some tall gownsmen, doffed his curls and came out on the other side, directly in face of the proctor, who had thought to nab him, a quiet, orderly, white-headed man. The proctor stared, and, being rather hustled by the mob, called on the gown to keep the peace and assist the proctor in securing the offender. Off went Davis followed by the proctor, now the chief of his staff and no longer the culprit, in diligent search after the man with the long black hair, in his eagerness to assist the proctor knocking down a few cads, who would not get out of the way, and blowing every one up for not assisting in the pursuit. At length the reverend proctor was obliged to curb his staff-officer, and request him, with many thanks for his aid, to retire to his college. Davis capped, turned round, walked home, and did not mount his wig until he was safe within the gates of his college. In some future letter you shall have some more of the records of Alma Mater ; for the present accept this scroll

From your sincere friend,

EDGAR HAMILTON.

MEMOIRS OF AN ITALIAN EXILE.—No. IV.

CHAPTER VI.

The Castle of Indolence.

“ Qui menerai (non temer già di morte)
 Oscuri e neghittosi igiorni e l'ore.”

“LET me know,” said I, as we were ushered into the presence of the commander of the fortress, repeating a question that the reader will remember I had already addressed in vain to the two officers at the horse-barracks in town—“Let me know, sir, whether or not we have any right to be informed as to the cause of our arrest, and as to the intentions of government in snatching us so suddenly from the bosoms of our families, and embarking us in such a disastrous expedition.”

Captain Ridolfi, the supreme commander of her Majesty's fortress of state, was a man somewhat short of the middle size, nearly sixty years of age, with a calm, benignant, and rather cheerful face, and two small gray eyes, still sparkling with all the vigour of youth. He was attired in a dark military undress, of the colour and shape of the “*Real Veliti Italiani*,” one of the famous regiments of Eugene Beauharnais, viceroy of Italy, in the times of Napoleon. The venerable old veteran had some occasion to be fond and proud of that uniform, for all the records of that epoch, as well as the wounds with which nearly the whole of his body was scarred, could loudly testify how gloriously he had worn those colours during the Spanish and Russian campaigns, where the Italian army fought with as shining a valour as their masters, if we can trust the account of the French writers themselves, or with even more ardour and steadiness, if we are to believe our own historians.

His rank, however, and his decorations of the *legion d'honneur*, and of the iron crown, (the ribbons of which he never failed to wear, for aught I know, even in the button-hole of his dressing-gown,) he owed merely to his personal bravery; for, although rather well born than otherwise, the camp-life he had led almost from his childhood, and the lonesomeness of the cheerless dwelling of Compiano, to which he had been confined ever since the revolution, had given his manners a tint of bluntness and abruptness, rather owing indeed to absolute want of good education, than to that military frankness to which it was fondly ascribed by himself and by his well-wishers.

His open cordiality, however, and habitual good-humour, more than amply compensated for what was wanting in breeding; he was, to the full extent of the word, a jolly old trooper, fond of good cheer, of old wine and young women; indulging in long-winded tales, long yawns, and long slumbers by the fire-side. He piqued himself on his loyalty even to exaggeration and hypocrisy, and whenever he set about per-

¹ Continued from p. 191.

forming the duties of his office, to which he attached no trifling importance, or whenever he pronounced the name of his august mistress, he made a display of pomp and solemnity which suited his gray hair and dusky brow to perfection.

The captain had a wife still young and handsome, but of a sad, saturnine temper, and a sweet child with a profusion of auburn ringlets, a girl of thirteen, growing almost visibly on the knees of her doting parent. By the side of the commander we found his lieutenant, a half-pay officer of the French gendarmerie, ominously illustrious for his bloody executions against the loyalists and patriots, whom Napoleon called brigands; a man we could not look upon without thanking heaven that we saw him, as he was now, almost beyond the verge of decrepitude; for on his haggard, vacant features, in his truculent, blood-shot eyes, there was something so stupidly brutal, so really appalling, that we stood before him as in the presence of an hyena. We had seldom occasion to see him, and never spoke to him once during our residence at the castle, as he lived in close retirement in his quarters, and would only appear occasionally, stalking along the spacious galleries, shrouded in the ample folds of a riding cloak, the collar of which was always raised round about his head and ears, nearly in the shape of the winding-sheet which the second-sighted wizards of the Highlands are said to see rising around the doomed victims of death, and encompassing them closer and closer, as if impatient that they should breathe their last to swallow them up altogether.

But to the company of his ominous subaltern, as well as to that of all other inmates of, and visitors to, the castle, not excepting even the members of his own family, Captain Ridolfi preferred his intercourse with Doctor Caluga, an old comrade, who had served in the same regiment of royal horse-guards with him, and was now, under the title of attendant surgeon to the castle and garrison, an angel of heaven to relieve the good veteran during the hard trials of his frequent attacks of the gout, a sad relic of the toils and hardships he had to endure in the course of his martial exploits, and nearly all he had brought home besides the laurels reaped during his Napoleonic campaign.

Doctor Caluga was born in a small village near Cremona, and had fled in his youth from the university of Pavia; obeying a vague, juvenile desire of being a soldier. He had soon acquired, among the bravest in his regiment, a brilliant reputation as an excellent *sabreur*, and went on cutting and slashing for more than two years, when, owing, perhaps, to that very fame, he was attached to a French *ambulance* in the quality of an *aide* to the *chirurgien-major* in the same regiment, and had in this new predicament cut and slashed even more freely and lavishly than in his former employment.

At the re-establishment of peace in 1814, he had, after long peregrinations, settled and married in his native town, whence he was, through the interference of his former comrade, Captain Ridolfi, appointed to a permanent employment at the Castle of Compiano, where his brilliant success as a physician, and that frank, despatching skill which gave so well-deserved a fame to operators of the French school,

had gained for him a good reputation for ten or twelve miles round. The doctor was a man of five-and-thirty, tall, and lean, and pale; he usually wore a large brown surtout and a pair of top boots, with a huge pair of brass spurs jingling at his heels. His loud barking voice, his *brusque*, hasty manners, and his lantern visage, powerfully contributed to the happy termination of his cures, especially among the rustic inhabitants of the dells and glens of the neighbourhood, amongst whom there ran a familiar saying, "that Doctor Caluga scared his patients out of their beds."

On some of his favourite topics he was an inexhaustible talker and formidable arguer, and these were especially the exploits and achievements of Napoleon and his *grandes armées*—political news, ancient or modern, at home or abroad—his peerless wife, and the precocious understanding of his infant child; but, above all, his roan mare of true Hungarian breed, the never-weary sharer of his medical expeditions, a great scrambler of hills and forder of streams, on whom the doctor would have thought nothing of scaling the heavens, could his trusty charger only be sure of finding two inches of footing.

I have dwelt rather long on the person and character of these personages, as I have generally done, and intend invariably to do, whenever any new actor appears on the stage of this silly play of my life; in obedience to the laws of good-breeding which I have learned since I first landed in English countries, where it is considered undignified and impertinent to address or to answer anybody any questions under any pretext, or in any circumstance whatever, without the previous ceremony of a regular introduction.

"You shall hear the orders of government presently," said the commander, answering my peremptory question, whilst he took off his cap and proceeded cautiously to break open the seals of the despatch which he had received from the head of the brigadier of our escort. He had already his spectacles on, and, shaking the sand from the official paper, he read as follows:—

"In the name of her Majesty Maria Louisa, Archduchess, &c., by the grace of God, Duchess, &c. The Commander-in-chief of the Fortress of Compiano, Captain, &c., Knight, &c., shall receive into his charge, and retain upon his responsibility, the signori, [here came our names and qualifications,] and lodge them in the cells destined for political offenders, &c., until farther instructions, &c.

"Given at the horse-barracks this day, &c.

(Signed) "Lt. Col. RAMBALDI,
"Commander-in-Chief of the Rl. Dragoons, &c."

"This is all I have the honour to communicate, gentlemen; from this instant you are my prisoners."

Then, turning towards his desk, the captain shook a little silver bell, and, to a military attendant who answered the call, he said with great gravity, "Summon the keeper to our presence."

After all this, the gouty commander dropped the ministerial paper on his table, put down his spectacles, doffing at once his well-becom-

ing dignity as he donned his foraging-cap, and threw himself back on his chair.

"Hope these gentlemen arrive in a perfect state of health," said the doctor, stepping forward and civilly bowing to his employer. "Very bad roads, and very rough weather, these gentlemen have found, I dare say—I have the honour to be attendant surgeon to the castle and garrison."

"And best friend to its commander," interrupted Ridolfi good-humouredly. "You will attend these gentlemen in their own quarters, Doctor Caluga; in the mean time I will myself be their physician, and give them the drug they must be most in need of after a cold winter's ride on our mountains."

So saying, he rang the bell once more, and whispered a few words to his attendant, who produced a few glasses and a flask of Tuscan wine, with which the worthy captain treated us liberally, encouraging us by his own example; shaking hands with each of us with warmth and affection, and cordially welcoming us to his castle. A tear stole from his eyelids as he spoke and smiled—a tear which is frequently seen on the eye of an epicure, whose soft and morbid sensibilities are always open to sudden emotions, and who, whenever his sense of pleasure is blunted by over-exertion, knows how to distil a new voluptuousness out of the most exquisite sensation of pain.

Meanwhile the keeper having made his appearance, and our names being once more taken down and duly verified, we were desired to cross some courtyards and dark-vaulted corridors, and were shown to the northern wing of the castle. This portion of the building was divided into a long range of wide cells or prisons, the doors of which opened into a spacious gallery, receiving light from very large windows, through which could be seen a dreary prospect of bare pasture hills, covered with melting snow, and glittering like an ocean of ice. The central cell was fitted up somewhat in the shape of a parlour, and in the huge chimney was soon seen a goodly fire, blazing with all the cheerfulness of Alpine hospitality. As soon as we were comfortably seated around the fire-place, we were informed by our commander, that he had received no instructions from above concerning the style in which his guests were to be treated: that, however, as he could not bear to see gentlemen starve, and as, in similar circumstances, he had been authorised to take upon himself the charge of state prisoners,—trusting to the clemency of her Majesty's government, and relying on the respectability of our families for payment, he would venture so far as to permit the landlord of the Full-moon (the most accredited hostelry in the village below) to send in our dinner at the rate of one frank for each of us, until the intentions of government should be better known.

These welcome tidings being delivered, the doctor called on his "beloved patients," as he called us, and having carefully examined my leg, and unhesitatingly passed his sentence against the inexperience of my former practitioner, and finding that the hardships of the journey had much aggravated the wound, he set himself to work with his weapons, and confined me to my arm-chair for nearly four weeks.

The next day and the day following, the two other convoys of our fellow-prisoners arrived, bringing fresher news.

It was stated in the official papers, received at the commander's office, that we had been taken up for misdemeanour at the University, and were intended to be shut up in the fortress of Compiano, to wait her Majesty's good pleasure. All this was perfectly legal in Italy, and we had only to resign ourselves to our fate.

The second and third days were, in consequence, spent rather agreeably than otherwise, in receiving and commenting upon this news, in getting accustomed to the novelty of our situation, in measuring the full extent of our dwelling, and in relating to each other the haps and mishaps of our respective journeys, in which, however, it seems, that we of the first expedition had fared sadly the worst.

Then we began to decipher and comment upon the inscriptions with which our predecessors had decked and covered the walls of our parlour; for the hinges of the castle-gates had been nearly worn out with the frequent admission of prisoners, especially during the last years of Napoleon's reign, when that conqueror aimed his final strokes against the court of Rome, and the prisons of state all over France and Italy echoed with the groans of a thousand refractory priests. The names of these reverend victims, as well as their pious quotations from the Latin version of the Scriptures—we, a profane set of sceptic school-boys, read with an air of utter scorn; but bowed with wonder and awe before the more recent carvings of the Carbonari of 1820, whose names we had learned to pronounce with reverence and gratitude, and whose worthy successors we fondly styled ourselves. Those warm patriots, those dreaded tenebrous plotters, had long since been set free, and were then probably roaming in far-off countries, under gloomy skies and murderous climates, broken down by infirmities, or worn out by chagrin and misery; and, as I read, a deep feeling of melancholy stole over my heart, a vague foreboding that I was most probably doomed to follow soon in their footsteps, and join hands with them, and share their sufferings in the land of exile.

All these occupations, however, and all other resources of a similar nature, failed before the end of the first week, and time began to weigh more heavily upon us. From sunrise to sunset we were indeed allowed to sit together and enjoy each other's company in our little parlour, where we amused ourselves in piling wood upon wood on the fire, until the whole apartment was raised to the temperature of an oven. Our breakfast also, and our dinner, the daily visits of the captain and doctor, and the tricks we played upon our keeper, a dark, shrewd, old fellow, whom we foolishly mistook for a fool, had the effect of shortening our time in some degree. But from the last peals of the *Ave Maria* in the evening, to the first peals of the *Ave Maria* in the morning, which, during the endless nights of early January, implies an interval of more than twelve hours, we were shut up in our dismal cells without light or fire, and left there to shiver and shudder alone, *tête-à-tête*, with all manner of ghosts, goblins, and other guardian genii of the place. This was tiresome; for though, by dint of blankets and cushions, our young blood and healthy constitutions could get the best of the wintry air within the shelter of our sheets, we soon found

out that we could be comfortable nowhere else, so deplorably open lay those wide and shattered chambers to all the inclemency of the seasons; and however sleep may be justly called the balm of all evils, the best haven for man to take shelter in against all tempests of life, yet it would be difficult to imagine how irksome and odious even sleep had become when forced upon us. We resolved not to bear it; we conspired, we rose in rebellion against it.

Early on the first Sunday morning, an hour or so before the tinkling of the keeper's bunch of keys was heard in the gallery, one of the company, who could not manage to sleep beyond his eleven hours, started from his bed in utter despair, and, dressing in the dark without any well-determined purpose, began to stamp on the floor, to shout and swear, until he warmed himself into a passion. We were all awake—as the children of Ugolino in the tower of famine—we had all been hopelessly awake for several hours; all shrunk up on our couches like hedgehogs, our very noses buried under our blankets. We caught the alarm, we started up, we stretched out one arm, then one leg, then another, then we boldly jumped on the floor. Undressed as we were, we called out to each other in a voice of thunder and storm—we swore, we shouted, we stamped, we knocked chairs, bedsteads, and benches on the floor, against the walls, against the doors, against the windows. The castle was in an uproar. The sentinels called “to arms,” the drum beat, the bell tolled, the garrison rose and rushed forth from their barracks. They drew up in the courtyard, their leader marshalled them, harangued them; their guns were loaded, their bayonets fixed—they started. The keeper threw open the door of the gallery; in rushed the heroes in a formidable array; a drummer, a corporal, and nine musketeers, preceded by torches, and followed at some distance by their gouty commander, in his nightcap and slippers.

The empty gallery was occupied in hot haste without resistance. The garrison drew up in the parlour. The keeper received orders to draw the culprits one by one from their cells, and there we were, several of us in our night-shirts, all trembling, with our teeth chattering—not, alas! through fear—humbled, resigned, ashamed, awaiting our doom. Captain Ridolfi began by swearing and threatening, then gradually melted, then laughed, and from the moment he laughed we had won. It was decreed that the cell-doors should henceforth remain open all night, that there should be fire and light in the parlour, as much as we pleased—that we should sleep as long as we chose, “and no longer.”

It will be easily supposed that we felt proud of the success of our daring revolt, and that liberty was no sooner acquired than abused. The first nights after that eventful Sunday were one continued revel. Never had perhaps the gloomy castle of Compiano resounded with such gallant shouts, or rung with such peals of laughter, even in the good old times of feudal conviviality. By degrees, however, my young friends waxed tired of their vigils, and I was left alone. We had by this time been put in open communication with our friends in town, and our correspondence, (unshackled from all apprehensions on the part of our commander, who was charged with its examination, but

who, having found that our four-page letters had nearly worn his eyes and spectacles out, sent our parcels to and fro unopened,) began to afford us the most agreeable source of entertainment. It was to this occupation that I especially consecrated the latest hours of the night, when my fellow-prisoners, overcome by frequent libations, and still more by their own own excitement, were obliged to wend their way, groping and staggering, to their beds. It was at this epoch that I remember to have spent four nights and four days on my chair, by the side of what was alternately my dinner-table and writing-desk, without closing my eyes for a minute in sleep; a trial certainly not less astonishing than what I had gone through a few months before my arrest, when, in a strange fit of amorous melancholy, I had denied myself all food, even to a glass of water, continuing, in spite of that total abstinence, to walk and ride, and perform all the duties and offices of life, without the slightest symptom of faintness or uneasiness, or any other material inconvenience.

These childish experiments, that can undoubtedly be more safely ventured between nineteen and twenty years of age than at a later period of life, had an almost magical effect on my senses, and gave my fancy a wild and vivid, though, no doubt, a false glare, somewhat analogous to the intoxication of an opium eater, or to the highest stage of feverish delirium, and which I used to call the ebriety of starvation, and the dreams of sleeplessness. For it is indubitable that our soul is a slave to the flesh only inasmuch as it consents to keep within the narrow limits of animal life, through which bonds, if it ever break, it finds itself expatiating through its native region of immortality, whilst there ensues a temporary death of the body. The sting of hunger and thirst is blunted, the heaviness of sleep is dissipated, and a divorce takes place between our two natures, during which even the instinct of self-preservation is extinct, and the very act of returning to life can only be the result of an effort of reason.

In these instances of unnatural exhilaration and bewilderment, man is easily a poet, and I have repeatedly felt a vague regret for the verses that flowed spontaneously from my mind during those long nights of brain-sickness, and which I never afterwards happened to see, as they remained ever since, and are perhaps still to be found, in the hands of the goddess that, even at that distance, had alone the merit of inspiring them, and who was alone to receive them, warm as they emanated from her worshipper's heart—*Marina!*

The month of January continued cold and squally to its close, and our life at the castle went on dull and monotonous. But at the opening of the following month, in the same measure as the Italian sun regained its ascendancy over the winds of the north, Captain Ridolfi's assumed coldness began slowly to thaw, and his official stiffness to slacken. At the close of a dinner, which he had condescended to accept from his prisoners and guests, he bade the gaoler throw open the door of the gallery, and, starting up himself from his easy chair, showed us the way to the battlements.

The battlements of the towers and galleries, constituting the keep or donjon, the main stronghold of the fortress, had been walled up and roofed ever since the old castle was first intended as a state

prison, with a view to afford a well-sheltered and comfortable promenade to the recluses.

It was a fine warm spring afternoon, and the sun was slowly setting behind the Apennines. The snow had long since disappeared from the sunny side of the Pelpi, and its wide pasture grounds were already enamelled with luxuriant green. The Taro rolled full and wide at our feet several hundred fathoms below, bounding from rock to rock in a hundred cascades. In front, behind, on all sides, spread its immense valley, imperceptibly sloping downwards, an endless succession of wild and dreary scenery, of fields, heaths, forests, and precipices, scattered at distant intervals with towns and hamlets, steeples of convents, and ruins of castles, a world of numberless objects on a measureless space, a chaos of things sufficient to amaze and bewilder one's sight. On our right, some twenty miles off, the river had its source on the darker crest of the Apennines, which, bending boldly to the south-west, seemed gradually to rise before us, up to the stupendous heights that encircle the Holy Lake, (*Lago Santo*,) three mighty peaks, all white with snow, which, seen as they were from our battlements, had the appearance of an immense eagle stooping on his eyrie, and slowly unfolding his mighty pinions in the act of winging his flight to the sky. Beneath, were the steep valleys of the passage of the Cisa, and further on, the hills of Berceto and Cassio, down to Pietra Nera, whilst on our side of the river we could only distinguish a long sable ridge with a few hills swelling from distance to distance, and terminating with the wide skirts of the Pelpi spreading on our rear.

We could see, two miles beyond the river, the white church and convent of Bedonia, and twelve miles farther Santa Maria del Taro, a small town rising over its very source, formed by a hundred rills, showering their silver waters from a white cliff, within whose deep caves and crevices the snow never melts all the year long. All these villages, and Terzogno, Sidolo, and indeed the whole district, are inhabited by a lawless population of bandits and smugglers, a moral, unsophisticated, hospitable race, religious to superstition, frank and brave to temerity.

I had visited this region with all the delight of juvenile curiosity, and dwelt fondly among these wild tribes, whom so very few strangers, either bound on peaceful or hostile errands, are ever tempted to visit, and left many a friend both in huts and castles wherever I passed in a short pedestrian excursion with three of my schoolmates during our vacations two or three summers ago. No sooner was it known that I was among the inmates of the prison of Compiano, than presents and visits came in great number from several miles around; and the sympathy of those warm-hearted and intelligent children of nature could be no less acceptable to us than the incessant letters and messages of condolence and encouragement which we received from town.

Nowhere perhaps, not even in the Abruzzi or Calabria, are to be found such a tall, handsome, active family of men as in Val-di-Taro. They are a hardy, testy, indomitable race, acknowledging no rulers but their priests, obeying no law but the patriarchal family compact

between the clan and their chieftain, knowing no country beyond the hedge of their home-field and the fence of their churchyard. They are the same stubborn race, against whom all the rage of the victorious French armies, under the guidance of the bloody Junot, had for so many years to strive, as against the famous guerillas of Spain, with dubious success; and though, after the restoration, the mountaineers were more easily brought to reason, and laid down their weapons of war, yet it was only with several mental restrictions that they recognised the sway of the newly-installed governments; and they did not the less obstinately carry on their unlawful commerce, but still resisted the interference of gendarmes and excisemen within their districts, with a firmness and intrepidity that left the government but little chance of success.

From that happy day when we first hailed the hills and dales and breathed the free air of the valley, the battlements were kept open for our relaxation, from sunrise to sunset. We had some chairs carried up to the southern turret, and as we had that year a very mild and early spring, and did not regret to exchange our parlour fire-side for that sunny, lofty, and almost heavenly abode, there we received our visitors. I began now, thanks to the assiduity of Dr. Caluga and that long confinement to my arm-chair, perfectly to recover the use of my limb; and the delight with which I sauntered from tower to tower, and along the galleries, cannot be imagined by any one who has not been, at least once in his life, lame and a prisoner. My friends frolicked about in all their blessed childishness. It was then carnival, and we had fancy balls and operas; we recited all the verses we happened to have got by heart; we fenced and sparred; we shot swallows with arrows and stones. Every turret and gallery, every spot in the castle, received romantic names. Here was the "Tower of Merlin" and the "Hall of Arthur of Britain," the "Bulwark of Rhodes" and the "Ditch of the Lions," the "Bridge of Sighs" and the "Cave of all Sorrows." We called our jailer a Senechal; Dr. Caluga, the Wizard of the Awful Countenance; Captain Ridolfi, the Knight of the Dusty Slippers, Grand Constable and Lord High Justiciary of the Castle of Indolence.

Among such puerile follies we forgot our dignity as prisoners of state charged with high treason, and relapsed into our schoolboyish insignificance.

My greatest delight, however, was derived from the contemplation of the magic scenery around, as it was then undergoing the rapid improvement of spring, and received new life and animation at every fanning of the southern breeze. I had found a convenient, though rather a perilous seat on a large white stone boldly projecting from the southern range of battlements, and hanging as an isolated beam a hundred feet above the ravelin, an outwork erected according to the views of modern military architecture, and which rose, all bristling with rusty cannon, for the protection of the castle gate.

Beneath the ravelin rose the roofs and steeple of the village of Compiano, and beyond there spread a wide extent of green meadows as far as the bed of the river. From the height of that aerial throne, leaning against the wall, and basking in the sun like a lizard, I could

gaze on the prospect below, and watch the progress of pilgrims and lonely wayfarers, as, dwindled to the size of dwarfs, they slowly wended their weary way to the castle, looking up from the vale, and crossing themselves with amazement and terror, as if expecting every moment that the slightest *faux-pas* or vertigo would precipitate me to their feet. That stone is, perhaps, still pointed out by the good villagers of Compiano, by whom it was then designated under the appellation of "the prisoner's perch."

Of all visitors, messengers, pedlars, or jugglers, that chance or business drove to our gate, Doctor Caluga began soon to be the most anxiously expected and most warmly welcomed. I called out his name with enthusiasm from my perch as soon as I was able to catch a glimpse of our worthy physician, gallantly riding on his *sans pareil* mare along the winding avenue, and waving his hand aloft toward us. It was not so much out of gratitude for his past cures that we received him with such warm demonstrations of intimacy, nor from the pleasure that we derived from the fertility and versatility of his conversation, as from the circumstance of his being our only safe medium of communication with the outer world, and performing the office of an active and diligent newsman. Our friends and parents in town wrote with the utmost circumspection and mistrust, and avoided all political topics, dwelling with prolixity, carried even to satiety, on their sterile commiseration of our fate, and their hopes, grounded on sovereign clemency, of our speedy deliverance. The country squires and gentlemen of the neighbourhood, who occasionally visited us, were equally cased in their panoply of caution, and spoke as if the very walls had ears, and all the eyes of the police were upon them.

The doctor alone, a man naturally bold and imprudent, after a few days of friendly intercourse, had declared himself a warm and open patriot, and entered into the most dangerous subjects without the slightest reserve. For some time, his vehement speeches only touched on abstract and general theories, but by degrees they turned more frequently on the present state of things, on the general ferment then prevailing in Europe, and from one end to the other of Italy. He had a regular supply of French papers, which he communicated to us on their first arrival, as he did also several letters he received at different intervals from some of the Carbonari, once his patients and friends in the cells of Compiano, now restless exiles and conspirators abroad. The letters and newspapers were hot with impatience and hope. Belgium, Poland, and Germany, to say nothing of France, were all in open rebellion; every day brought in tidings of a battle won on the field of the Vistula, or of a constitution granted to some petty state on the Rhine.

One day the mare was seen trotting with even more than her wonted speed on the valley:—

"Children! children!" cried the doctor, as he hurried up to the battlements, all flushed with excitement, and quite out of breath; "Children! there have been firing and battling at Modena. The states of the Pope are in open insurrection."

Two days after he came equally in a hurry, and the news was,—
"Joy! joy! Modena and Romagna have conquered—the tricolor standard waves on the bridge of Enza!"

At last, on the 12th of February, late in the evening, he jumped into our parlour, threw his arms round the neck of each of us, and shouted—

“Victory! Revolution at Parma! Children, now we are free! The name of God be praised! we are all free!”

CHAPTER VII.

“Comment! c’est une émeute?”

“Non, sire, c’est une révolution.”

A storm in a tea-pot.

Shift we the scene from the “Castle of Indolence,” and haste to the representation of the mighty deeds that were now acting in our convulsed metropolis. Leave we the sportive and unpretending style of the humble “memoir,” to assume the dignity and responsibility of historians; and ere we undertake to relate events on which our influence, we would flatter ourselves, was of some weight, give a rapid view of what has taken place in our absence. Let us see how the world contrived to get on without us.

A revolution at Parma, like all other sublunary vicissitudes, must have its causes and effects, and must in its origin have been connected with other facts of analogous or extraneous nature, and with these it will be necessary to be acquainted, in order to appreciate thoroughly the results which that memorable event had on the destinies of the hero of our veracious history.

The opinions of writers and critics in general differ as to the degree of his reader’s understanding and knowledge, upon which an author ought to reckon when he ventures on topics somewhat remote from the routine of every-day life. Placed as he is between the Scylla of the learned and the Charybdis of the illiterate, he will do wonders indeed if he succeed in avoiding the censure of abstruse obscurity on the one side, and of common-place triviality on the other.

Feeling utterly unable to sail according to the *medio tutissimus* principle, we shall throw ourselves upon the indulgence of the scholar, and proceed as if our reader’s mind were a *tabula rasa*, considering him willing to derive information rather than mere relaxation from a surfeit of more ponderous learning—in fact, as one of the great majority of English novel and magazine eaters, who know nothing whatever of Parma except Parmesan cheese.

The duchy of Parma, Placentia, and Guastalla, to take up our narration *ab ovo*, is one of the most fertile portions of the vale of the Po. It is bounded on the north by that noble river, on the south by the ridge of the Apennines, on the east by the Enza, and on the west by the Trebbia, two tributaries of the Po. It measures about two thousand two hundred square miles, and has now nearly half a million of inhabitants.

Parma and Placentia, formerly two noble republics, proud of the monuments of valour registered in the annals of their days of liberty, in 1508 were added to the territory of the Church by the warlike

Julius II. They were subsequently erected into an independent duchy by Paul III., who invested with them his son, Pier-Luigi Farnese; and they remained in the possession of that family until its extinction in 1748. Then, after long wars, which cost Europe more blood than the states were worth, they were adjudged to the Infant Don Philip, of the Spanish house of Bourbon. Ferdinand, heir of Don Philip, found himself involved in the catastrophe of the French invasion; and in 1802, Parma and Placentia were united to the French republic and empire, under the appellation of *Département du Taro*.

At the fall of Napoleon these states formed an exception to that universal restitution of stolen goods, that was called the "Restoration," and were, to the prejudice of the Duke of Lucca, the legitimate heir of Don Ferdinand, adjudged as a life estate to Maria Louisa, Archduchess of Austria, and wife of Napoleon Bonaparte.

The life of Maria Louisa, during the period of early womanhood, is already in the charge of history. As long as she was sailing on board the lofty ship that seemed for a time to have chained the winds at its stern, the eyes of all Europe were fixed upon her; when that proud vessel went down, and she was cast ashore amidst the wreck, the world lost sight of her, and the last page of her biography is blank, like that of the mariner thrown by the waves on the coast of a desert island, and effaced from the roll of the living. Maria Louisa had outlived her fair destinies, clouds settled around the meridian of her life, and she set in silence and loneliness, lost in the crowd of monarchs, an outcast from renown.

At the epoch of the treaty of Fontainebleau in 1814, the allies, having to depose the empress, thought of indemnifying her for the loss of her august titles, by giving her a share of the spoils of Italy—that unfortunate Italy, which in all political transactions has always been dismembered and parcelled to balance accounts.

Maria Louisa was one of those happy patterns of meekness and resignation, who seem to consider it a burden to have an opinion or a wish of their own. Bred up at the court of Napoleon's most inveterate foes, she had for twenty-one years been taught to hate, and she hated; she had in 1810 been bidden to love—and she married. Four years later, she was ordered to put off the arms and liveries of her husband—to divest herself of the title of empress—to forget Napoleon—to surrender her son. In all she was obedient. Widowed and childless, but surrounded with pomp and magnificence, all things being disposed for her reception, she left Vienna in 1816, and hastened towards her humble metropolis. Greeted and applauded wherever she passed in her journey, she drew after her the best part of the population of Lombardy.

The bustle and excitement occasioned by her arrival, the illuminations and fireworks, the shouts and plaudits of that solemn ingress, are graven in my mind among the earliest reminiscences of childhood. The show and triumph displayed on that occasion were, perhaps, unexampled in the annals of Parma. The town was crowded with strangers of all nations and conditions. They were especially the

friends and servants of her husband, French and Italian warriors of the Russian and German campaigns, disappointed people, who looked to her as the centre of their discomfited party, and to her son as the *spes altera mundi*.

The first intoxication of the Napoleonists, however, considerably abated when they heard that her son was not with her. The disappointment was still greater when the new government, thanking them for their good wishes, desired all strangers to return to their homes. The festivals were soon over; the capital was restored to order, and Maria Louisa was left alone with her subjects.

She found at her arrival a flourishing state, enriched by the gold lavished upon it during the Spanish dominion, by the comparative peace it enjoyed during the first storms of the French revolution, and by the commerce and industry awakened by the active government of the lieutenants of Napoleon. Parma, its capital, a pleasant and lively town, with a population fluctuating between thirty and forty thousand souls, lies on a smiling plain, upon the banks of a small river, from which it derives its name. Its frank and hospitable inhabitants have always rivalled the largest capitals in every department of intellectual culture. Under the last Spanish duke, Don Ferdinand, the bell-ringer, whom we have repeatedly mentioned, Parma had cultivated letters and arts with such success, that it had been designated by the flattering appellation of the Athens of Italy.

It was then difficult to misunderstand the course to be taken by the newly-installed government. Days of repose having finally returned, the happy and liberalizing pursuits of peace were now to be resumed. Maria Louisa was perhaps, by taste and inclination, addicted to all kinds of refinement, and naturally disposed to declare herself a patroness of learning and art. Had it been otherwise, she would, like all our foreign rulers, have inhaled, as it were, a taste for such accomplishments with the very air of the country. The university prostrated since the days of military despotism, the academy of the Fine Arts ransacked by French commissaries, were, by the new sovereign, in part restored from the recent convulsions. Her comparatively mild government brought several conspicuous personages from the neighbouring states, and her munificent encouragement soon called all talents into exercise.

Turning her attention to more durable monuments, she laid the first stone of a magnificent bridge on the Taro, one of the mightiest of torrents—a gigantic work, which cost her seven years of care, and several millions of franks; a colossal structure of stone with twenty arches, nearly half a mile in length, wide enough to give passage to four carriages abreast—without doubt the noblest bridge in Italy, if not in all Europe.

This bridge being achieved, she set at liberty some twenty inmates of an ancient female convent, pulled down their cells, and raised upon their ruins a golden theatre, a splendid temple to the arts, rivaling in magnificence the Scala in Milan, and the San Carlo in Naples. She bestowed upon it large annual sums under the title of endowment. She called around her every kind of performers; she was proud of possessing an unequalled orchestra; and, since the Ita-

lians give up every thing for music, she afforded to her subjects music to their hearts' content.

Her bridges, however, her theatres, her superb villas, her magnificent train, her regiment of grenadiers, whom she dressed and undressed with the capricious fondness of a girl for her dolls; her profuse liberality to stage-players and fiddlers, before long exhausted her finances. Commerce and industry languished, taxes pressed heavily and injudiciously on the labouring classes, and the state ran merrily into debt.

Money went over to Austria under a thousand pretexts, and without pretexts. It was now a tribute of vassalage, now a bargain of alliance. Manufactories were closed, as injurious to Austrian industry; steam-boats were stopped, as encroaching upon Austrian commerce. Maria Louisa paid her expenses when a guest at the court of her parents; she paid the board of her son, whom they held as a prisoner.

Her ignorance and submission to the commands of her father might account, in some measure, for this management of the funds of her subjects; so far she could do no better; but the enormous amount of her civil list, her foolish prodigalities, and, above all, her restless peregrinations, were not less fatal than the never-sated cupidity of Austria.

No sooner had the swallows of the earliest spring returned, than she began to feel uneasy within the walls of her palace. It was now the desire of embracing her son at Schönbrunn, now her sister at Munich, now her cousin at Naples. Now she had a wedding to attend, now a christening, now a funeral; and, wherever she went, there followed a long caravan of dames, pages, and grooms, horses and chaises, dogs, parrots, and monkeys.

The monarchs of Europe, made wise by recent events, had adopted an economical style of travelling, in order to enjoy more comfort and freedom, and to spare the purse of their subjects.

The Emperor of Russia was seen travelling in a modest carriage and two, under the name of Count of Moscow; the King of Naples appeared in the north of Italy, with two attendants, as the Count of Aversa; the petty Duchess of Parma alone kept up in her journeys all the splendour of the purple. Out of mere courtesy, her subjects and others continued to her the title of Majesty; she went through the world in all the pomp of the Ex-empress of France. The newspapers expatiated on her splendid attire and unbounded liberalities. "There goes the Duchess of Parma," exclaimed the wondering crowd. But while she was making so much noise abroad, her people were quietly starving at home.

Yet she continued honoured and beloved by them. Her conduct was considered as the consequence of the vile policy of Austria. They believed her unacquainted with their miseries. Among the common sufferings, a word of sympathy was always reserved for her. They called her "the poor betrayed," *la povera tradita*; and, at her return, the warmest reception invariably awaited her.

It was not rare, however, that some friend took pains to inform her of the true state of things. More than one appeal was made to

her sensibility. There is no free press in our country, but truth knows, even there, how to find its way to the throne. One year she was preparing to set out on a voyage to Naples; she had hired a frigate of the King of Sardinia, and furnished it like the barge of Cleopatra. The harvest had been very scanty, the winter very severe. Her people murmured and groaned. On the eve of her departure, at supper, under a napkin a note was discovered; it was in a few lines the voice of her people. It ran thus:—

“Go then, Louisa, and God be with thee,
Sail on for Naples and its sunny sky;
Let not thy sons with their importune cry
To thy maternal wish an hindrance be.
Go; from thy cares, from all thy duties free,
Go far beyond where Venus’ temples lie;
Pirates or storms fear not; the watchful eye
Of Providence guides kings across the sea.
Go; let thy pleasure by no tears be stay’d,
’Tis the Lord’s pride to raise on tears his throne,
The pride of slaves to die without a groan.
Sail on; throughout the world thy fame be spread;
May earth be granted to thy sons oppress’d,
To lay their sorrows with their bones at rest.”*

Maria Louisa read and turned pale; she bit her Austrian lips, and shed tears of rage; her courtiers were confounded; but, on the morrow, the poor betrayed was riding to Genoa, and three days after sailing for Naples.

To these causes of public discontent, other grievances of a more serious character were added, helping to undermine her popularity. As early as the days of her triumphal entry into her states, the general enthusiasm excited in her favour had awakened the jealousy of the cabinet of Vienna. They felt as if the rock of St. Helena and the walls of Schönbrunn could not assure them against the charm attached to the name of Napoleon. The family of Bonaparte, scattered, exiled, or closely watched by the police at Rome, appeared to be disarmed for all ambitious attempts. All hopes and wishes were thus turned towards her; and situated as she was in the centre

* The author of these lines is not known, nor the means by which they reached their address; but here is the original sonnet, as the circumstance gave it a notoriety, which it could not have claimed as a literary production.

“Va pur, Luisa, e t’accompagni Iddio
Di Partenope bella al noto lido,
Te, al piacer sacra, invan de’ figli il grido
Distorria dal materno alto desio.

“Va; di te, di tue cure in cieco obbligo,
Lieta veleggia insino in grembo a Gnido;
Nè temer l’onde e il barbaresco infido,
Che ai re propizio è il fato, altrui sì rio.

“Va, nè t’arresti, no, miseria e pianto;
I sudditi lasciar del sire è l’opra
Spirar tacendo è degli schiavi il vanto.

“Va pur, qual sei, qual vali, il mondo scopra;
Terra i sudditi tuor cercchino intanto
Che lor ossa spolpate un dì ricopra.”

of the boldest population of our peninsula, it seemed that, at the first shout of emancipation, she would be placed at the head of the nation and proclaimed regent of Italy.

Austria saw this, and, with that same indifference with which she had been sacrificed to the interests of her family in 1810, and given up to the enemy, it was now decided that she should be prostituted to her courtiers, and undone in the opinion of nations. Her ruin and infamy, I say, were resolved upon as a *coup d'état*; by which I would be understood to affirm that such was the confident belief of her subjects. History shrinks from the responsibility of asserting a political profligacy so atrocious.

To undo a weak and unsuspecting woman, amidst the intoxication of a loose and dissipated life, alone and unadvised, surrounded by snares and intrigues, with a warm and passionate temper, in want of some object of affection, hopelessly severed from all its legitimate objects, was but too easy a task. A few years had scarcely elapsed, when the report of her misconduct had already degraded her in the eyes of Europe.

I have now arrived at the epoch of that long iliad of guilt and woe, of shame and remorse, where the heroine disappears to give place to the woman. In giving this account of her degradation, I shall, however, deem it my duty not to take notice of all popular scandals. I was born and bred up her subject; I am now a wanderer, in consequence of her decrees. I should therefore consider any addition to the grievous fact, any departure from the strictest historical truth, an undignified and cowardly vengeance.

Adam Halbert, Count of Neipperg, lieutenant-general of Hungarian light-horse, was appointed by the Aulic Council private secretary to the Duchess of Parma. According to the scandalous character of the times, the secretary and the lady had been long before familiarly acquainted. General Neipperg, it was said, made part of the brilliant train which escorted Napoleon's blooming bride to the fair destinies which awaited her in France.

DOST EVER THINK OF ME?

I THINK of thee when morning's light
 Breaks on the eastern sky—
 When at early prime the blithesome lark
 With his chirrup soars on high—
 When the silver bells of the morning dew
 Hang bright on every tree—
 When the opening flower its odour sweet
 Breathes forth unceasingly ;
 I think of thee when the mavis pipes
 His song in the greenwood free,
 When the merry minstrel sings his fill ;—
 Dost ever think of me ?

I think of thee at eventide,
 When day the world's forsaking—
 When o'er fair ocean's golden wave
 Its parting ray is breaking—
 When the gentle flowers are all asleep
 Beside the rippling streams,
 And the music of the murmuring rills
 Blend softly in their dreams—
 When the lustrous stars dance round and round
 The moon in ecstasy—
 And nature's self is locked in sleep ;—
 Love ! dost thou think of me ?

I think of thee when pain and grief
 Upon my heart are weighing—
 I think of thee when hope and joy,
 Around my head are playing ;
 I think of thee at matin's prime
 When the fairy earth is dreaming—
 I think of thee at eventide
 When the pale stars soft are gleaming,
 When the songster pipes his parting note
 Then—then—I think of thee ;—
 But, ah ! at morn or even, love,
 Dost ever think of me ?

Σ.

LORD KILLIKELLY.¹

BY ABBOTT LEE.

CHAPTER XXXII.

WALTER WICKHAM left Veronese, on their interview which we formerly narrated, with a stimulated mind and excited feelings. He felt braced up to new exertion: instead of the enervating influence of womanly society, which, in the atmosphere of luxury that he had been accustomed to bask in, had always found its way into his soul, and wound fetters round its freedom, trammelling and clogging its activity, he was now sensible of a healthy, spirit-breathing influence which bade him both *act* and *hope*, and this he had derived from a woman, herself worn down by the cares and the toils of this most unkind world. Wickham's thoughts ran over and over again the circumstances of his strange visit—strange to him. In finding Veronese, it seemed to him as if he had renewed some old friendship that had been long interrupted; met again a friend from whom circumstances had divided him. Yes, it is very possible to find people, with whom you seem to have been intimate all your life, with whom you can together look back upon the past, and have the same memory of thoughts and feelings, and with whom you look forward through the vista of the future with the same hopes and expectations, and these, though but the acquaintance of the day, are in fact the intimates of years, or rather they are the relations of the soul—a consanguinity far more unerring than a fraternityship of blood, and one instantly recognised and acknowledged.

Wickham asked himself where Veronese had existed all the years that he had been spending in luxury and idleness, and the inquiry suggested a long train of melancholy suppositions by way of reply. Years of toil, of sufferings, of mortifications, of poverty—how sad it seemed that the young should pass through them, that the probation should be thus severe, thus galling; and yet these were the processes which had made Veronese such as he had just seen her, so proudly patient, and so patiently proud. He thought of her in those mean apartments surrounded by that worst species of poverty, the would-be genteel, with her beauty fading, and hopes without an object, destroying the soil on which they fed, and yet able to breathe higher purposes and nobler aspirations into his own drooping spirits, and the superiority of her mental courage put shame upon his manliness.

But we have said that his feelings were excited. Veronese had reflected upon him for being regardless of the peace of the woman who had paid him that greatest of all compliments, the preferring him to every other mortal of earth's mould. The reproach caused a

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re-action in his sensations. He had hitherto thought himself the injured and aggrieved, but now was it so? Had he not rather left her to "pine away and die," or, if not quite to die, "to pine in thought, and, with a green and yellow melancholy, to sit like patience on a monument smiling at grief?" Yes, it was thus, in his changed feelings, that he now pictured his beautiful Arabella Hamilton. Her bright eye dim with tears—for him: and what can that man's heart be made of, who knows that a woman weeps for him, and does not feel it beat and bound towards her?—her cheek pale, wasted, shadowy—and for him: her lip with its smile forgotten—and for him: thought upon her brow—of him: and haggard grief and pale anxiety in every line and lineament—and all for him.

These thoughts of Wickham's had an immense locomotive power, and accelerated his pace astonishingly, as he posted on, with a sort of steam-engine speed, through street and turning, court and square. On, on, on went Wickham—regardless alike of baron or barrow, of belles or beaux, ladders or ladies, posts or policemen, cabs or caravans—on still he went, to the great danger of running over coaches, of upsetting wagons, or even of knocking down a few houses in his way; and, still impelled by the same impetus, never stopped his course, or drew up in his career, until he was fairly in Belgrave Square, and had actually passed over the threshold of the house which used to be his daily sojourn, had entered through the door, which happened to be most obligingly open, as the servants had only just done bowing off a carriage which was revolving away, and had safely and veritably drawn up in the hall—so far, we say, had the motive power of Wickham's feelings driven him before he came to a stop; but when he had thus arrived at a full point in his career, he began to think and to wonder; by-the-bye, that wondering at ourselves is a very disagreeable feeling; we only wonder when we have found ourselves out in some folly.

And Wickham now remembered, as he stood on that inhospitable hearth, that he was not only an unwelcome but a proscribed guest, and yet he was again within a door which had been shut upon him—under a roof that had rejected him. No matter, his beautiful Arabella had no share in the sin of her parents; *she* was not cold-hearted and prudent, *she* was not old and mercenary—no, she needed consolation, and he had come to console her; so to the inquiries of the liveried menials who came around him, he replied by desiring to know if Miss Hamilton were at home.

Now it happened that the Hamiltons had one trait of gentility very strongly developed in their character, which was the very frequent changing of their domestics, who went out of office about as often as a fashion becomes old; and in consequence of this fortunate circumstance, Walter Wickham was not known to be an interdicted visitor, but merely took the stranger's chance: his name, therefore, was transmitted through the proper authorities, and he himself was remitted into a waiting-room, until it might be ascertained what welcome the one might prepare for the other.

In less time than could have been anticipated, a very smart *femme de chambre*, streaming with ribbon ends and curls, came to him, and

with an air of great perturbation and mystery ushered him up a back staircase, two whole floors high, into a room that seemed to be half school-room and half nursery. All the inventions for making a court-road to learning were plentifully scattered about, together with an abundance of rational toys, and contrivances for the performance of gymnastic exercises; in fact, every mechanical thing that could be thought requisite for promoting and accelerating the plans of intellectual education.

Wickham felt a little surprise, mingled with a shade of dissatisfaction, at being received in this apartment, instead of finding himself once more inducted into the luxuriant yellow damask sofa in which, in his high and palmy days of loveable welcome, he had been accustomed to stretch his length of limb. But he had hardly time to glance over the idea of his present insignificance, before a light tripping foot-fall, evidently the pat, pat, pat of a white satin slipper, broke musically upon his ear; and though it was altogether unlike the sad prelude of the entrance of a lady "pining in green and yellow melancholy," yet he had scarcely been able to run over the rudiments of the comparison, before his beautiful Arabella entered, quite as beautiful as ever, and as unlike as her best friend could wish to the lady called Patience sitting on her monument. In fact, Arabella was just finishing dressing for a ball, and pink satin and lace, with roses twining through the hair, were never yet thought to be a suitable equipment for ladies in a state of fallow attenuation, which we believe is one of the last stages of that disorder called the tender passion, preparatory to its fatal finale. Arabella, however, seemed very happily to be yet a long way off that melancholy climax. Her cheek was round and blooming; her eye bright and swimming; her hair rich, glossy, and exceedingly well dressed; her person rather more plump and approaching to embonpoint than when Wickham had last seen her; her robe fitted to admiration, and the pink satin blushed through its veil of white lace in a manner exceedingly becoming to the complexion. There was neither sigh, nor tear, nor shadow over her brightness; neither was there the least sign of debility of footstep, nor any bad symptoms, as the faculty would say, about her; on the contrary, she was quite as handsome as Wickham had ever seen her, and that is saying a great deal, considering that the orbs of lovers are rather chameleon-like; and as he now gazed upon her with those eager eyes with which we devour what we have long desired to look upon, he internally congratulated himself upon his own exceedingly good taste, in having fallen in love with a lady whose whole appearance did so much credit to his ideas of style and his appreciation of the beautiful of things; and this feeling remained uppermost in his mind for some few seconds, though it was rather alternated and in danger of being somewhat balanced by an indescribable and altogether unaccountable feeling of disappointment at not finding his lady-love sitting for that picture of grief of which he had supposed she might have furnished so forcible a portrait.

"O Walter!" exclaimed the lady, "how could you be so imprudent?"

"Never mind the past," said Wickham. "Let us forget everything but the present. I see you again, and more beautiful than ever."

"Well, then, just for five minutes."

"Does my welcome extend no longer?"

"O Walter, you know that you are always welcome."

"I know that I always *was* welcome when I was an idle fopling, and the heir of a rich uncle; but time changes circumstances, and circumstances change feelings."

"O Walter!"

"Well, forgive me. I am no longer basking in the sunshine of the world, and perhaps the shade has rather soured my feelings. You see that I am altered—but I will not now speak of myself. Tell me only that you are happy—that you are not sinking under the weight of circumstances—that you are not participating in the blight which has passed over my ruined fortunes."

Arabella cast down her eyes and sighed; though, to a man out of love, nothing could look more unlike sorrow and depression than her rosy rounded cheek, and her rich and ruby lips, yet, to a man in love, a sigh breathed for him must outweigh a whole host of circumstantial evidence.

"You are not then happy, my Arabella," said Wickham; "and I have the sorrow of being obliged to add your troubles to my own."

Walter Wickham brightened up considerably under this painful supposition: he looked at once infinitely more handsome and animated, and it was altogether astonishing how well he bore such an addition to his distress.

"And is Lord Killikelly really inexorable?" asked Arabella. "Is he really so cruel as not to forgive you?"

"I have offended him beyond my own forgiveness," said Wickham; "how then can I look for his?"

"I am sure he is an unkind, hard-hearted, cruel man!" exclaimed Arabella.

"O no; his heart is only too full of the milk of human kindness."

"Then why does he not do something for you?"

"I do not choose that he should," said Wickham.

"And why don't you choose?" asked Arabella.

"Because I cannot receive obligations where I have conferred injury. I should despise myself if I could even condescend to *receive*, much less *ask*, pecuniary obligations from one towards whom I have shown nothing but ingratitude for the love of a whole life."

"It is Lord Killikelly's duty to provide for you as becomes his heir."

"But I am not his heir."

"Everybody said that you would be, and I am sure you ought to be."

"My dear Arabella, your condescending preference blinds you to the justice of this matter."

"I am sure," said Arabella, "that he ought to allow you a few thousands a year."

"And I am sure," said Walter, "that I would not receive it."

"But you know, Walter, if *he would*—"

"Ah, Arabella, do not increase my disappointment by showing me what might be!"

"But, Walter, papa and mamma would not object to your coming here as usual."

"Arabella, do you wish to drive me mad?"

"No, but only to show you how happy we might be again."

"We?"

Arabella blushed, and looked down upon the carpet.

"And won't you ask him, Walter? won't you?" said Arabella, lifting up her eyes to his face with a beseeching expression. "Won't you?"

"Arabella, do you wish me to degrade myself?"

"No; there is no degradation in it. I only wish you to ask your uncle to do his duty by providing for you—you know that he ought to do it; he ought to be made, if he is not willing."

"Arabella, Lord Killikelly is one of the most generous men in the world. So far from doing too little, he always does too much; and to talk of making him do liberal things, whose life is spent in their performance, is indeed injustice. To convince you of this, Arabella, I will tell you that Lord Killikelly has never shown his anger to me in any pecuniary way. The very handsome income which I have always derived from him is now accumulating in his banker's hands, ready for me at any time, if I chose to draw it; and I honestly believe that if I were at this moment to ask him for the half of his fortune, he would give it to me."

Arabella's face flashed with exultation.

"O Walter, and won't you ask him?"

"Arabella!" said Walter reproachfully.

"No, of course, I don't mean you to ask him for half his fortune, at least not now whilst he is alive, though you ought to have it in the end. I only meant, Walter, that you should ask him to increase your allowance. You shake your head. Ah, Walter, you are like all the rest of your sex—you promised everything for my sake until you found out your own power, and now you will do nothing—nothing I ask you!"

"Arabella, can you ask me to do what you must despise me for doing?"

"No, Walter, I would never despise you; whatever you did, I should think you right. All the world might say what it pleased, it would never make any difference to me."

The sweetness of this flattery somewhat blinded Wickham to the humble position of morals which it took up. We believe that this is the great secret of womanly ascendancy over masculine minds: the man believes that the woman looks up to him and thinks him perfect, and, in his gratitude for her blind admiration, returns her the compliment of thinking her judgment infallible.

"I am sure," returned Arabella, "that the change in your circumstances has made no change in me. Nothing that papa or mamma could say made the least difference. If you were ever so poor, ay, as poor as the Poles," (and Arabella's thoughts glanced somewhat admiringly towards a certain tall, handsome, moustachioed count, with a very long name, whose taste in dress and trinkets was unrivalled,) you would be just the same in my eyes. I always told papa and

mamma that you were not to blame—that it was all that cruel Lord Killikelly's fault ; and though you are so generous as to say that it is your own fault and not his, I am sure you are quite wrong, and you only do it out of liberality."

What could Wickham say to this, at once so foolish and so kind—so senseless and so flattering ? He saw that it would be folly to reason with sentiments so weak and futile, yet, as the partiality which dictated them half blinded him to their imbecility, and their flattery influenced his gratitude, and put him into perfect good humour with himself, he forthwith commenced a strain half soothing and half adulatory, which perfectly satisfied Arabella's heart.

"But it was very imprudent of you to come here to-night, Walter. If papa and mamma had been at home !"

"If they had ?"

"Why then, you know, they would have been angry."

"I am indifferent to their anger."

"O, but I am not. I could not have borne for them to have been rude to you."

"You are sweetly kind to think only of me."

"They had only just gone, and I'm sure nobody will tell them that you have been. I shall order our people to say nothing about it."

"Had you not better tell them yourself ?"

"Tell them, Walter ! What *are* you thinking of ?"

"My dear Arabella, even to see you I cannot stoop to the meanness of entering any house clandestinely."

"O Walter, but you will come again, won't you ?" exclaimed Arabella eagerly.

"How can I subject you to the anger which you dread ?"

"O, papa and mamma would never know. You might often come when they go out to dinner. Nobody would tell them."

"Could I condescend to plot with your servants ?"

"O Walter, if you loved me, you would do anything to see me."

"I would do anything that had no meanness in it."

"You have been all this long time, and never taken the least interest in me. I might have died."

Wickham felt that this reproach was just. He had indeed been thinking more of his own misfortunes than of Arabella's feelings during the interval of absence, and he remembered too that it was on the suggestion of another, and not from the impulses of his own heart, he had now sought the presence of his beloved.

"Do you mean to leave me to be miserable again ?" asked Arabella reproachfully. To leave me all this long weary time, and never let me know whether you are alive or dead, happy or miserable ! O Walter, I would not do so to you !"

"Arabella, you will drive me mad !"

"And you might end it all with a word, if you would only ask Lord Killikelly to do what he ought to do ; and then you could come openly and publicly, and papa and mamma would be as glad to see you as ever."

"Must we go over all this old ground again ?"

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"No, you will do what you please—just what you please, and nothing else. Men always do what they like, and it is no matter who suffers from it. *I would have done anything for you.*"

Walter was beginning to have some very vague notions of what was right and what was wrong, and a sort of confused suspicion that he must be a great brute, when his ideas were interrupted by the stoppage of carriage wheels at the door, the usual reverberation of the knocker when played upon by the footman's hand, and the bustle consequent on an arrival. Arabella fell into a very pretty trepidation. Wickham drew himself up very proudly, as if he were quite ready to receive an affront, and the door of the room was suddenly burst open by the once-before-mentioned *femme de chambre*, who rushed in quite with an air of one privileged by the possession of a secret to set all respect on one side, and with a very natural imitation of the artificial character as personated on the Haymarket stage, exclaimed, "O Miss Arabella! Miss Arabella! here's your mamma come back to fetch you to the ball!"

"O Walter, what shall we do?"

"There's plenty of room in the broom-closet on the landing," said the maid, "if Mr. Wickham would only step in just for a minute or two until you are gone, miss."

Arabella looked at Wickham.

"Or if Mr. Wickham would only walk up stairs a floor higher—your mamma never goes into the servants' rooms. Won't you, Mr. Wickham?"

Arabella's eyes asked the same question.

"Miss Hamilton," said Wickham gravely, "pray do not be uneasy for a circumstance in which you are not in the least implicated. My calling upon you this evening was entirely without your knowledge or permission, and of course you cannot be blamed for that of which you were not even aware. Allow me to see Mrs. Hamilton, and make these explanations to her."

"O Walter," exclaimed Arabella, "I dare not—I dare not! You will do nothing to oblige me! How altered you are! How can you be so unkind?"

"There's your mamma in the drawing-room, miss," said the maid, listening at the door. "She is calling for you."

"What shall I do?" exclaimed Arabella piteously. "Oh! why did you come?"

Wickham was piqued in spite of his other feelings.

"Suffer me to go to her; I will take all the blame upon myself."

"Impossible!" exclaimed Arabella.

"She is on the stairs, I declare!" said the maid; and as she spoke, Mrs. Hamilton's voice was heard on the outside exclaiming, "Arabella! Arabella! not dressed yet! How long do you mean to keep me waiting?"

"Coming, mamma!" faintly exclaimed Arabella.

"She is on the landing!" said the maid, putting the door close, and peeping through the chinks; "she is on the landing. Do for goodness sake, Mr. Wickham, just go behind that screen, if you will do nothing else. She will only look in at the door."

"O do, dear Walter!" exclaimed Arabella.

"I cannot condescend to hide myself," said Wickham, firmly.

"Then just go into the next room," said Arabella, pointing to a half-open door; "that is not hiding yourself. Mamma may not go in there."

"Arabella," said Wickham, "I will neither despise myself, nor suffer you to despise me."

"Arabella," said Mrs. Hamilton, with her hand upon the lock of the door, "Arabella, when will you be ready?"

Arabella gasped for a reply, but before the inarticulate words found a breath to give them life, a slight muttering in the tones of a masculine voice was heard on the outside of the door, with a few rejoinders in the feminine utterance of Mrs. Hamilton, and then the speakers departed down the stairs together.

Arabella breathed again. The blowsy chambermaid exclaimed, "La, miss, what good luck! Your papa wanted to speak to your mamma, and just fetched her down himself in the very nick of time."

As to Wickham, he had heard a slight rustle in the adjoining dark room, which was standing with the door half open, and he could not help suspecting that Mr. Hamilton had been a nearer neighbour than was altogether agreeable to reflect upon; but he was prudent, and kept his surmises to himself.

A minute after, Wickham heard the carriage-steps slammed down, and in a minute more he heard them slammed up again, which was followed by the door being slammed to in the same energetic manner, and then by the noise of the wheels whirling the whole concern away, and then the hall-door was clapped. After these various intimations of the departure of the Hamiltons *en famille*, the maid took her hand off the lock of the door, which she had been safely guarding, and with a curtsey intimated to Wickham that he was now a free agent; which intimation of liberty was succeeded by his assuming locomotion and following her down the back staircase, with very much the same feeling of personal indignity that one may suppose a case of smuggled spirits to experience in its ignominious transfer; and he was thus passed through the hall, and underwent the significant scrutiny of the servants, and was finally shut out, after being well gazed after by the porter and one or two of his scrutinising friends, with the barometer of his self-respect considerably lowered.

ADVENTURES OF A GENTLEMAN IN SEARCH OF AN ESTATE.¹

BY THE AUTHOR OF "THE CORSAIR'S BRIDAL," &c.

"Come unto those yellow sands—
And then join hands."

TEMPEST.

"To be sold by private contract, part of the lands of Ballycragmorris, containing sixteen hundred and ten acres, two roods, and nineteen perches, more or less, delightfully situated in the romantic, picturesque, peaceable, and sporting county Wicklow," &c.

"This reads pretty well," said I, throwing down the 'Mail'; "it is, moreover, slyly hinted, that the lands will be sold considerably under their real value, and though I perfectly agree with Sir Hudibras, that

'Th' intrinsic value of a thing,
Is just so much as it will bring,'

I may stumble upon a prize, a real good bargain, such as civilized wiseacres made with the natives in the good old times;" and having finished my breakfast, fortified with tongue, chicken, and an extra cup of *café noir en avant*, I shouldered my umbrella, because even in the month of June "the weather is not the most secure" in the sister island, and marched with hasty strides to the house of Dennis M'Gwiggan, solicitor, and found that gentleman in green slippers and pie-balled dressing-gown, shaving himself at his black bureau.

"Sit down, sir," said he, when I entered his office; "sit down, sir. Your case must be desperate, since you drop in so early, but *nil desperandum*," sputtered this limb of the law as he plunged his face into a large basin of water, and then, turning round like Niobe all in tears, sought for a towel to hide his blushes; the towel, to use a legal term, *non est inventus*, and Mr. M'Gwiggan rang the bell furiously till the meagre youth who had ushered me into the office made his appearance. Here a most refreshing dialogue passed between master and man, the latter declaring he had left the towel upon certain deeds and papers, and the former vowing vengeance upon his negligent and deceitful servant, ending by assuring him "By the virtue of my oath, and as sure as my name is Dennis M'Gwiggan, I'll warm the wax in your ear, if you don't get me something to wipe my face while I say Jack Robinson.

"Take my praskeen, take my praskeen, till I run up to the mistress for a towel," cried the youth, hastily divesting himself of an apron once white, which he threw towards his indignant master, and escaped from the office, round which the attorney moused for the lost

¹ Continued from p. 319.

towel, tossing deeds, papers, and parchments to and fro, and ever and anon directing some of his rambling conversation to me.

"Sit still, sir—don't let me disturb you—that boy will be hung. I'll attend to your case immediately. Nothing's too hot or too heavy for him. I'll give him a mark of my affection one of those days, the scurvy hound! You want to have a writ marked, or a letter"—

Here I thought it high time to declare the object of my visit as briefly as possible. Never was Dennis M'Gwiggan more confounded. He blushed to the ears as he grasped the rejected apron, scrubbed his round potato face withal, twisted an orange and green silk shawl round his short bull-neck, buttoned his pie-balled dressing-gown, ejaculated "Ballycragmorris," and without further delay caught up the newspaper, and read the advertisement in a loud and sonorous voice, though I begged to assure him I had already read the advertisement, and wished to hear the particulars.

"Sixteen hundred and ten acres, two roods, and nineteen perches, be the same more or less," said he.

"English or Irish measure?" said I.

"Plantation, plantation, sir!" quoth he.

"Is the property open?"

"It lies in a ring-fence," replied the solicitor.

"I mean, is it entailed? In short, has the advertiser a right to sell it?"

"Right, sir!" said Dennis, with a stare; "have I a right to sell this house?"

I supposed that was best known to himself.

"Well, sir, I have a right to sell my own property."

I was happy to hear it, and hoped the advertiser enjoyed the same privilege; was induced to make the observation from the well-known fact, that it was easier to advertise a property for sale than show good title to a purchaser. I spoke from experience, having gone through many fatiguing preliminaries, and all but purchased an estate, a chancery suit, and the onus of providing for nine younger children, and a widow into the bargain.

"Make yourself easy on that score," said Dennis, "for the widow and children are already provided for in this case, and my client is free as air to do what he likes with Ballycragmorris. The title is most unexceptionable. I have the skins under my thumb. The land is part of the confiscated property of the O'Toole. In fact, Ballycragmorris was the favoured retreat, the fastness, the stronghold of that arch rebel——"

"Here's the towel, sir," said the trembling lad, peeping into the room.

"D—n your towel!" thundered Dennis, indignant at this futile interruption to his peroration. "D—n your impudence!" exclaimed the man of law, hurling a bundle of deeds at the head of the intruder, who scamped off like a rabbit, while Dennis resumed. "Where was I?" said he; "O'Toole—the O'Toole, as I said before. D—n that boy—he provokes me. Indeed, I must apologize to you, sir, a stranger, though I flatter myself we will be better acquainted when you purchase Ballycragmorris. Here is the map. You perceive the great military road runs through the heart of the property, and then it is

all in hand. That mark, like a brick, is the shooting lodge—capital shooting on the hills, you know.”

“But the arable land,” said I; “please to inform me how many acres of arable land. I cannot discern any marks or tokens of enclosure on the face of the map.”

“This is an old map,” said Dennis. “I admit the property is not very highly cultivated; if it was, we would ask a larger price for it. Twenty years’ purchase is no great price for one of the best mountain grazing farms in Wicklow, and besides, *entre nous*,” said Dennis, mysteriously lowering his voice, “the property must be sold, and whoever gets it will get a precious bargain.”

“I doubt it much, for mountain farms in this weeping climate are very unproductive, I understand.”

“And what signifies a mere farm, the dirty acres, the crops, and superficies of the richest lands in Meath or Kildare, when compared with the high bold headlands of Ballycragmorris,” said Dennis, with a smile. “In fact, sir, it is impossible to say what this property may be worth in the hands of an active and enterprising capitalist. No, sir,” continued he, “I will no longer keep you upon the thorns of suspense. Know, then, young man, that you are upon the eve of buying what my client (God pity him!) is compelled by the tide of misfortune to sell—a mine of gold,” said Dennis, sinking his voice into a deep whisper, and thumping his fist upon the desk before him.

“Indeed!” said I, not expecting to hear such a valuable communication.

“You may well cry indeed,” said Dennis; “bless your stars, my good sir, you are on the high road to Fortune’s lap. Once in possession of Ballycragmorris, you’ll sink a shaft in the hill-side, and reap a golden harvest. O, if I had the money, the gold mine should not go a begging,” said Dennis, who then informed me that the country people had found bits of gold in the gravel and sand washed from the hill-side by a torrent; and further, that several miners had declared that from the aspect of the country a second Potosi might lie beneath a very unpromising exterior.

Look before you leap being my new maxim, I declined making a written agreement, or verbal promise, with the sapient M’Gwiggan, who nevertheless furnished me with a line of introduction to the caretaker of this precious farm, and further indicated the route in a very friendly manner.

“Caravan to Baltinglass, and car to Ballycragmorris,” said he, following me to the hall-door, on opening which a gust of wind rushed into the hall, and for the first time I perceived that the learned Dennis had not yet invested his nether man with the most indispensable parts of dress, and apropos to mountains and mountaineers, showed a pair of brown knees to the public, and the select boarding-school girls who marched past the door, while an ill-suppressed titter escaped even from the sour-visaged governess, who affected to hide her blushes under a faded parasol held sideways, from that magnus Apollo of Mountjoy, Squire Dennis M’Gwiggan, solicitor.

Following that gentleman’s advice, I started at twelve o’clock for Baltinglass, supporting the inconvenience and misery of being wedged

into the caravan, a hearse-like machine, with eleven unhappy bipeds, not including four squallers, held upon the knees of four nurses, returning from a certain respectable institution, laden with fresh proofs of the anti-Malthusian spirit of the good people of Dublin. I bore all this, I say, and more than this, with the fortitude of Pizarro, or any other ancient Spaniard traversing unknown lands with El Dorado in his mind's eye. Ballycragmorris, and Potosi as connected therewith, sustained me in the midst of my woes, even when the excoterant nurse on my right requested me "to hould the child," and, suiting the act to the word, placed the screaming bantling in my arms, while she made sundry arrangements in her habiliments which no pen can describe. We did not arrive at Baltinglass till evening, and so far I was disappointed, having calculated on reaching the hill farmhouse, where M'Gwiggan assured me I would find at least a well-aided bed.

I slept that night at Baltinglass, and started next morning betimes for the hills, upon an outside car, "*selon l'usage du pays*." Dennis M'Gwiggan had spoken about the great military road, and I frequently stopped my charioteer in the midst of a glowing description of a tithe sale he had lately witnessed in Carlow, to inquire where the great military road was to be found; hinting that he had mistaken the direction received from my host at Baltinglass.

"Let me alone—I could find the way blindfold," replied the whip; "and if your honour will only look straight before you, you'll see something like a dirty white ribbon wandering down the side of a brown feather bed—that's the great military road."

And in process of time we toiled up the hills on foot, seeing that the horse was fairly blown in the midst of his vigorous efforts to tug the car through the ruts, holes, stones, and mire, dignified with the high-sounding title of the Great Military Road. The aspect of the country was most desolate: trees were out of the question, and notwithstanding all that has been said and sung about the green hills of Erin, gray or brown would have been nearer the mark. To be sure, hills look green at a distance, saith the proverb; and summoning philosophy to aid me through the Slough of Despond, I had left my equipage far behind, when the shouts of the charioteer arrested my progress.

"Holloa! stop, and come back, your honour."

"What's the matter, my good fellow?" said I, returning to my charioteer.

"Why, nothing very extraordinary," said he; "only as I heard you were going to see Ballycragmorris, I thought it a 'quare' thing to see your honour walk through the middle of it without looking right or left."

"You must be mistaken," said I; "I understand there are some houses on the property. Nay, the very name of the place, Bally, signifying a small town, supports my argument."

"Then may be it's joking your honour's after—to talk of towns up here."

"Come, come," said I, sternly regarding a list of names in the locale of Ballycragmorris, "where is Doyle Street? answer me that

question. Who ever heard of streets, ballys, and places, in a spot like this?"

"There is Doyle Street," replied my man, pointing to a bleak and desolate mountain; "and, as I said before, this is Ballycragmorris; and if your honour won't believe me, ask this man walking up the road."

The man corroborated my whip's evidence, and further assured me that he was the care-taker and herd of Ballycragmorris; and moreover advised the car-man to unyoke his beast, leave the car by the road-side, and follow said care-taker and herd, who would be happy to pilot us to the mountain lodge. Leaving the car in the ditch, we followed the herd—a broad-shouldered, clean-limbed, strapping fellow, whose patched velvet shooting-jacket and short leather gaiters declared him to be "an idle man," as every country fellow, no matter what his occupation may be, is called, if he is not doomed to dig and delve the soil from morning till night. We soon arrived at the shooting-box, which was so judiciously concealed in a ravine, that it might have served as the model of a bear-trap, deer-trap, or man-trap; for should any of the aforesaid animals, wandering that way, be given to star-gazing, they would indubitably be taken in the capacious chimney of the mountain lodge. It was, nevertheless, substantially built, slated, glazed, and doored in a most suitable manner; a high stone wall enclosed the yard at one side, and below this a feeble attempt at cultivation appeared—one acre of a wet swampy valley being planted with potatoes and cabbages, and dignified with the name of the garden. The horse was soon stowed in a cow-shed, my jarvey loaded his pipe, and sat down by the fire, while I sallied forth with the herd to view the premises. The herd led the way across the mountain to show me the grazing stock, and every step he took seemed to be more difficult to imitate, till at last I called a halt, in the midst of a bog that seemed to have been rent asunder in every direction by an earthquake; in fact, we stood upon masses of trembling turf, surrounded with deep and horrible chasms—talk of the crevices of the "Mer de Glace,"—but to perish ignobly in a mountain bog.

"There are the cattle," said the herd, pointing to sundry light bodied cows and tiny calves, and some sheep and goats, browsing among the sedge and heath. "We are paid so much a head for them," said he, "and I have hard work to keep them in bounds, especially the rambles. I once followed a bit of a heifer to the top of Sugar-loaf, the highest mountain in Wicklow."

"Sugar-loaf! what a name for a mountain!" thought I. "But, my good fellow, where is this famous *gold mine*?"

The herd looked askant at me over his shoulder, and I repeated the question.

"Do you think you'll be able to follow me, sir?" said he.

"Certainly," said I; "lead the way to the gold mine directly."

"O, very well," said the herd, very deliberately taking off his shoes and gaiters; "now, sir, keep your eye upon me," said he, bounding from tuft to tuft, rock to bank, over sinking moss and rugged furze brake, like an Indian; while I, filled with golden visions of Peru, Po-

tosí, and El Dorado, made exertions to keep up with my leader that not only surprised that hardy mountaineer but myself also—it wants but the will to accomplish the deed; yes, even encumbered with boots and an umbrella. But I must not boast of my feats too soon. The herd at last stopped at the bottom of a valley, through which a small mountain stream threaded its way. He began looking about among the gravel, and taking up a handful of it, presented it to me, demanding if I saw anything like *gould* in that. Of course I did not perceive the slightest vestige of the precious metal, at the same time expressing a wish to follow the streamlet to its source.

“By the bones of St. Patrick that will take you some time, then,” said the guide; “and you must step out a little faster than you did a while ago.”

“Why,” said I, “I thought the head of the stream issued from a mountain on this property.”

“Och, listen to this,” replied the herd, with a laugh; “why everybody knows the stream can be traced up to the black lough in the hills, and that’s five miles from this.”

In fact, I had been grossly deceived by M’Gwiggan; the grains of gold found in the stream may have been washed from a mine somewhere in the bowels of the Wicklow mountains, or the aforesaid black lough; and as to hunting for a mine in such an impracticable out of the way place as Ballycragmorris, I resigned the glorious prospect without a sigh, and now was only most anxious to get back again to Dublin; but it was ordained I should not escape from Ballycragmorris scot free. Returning to the mountain lodge, we were caught in a storm—and such a storm—the clouds of night seemed to descend from the hill-tops.

“Run, run, run, sir!” bawled the herd, as he scampered before me; “we’ll be *cotched* and drenched like rats.”

Run I did, and, perspiring at every pore, looked back at the dense dark cloud rolling along the ground after us; a broad flash of lightning quivered round us, and “Vargin protect us!” cried the herd, as he threw himself upon his face in the heath. A tremendous clap of thunder shook the ground under my feet, and I was fain to follow the herd’s example. Down came the hail and rain in sheets; my umbrella was shivered in a moment; and though we were within one hundred paces of the lodge, we could not stir till the storm rushed over our drenched bodies, and we crawled into the lodge more dead than alive.

“El Dorado, adieu,” I groaned, as I remounted the car on the road-side, and had the mortification to find the cushions wet as the recent storm could make them. “Farewell Potosí; catch me treasure seeking again,” said I, digging the hail-stones out of the pockets of my pea-jacket, and relieving my boots of the superabundant bog mould with a slate.

“You have had a hard day’s work of it,” said the driver; “but there’s one satisfaction.”

“And what’s that?” said I.

“Why, we have the fall of the hill with us, going home; and that’s what I call satisfaction,” said he, chirruping to his hack, and

urging him into a gallop down the execrable road, over which we rattled at the risk of our necks, towards the pretty little town of Baltinglass once more.

Having made a short and agreeable tour in the county Wicklow, and admired everything worthy of admiration, I returned leisurely towards the city. Indeed, my car-man, whose services and equipage I had secured at — per diem, seemed to regard our final separation (which was to take place in Dublin) with horror; he endeavoured to beguile me to the mountains again; then finding I was obstinately bent on proceeding to Dublin, he volunteered to remain with me while I staid in that city, and afterwards “drag me round Ireland” upon his car. Indeed the poor fellow seemed to have had quite enough of the charms of Baltinglass, which he did not scruple to denounce as a “beggarly hole.”

“What the devil are they looking for?” said my charioteer, as we descended from the Dublin mountains at a quick pace. “What can they have lost?” he exclaimed, pointing down the slope of a hill, towards which we soon approached near enough to discover at least a score and a half well-dressed men, scattered up and down the valley and hill-side, evidently seeking for something with much earnestness.

“If your honour will hold the reins, I’ll go and inquire what they have lost,” said Mallowney, briskly jumping off the car, burning with curiosity which I did not permit him to gratify, having a lively remembrance of the way in which he had behaved a few days ago. Passing a farm-house, I had seen a remarkably well-shaped cob standing in the bawn or yard in front of the house; the moment Mallowney heard me praise the horse, he said he was sure and certain the farmer would be very happy to sell it. Supposing such to be the fact, I permitted him to inquire the price of the horse.

Mallowney soon found the farmer, and seeing him in deep conversation with the man, I drove on quietly, as I had not the slightest intention of encumbering myself with an additional horse. A tremendous shout, followed by a tumultuous outcry, soon caused me to pull up, and looking back beheld Mallowney rushing after me at full speed, minus his hat, and blood upon his cheek, while the farmer and three men with sticks pursued him for a short distance, hooting like bedlamites. Mallowney soon jumped upon the car, and belaboured his back into a gallop. It was some time before he informed me about his mishap—it seemed to me to be all his own fault. He had begun by asking the farmer sundry knowing questions about his horse—how old he was—how long the farmer had been “*his master*,” and ended by saying he had once a horse the very picture of the one in question, but that it had been stolen from him; this roundabout way of ascertaining the horse’s price roused the farmer’s honest indignation. He told Mallowney the horse was born and reared upon his own ground, as every man in the parish could swear. An altercation ensued—Mallowney raised his whip, the farmer’s sons rushed to his help, and my charioteer narrowly escaped being well thrashed for his temerity: as it was, he received a thump in the face and lost his hat. But *revenons à nos moutons*.

"No, Mr. Mallowney," said I, "mind your equipage while I offer my assistance to those gentlemen-seekers."

No sooner had I entered the field than one of the aforesaid men assumed his perpendicular; he was a big-boned, awkward-looking gentleman, turned fifty, dressed in seedy black; he stood up, and waving one hand in the air in a very triumphant manner, raised a small tin tube or penny trumpet with the other, and inflating his cheeks, he blew a blast through the penny trumpet that might have been mistaken for the goat-like bleating of a jack-snipe, poised in mid air, over a wild heath on a hot summer's day. I had hardly recovered from the surprise with which the solemn trumpeter and his trumpet had thrown me, when all the rest came scampering towards the trumpeter, who still continued to sound the charge till the stragglers came in, and a gallant band of grave and some gay-looking men rallied round him.

"Brethren and fellow-labourers, friends and lovers," said the solemn trumpeter looking round him, and then pointing to his feet, "I hasten to introduce a rare *Hycoperdon* to your notice—same time, another of the *Lichen* family—both belonging to the class *Cryptogamia*, both worthy of our admiration and regard."

By this time the attention of the brethren was directed to myself, and observing this I would have retired, but the great trumpeter advanced towards me with extended hand.

"Stay, my good sir, if you are seeking for knowledge, and have followed the steps of the brethren hither, hoping to glean."

I begged to interrupt the sapient trumpeter—assured him I had not followed himself or his disciples—my coming among them was purely accidental. "Much as I admire botany as a——"

"He admires botany, my friends," exclaimed the trumpeter.

"Botany for ever!" exclaimed several voices.

I replied that I certainly had attended some botanical lectures; but after six lectures, finding the lecturer still harping upon the fibre of a leaf, I despaired of ever getting to the top of the tree, and had given up the pursuit, not being blessed with perseverance and patience.

"But if you attended our lectures," said a fresh-looking, sanguine youth, "and heard this learned professor, the doctor, who, simple as he stands here with a little tin trumpet in his hand, is——"

"Forbear, Peduncles," cried the doctor, repressing the zeal of his young disciple; "and if I am an herb of no common growth, I glory not in the sunshine of flattery—no, rather let my sensitive heart recoil, shrink, wither in the shade, than——"

Tootle—tootle—too-too-to-to, blasted a trumpet in the corner of a field.

"Hello—hello! what hast thou found?" exclaimed the doctor, rushing towards the fresh trumpeter, while the brethren followed their leader across the fields as fast as they could scamper.

I brought up the rear, and began to enter into the sport of the thing.

"One fool makes many,
But the old fool's worse than any,"

saith the proverb; not that I mean to say it is at all applicable to the

learned doctor, who wiped the perspiration from his brow, as he mildly rebuked a long-faced wag called Sweet Scabious, for sounding the alarm over a mere leontodon, vulgarly called dandelion, or ———.

I now discovered that every man was possessed of a tin trumpet, which it was his duty to sound whenever he discovered a rare plant, herb, or weed; and, moreover, each member of the society rejoiced in some botanical *nom de guerre*. I was introduced to Mr. Secretary Sinapis, Messrs. Fumaria, Marrubrium, Papaver, Boletus, Plantago, and all the rest of the worshipful company; who one and all insisted I should stay and partake of an humble repast which they purposed to enjoy *al fresco* upon the grass, beside a brawling stream; and the labours of the day being declared at an end, each man shouldered his herbal, slung his trumpet behind him, and hastened to the spot where sundry hampers, baskets, jars, and bottles were piled. Two carmen were busily employed arranging some plates, knives, forks, and tea-cups, upon a level bit of ground, close to the ravine through which the aforesaid streamlet babbled; and the contents of the hampers and baskets being turned out rather unceremoniously, a capital round of beef took the liberty of running down the slope, and plunging its thirsty sides into the water, from which, however, it was quickly fished up again; and having merely picked up an additional seasoning of thorns and gravel, it occupied its original place at the *fête champêtre*, and formed a capital *pièce de resistance*; hams, tongues, cold chickens, pigeon-pies, and tartlets, vanished in double-quick time before the hungry botanists; while the quick and rolling fire of the corks from long and short-necked bottles, proved that the society were not tea-totallers, though they drank out of tea-cups—the cup or calyx being more classical and less liable to be broken than glass; several toasts and sentiments being drunk with all the honours, my friend the doctor, who, being seated upon a basket as president, filled the basket with great dignity of deportment, tempered with the genial affability of a *bon vivant*—the president, I say, rose and proposed a brimming nectarium to the health of our guest, passing a very unmerited encomium upon a wandering disciple of Linnæus, as he was pleased to call my unworthy self. I got upon my legs to return thanks, and was received with three distinct cheers. By the way, this getting upon one's legs is a matter of such easy performance, that many a man is induced to do so, and being upon his legs, wish that he was off them again; suffice to say, after looking like a fool for the usual time, stammering and talking in the usual incoherent way, I broke down in a treble parenthesis, and was rejoiced to find myself seated upon the herbage once more, amidst cheers mingled with Kentish fire, and an ironical jingling of knives, forks, and platters. Several of the members followed my example: their speeches were filled with apt quotations, pithy remarks, and adorned with a superfluity of flowers, roots, leaves, branches, and technical terms, used upon such occasions by botanists. Songs were sung and Acrostichum being loudly called for, a sentimental swain, with some dwarf ferns in his hatband, declared he was not in voice, nor yet in mirthful mood.

“No matter, you must sing or pay the penalty,” roared a dozen voices; while the youth, seeing the impossibility of resistance, sang

the following words to a well-known Irish air, assisted by four of the brethren, who joined in the chorus.

SONG OF THE BEE.

I sing the song of the humble bee,
Who, with Aurora rising,
Unfolds her wings right merrilie,
And goes out botanizing.
Away, away o'er brake and brae,
O'er woodland hill and hollow ;
To win the first bright flower of May,
Who'll follow—follow—follow ?

CHORUS.

And here's a health to the humble bee,
And soon may she fill her bag, sir—
Success to the sons of botany,
And every comical wag, sir.

In hawthorn bush we'll wake the thrush,
Our fairy bugles sounding ;
In ferny dells touch wild heath-bells,
And set the red deer bounding.
And we'll pass by each gay catch-fly,
To where the blushing roses
Unfold to view the mountain dew,
In which we'll dip our noses.

CHORUS.

And here's a health to the humble bee, &c.

On beds of thyme anon we'll climb,
At Bella Donnas winking,
And many a smile reward us while
On balmy pillows sinking.
Then up—away—from flowery spray—
From heart's-ease and plantago,
Lest, loitering long upon flowers of song,
We catch for our pains a lumbago.

CHORUS.

And here's a health to the humble bee, &c.

While the last notes of this harmonious song quavered upon our ears, the welcome strain of the hunting chorus in *Der Freischütz* cheered our sinking spirits, and, lifting up our heads, we perceived several gentlemen in black wending their way down the glen, some singing, and others beating time upon the rocks and stones, *en passant*, with their hammers. Sundry knowing winks were exchanged by the botanists when the party on the opposite side of the ravine halted, and began to holla out—

“Who are ye, holding on by the ground to keep yourselves from falling ?”

“The Dublin Royal Botanical Society,” responded my party, with one voice.

“O ye asses—ye Nebuchadnezzarites—ye wolves in sheeps' skins, seeking to browse with the lambkins ye devour.”

"And who are ye, who talk so big and look so little?" roared our potent president, rising from the basket, like another Telamon Ajax.

"We are the Royal Dublin Geological Society, returning in triumph from the hills," responded our antagonists.

"O ye stone-breakers—ye miserable plodders, doomed to grovel in the crust of the earth," bellowed our champion, "hide your diminished heads, while we bask in the sunshine, and riot upon beds of flowers."

"Go home, go home with ye, ye weed-diggers—ye bluebottles and unclean flies, clapping your disastrous feet upon the fairest flowers, and nipping vegetation in the bud like locusts!" screamed a thin wiry little man, in reply to our last: but ere our champion could reply, Sweet Scabious, starting up, requested permission to answer that scurrilous atom in his own lingo, and the parol being granted—

"Hello, ye skinflints—answer me, ye marble-crackers. After all your delving in the 'bowels of the harmless earth,' what have ye found to comfort the mind of man? and are ye not plunged into the quagmires of doubt, into which ye would fain drag the unwary passenger who extendeth his hand to relieve ye?"

"Silence, ye chuckle-heads—ye ignoramuses, standing for ever between your bundle of weeds, without strength of mind sufficient to turn right or left," retorted our opponents. "Ay, if ye were thrown, one and all, upon a desolate island, ye could not discriminate cabbages from scutchgrass."

"Desolate islands produce not cabbages," thundered our president, "and thus ye publish your imbecile, futile, and groundless assertions to the world."

"Pounded! pounded! pounded!" bellowed our party; while the geniuses on the opposite side being, like ourselves, *Bacchi pleni*, were filled with such zeal for the cause, that they would fain have crossed the stream, and renewed the battle at close quarters. Our party were also well inclined to charge the foe, and fortunately the brawling stream still separated the belligerents, who seemed to have a very wholesome dread of cold water. Three rounds of Billingsgate were discharged between the high contending parties, when they regained their first position, and the geologists, being worsted, began to wreak their vengeance upon the ground, knocking sparks out of the stones with their hammers, and kicking up the dust on every side like pugnacious tom-cats; while we, I mean my party, lifted up their tin trumpets, and with one consent sent forth such a combination of soul-rending sounds, breathing all their scorn, contempt, satire, ire, and derision in one long blast, which the geologists, having no trumpets to return "blast for blast," were either unable or unwilling to hear, and plunging their fingers into their ears, they abandoned their position, and made a hasty and inglorious retreat down the valley. The evening was far advanced, when several carmen, who had not been inattentive observers of what was going forward, hinted that we had better think of breaking up our classical entertainment; and accordingly the hampers, baskets, books, and herbarium were transferred by them to a long string of jaunting-cars, my own amongst the rest, drawn up by the road-side, and we were soon seated upon our jingles, and galloping

right merrily towards the metropolis. We had barely rode a mile when we overtook another string of outside cars, conveying the discomfited geologicals from the scene of action. And now began a scene which I own I am unable to describe, not being possessed of the ready pen of a special reporter. Wit glanced through the clouds of dust that surrounded our cars, and thunders of applause rose like the salutation of hostile fleets upon running alongside of each other. Our charioteers had caught up a little of the spirit of the day; there was opposition and hostility in their movements—"the devil take the hindmost" was the cry, and away we went at full speed, racing jaunting-car against jaunting-car. Woe worth the day to the luckless goose, hen, pig, or dog, that crossed our reckless course!

"Take care of your limestone," hollaed the president's whip, as the step of his car brushed close to the knees of four geologists.

"Turnip, turnip, turno!" bawled one of the geological carmen, as he succeeded in turning one of our cars into a ditch.

"Freestone, rotten stone," echoed one of our jarvies, having performed a like neighbourly office.

The Dublin cries were duly bawled by the charioteers, as they passed and repassed each other.

"There goes my herbal," bawled one of the botanists.

"I'll pick it up," cried one of the hostile carmen in our wake, guiding his wheel neatly over the leather case, while our charioteer, in like manner, helped to macadamize the road with the bag of specimens which had fallen from the geologist *en avant*.

"There goes my hammer," cried one.

"And my hat," cried another.

"And my cloak," roared a third.

"Never mind," screamed a fourth; "depend upon it, they

"Will soon be here,
They are upon the road."

And more than hats and wigs were presently spilt upon the road, when we entered Dublin pell-mell, and encountered a royal mail-coach, galloping out of town as fast as our royal (society) cars were whirling into it.

"Breakers a-head," hollaed some of our party, as the leading car-load of geologists went smash against the wheels of the mail.

"Shoot them for falling, guard," bawled the mail-coachman, as he pulled up his tits, and looked down upon the *debris* of the first jaunting-car, and hopeless state of the second, which had only been upset upon the first.

The discomfited gentlemen were speedily extricated, all parties vying to lend them assistance in this emergency. It was now discovered that the great capsized had escaped most miraculously with merely a few bruises, scratches, torn coats, and rent continuations. I was, moreover, rejoiced to see the late belligerent parties cordially shake hands, and congratulate each other upon their safe return from the perils and dangers which beset them in their recent campaign, and unite in raising a loud laugh when the mail-coachman pithily observed as he drove off—

"Well, it's an old saying and a true one, 'God takes care of drunken men and children.'"

Here I took leave of my hospitable entertainers; and having declined a warm invitation to sup with them in some classic corner of Trinity College, called Botany Bay, I returned to my hotel to dream about "broad lands" totally unconnected with, and ascertained to be free from, mines, minerals, El Dorado, Potosi, Ballycragmorris, and though last not least, from the humbug and brass of Dennis McGwiggan, solicitor, land-louper, or attorney-at-law.

THE SIGH.

BY MRS. CRAWFORD.

GENTLE sigh, the breath of lovers,
 Vapour of a secret fire,
 Which by thee itself discovers,
 Ere yet daring to aspire;
 Sweetest note of whispered anguish,
 Harmony's refined part,
 Striking, whilst thou seem'st to languish,
 Full upon the tender heart;

Softest messenger of passion,—
 Stealing through a crowd of spies,
 That constrain the outward fashion,
 Seal the lips, and guard the eyes;
 Viewless herald of emotion,
 Wing thee to my Laura's ear;
 Tell her all my heart's devotion!
 Tell her she alone is dear.

Hopeless sigh! ah! why discover
 Passion, deep as Tasso knew?
 Is it not enough to love her,
 Whom I may not—dare not woo?
 Cease, oh! cease, to breathe my anguish,
 Faithless tell-tale as thou art;
 Softly into silence languish,
 Die upon this breaking heart.

THE METROPOLITAN.

SEPTEMBER, 1840.

LITERATURE.

NOTICES OF NEW WORKS.

Paul Clifford. By SIR EDWARD LYTTON BULWER, Bart., M.P., M.A.

Paul Clifford was a highwayman, and is the hero of this extraordinarily powerful novel, and yet he has served the cause of morality more than any decade of the best ethical essays that were ever composed. Unlike Jack Sheppard, and other monstrosities of the felon school of writing, Clifford's is not the triumph of brute courage, or of iniquitous cunning—in him, these qualities are not held up for admiration, and thus beget, in the ignorant, a vile craving for imitation. In no one instance would any reader wish to imitate Paul, when his actions are against social order—but through him the vile policy of over-punishment is made apparent, and a great social evil successfully combated. The author thus announces his objects in this work. “First to draw attention to two errors in our penal institutions, viz. a vicious prison discipline, and a sanguinary criminal code—the habit of first corrupting the boy by the very punishment that ought to redeem him, and then hanging the man at the first occasion, as the easiest way of getting rid of our own blunders.” Sir Edward has worked out this end effectually, and we have already had some proofs of the efficacy of his arguments by the recent attempts to ameliorate our blood-stained code of criminal law. This able work concludes by quoting the aphorism of John Wilkes, erst alderman of London, and a very ugly member of the House of Commons—“THE VERY WORST USE TO WHICH YOU CAN PUT A MAN IS TO HANG HIM.” As a literary composition, this novel possesses in a more than usual degree the author's usual felicities. His wit is abundant, and his incidents true to nature, and still original. There is a political allegory running through the work, and though the satire is exquisite, we still think that it detracts something from the interest of the tale—for we cannot help feeling that the author is mocking the reader a little, when he, the reader, discovers that George IV., the Duke of Wellington, Lord Eldon, &c. are the persons about whom he has become interested, instead of a parcel of very honest thieves, as times go. We need not say that

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this volume is one of the series of the elegant reprint of the whole of Sir Edward Bulwer's works, and that it is as well got up as it was imperatively called for, to prevent the appearance of spurious and inaccurate editions.

The frontispiece and vignette title-page, by Cattermole, are produced with this artist's accustomed brilliancy of effect, and are really very great embellishments to the volume.

On the Fine Arts in England; their State and Prospects considered relatively to National Education. By EDWARD EDWARDS, of the British Museum.

The first portion only of this work has made its appearance, under the title of the "Administrative Economy of the Fine Arts," and has been so ably conducted as to become of great national importance. This volume commences with a report of the Commons' committee on arts and manufacture, with preliminary remarks on the state of art and patronage in England. Thus the grand question is well opened, whether a part of the public taxes ought, as a matter of justice and of expediency, to be appropriated to the refinement of the public taste, and to an extent how great? This skilful and reflecting author is of opinion that though commerce is best left to itself, yet that the state should interfere with the fine arts, and that they will never be sufficiently encouraged by private patronage. Mr. Edwards has argued the case well, and to us in a convincing manner, but the subject may well admit of further discussion. It is thus that our author enforces his argument on this subject.

"The importance of making the cultivation of a taste for Art an indispensable part of general education cannot be overrated, if it be plain, that, in order to discharge the responsibilities primarily attaching to human nature, every nation, and each individual of every nation, must care for something more than the means of sustaining, and pampering, and adorning mere animal life; if every man be bound to minister to the craving intellect as well as to the craving appetite,—to cultivate his moral being as his physical being; and if in that moral being there exist a capacity of receiving cultivation by the perception of beauty in form and in colour,—if that craving intellect feel a void which can only be filled by such perceived beauty; then it is a matter of deep and solemn obligation to seek to discover under what forms and by what modes of exertion we may realize all that excellence in the production of Art which it may be permitted us, as a nation, to attain; and all that generally diffused capacity of obtaining enjoyment from those productions, which may be compatible with the diversified duties and employments of human life. And hence it is surely to be inferred that the original cultivation of the feeling for Art should, to use Bacon's fine comparison, belong to that part of the tree of education—the trunk—only *above* which the branches begin to shoot off in their various directions.

"Should this be realized, it may be that the prophecy of an enthusiastic and excellent Frenchman will have its fulfilment. 'There have been,' said he, 'four ages which men have agreed to honour before all others, on account of the high excellence to which the Fine Arts have been carried in them;—those of Pericles—of Augustus—of the Medicis

—and of Louis XIV. One other epochal age has yet to appear—that which, uniting all the discoveries of the ages which have preceded it; thoroughly impregnated with their knowledge; rich in their acquisitions; strong, even in acquaintance with their errors and their faults—shall assure to the Arts an indestructible domination, and defy all the Vandalism to come.”

On the question of copyright he takes the side of common sense, common justice, and of authors and inventors—the great body of the most useful men of the community, yet the worst used. This question has been discussed in Parliament with the spirit of the retail trader; the speeches made in opposition to the protection of men of genius excited the disgust of every man of liberal mind. The chapter on the removal of certain fiscal obstructions to the progress of invention and of the arts, demands the most serious attention of government and the legislative body. In some of our most exquisite manufactures the burly head of the exciseman is thrust into every stage of the operations, precisely to see that no improvement shall take place, but that everything shall be conducted, not according to *art*, but according to *law*. This is at once an absurdity and tyranny. Of the foundation of schools of design, and the maintenance of public galleries and museums, the author speaks well, and we never yet met with views of the subject more just and more liberal. His remark on the want of due regard being paid to the decorative parts of our religious edifices is to the purpose and pungent.

“In truth, there is in the construction and entire appearance of our churches, of recent erection, far too much provision for the careful accommodation of the bodies of the worshippers, and far too little for the visible honour and reverence of the Deity. If a visitant from another planet could enter many of our places of worship (and especially our fashionable *chapels*) he might well—casting his eyes on the pewings, and the carpetings, and the luxurious cushions, and the careful separation of ranks, mistake them for temples erected for the deification of self, rather than for the worship and honour of God.

“Most true it is that God must be worshipped in spirit and in truth; but it is not the less our duty to add to these the outward and visible signs of an inward and spiritual veneration. And for such a purpose the plastic arts may be most fitly and usefully employed.”

In this point the Roman Catholics excel us as much as humility does pride, and religion ostentation; with them the poor man sees that in the sight of God all men are equal. They have no private property in their public churches abroad. We believe they manage this affair much worse in England. When Mr. Edwards proceeds to speak of the Royal Academy he seems under a little restraint, and that some considerations deter him from saying everything that must have occurred to him on the subject; but he has said enough to show the views and nature of the institution, the arrogance of its members, and its monopolizing spirit. It must be broken up. As it is now conducted it is a trading concern—and an extortionate one—as the academy makes use of the public property in order to mulct the public—witness their shilling exhibition, and, shabbier still, their shilling catalogue. These academicians exhibit pictures, not all their

own by a very great proportion, in rooms not their own, and yet into their own pockets only go the thousands that they receive from this stratagem. Were even the mild reforms suggested by Mr. Edwards put in practice, they would amount to a remodelling of the whole. Though we have been somewhat diffuse on this excellent work, we cannot refrain from giving the reader the author's conclusion.

"87. We are accustomed to think of Grecian sculpture and of Italian painting, as of that which it is hopeless to equal. The whole fabric of Grecian polity rested on the basis of a slave-class, oppressed, degraded, and hopeless; and the religion of Greece was a shadow. The Italian states, at the time when their greatest painters flourished, were often at the mercy of lawless mercenaries; civil dissension raged amongst them, and their religion, despite its holy origin, was corrupted by much superstition. Britain boasts herself a country of free men, the soil of which, for ages, no invader's foot has touched;—boasts, too, that she possesses a religion pure and undefiled.

"88. But Greeks and Italians were alike in this,—they were earnest men; they forgot not the purpose of life in the cares of living. They gave themselves, with their whole soul, to the work before them. They laboured less for reward than for honour and fame. *But their country gave them both.*

"89. And why should not Britain follow this example? We have everything to stimulate; nothing to deter us. In other paths of human effort, we have exemplars, than which there are none more noble. In them we see everything that is lofty and profound in thought; rich and graceful in expression; ready and magnanimous in action. We are the countrymen of Newton and of Bacon, of Shakspeare and of Milton, of Raleigh and of Sidney. Truly, 'we come of earth's best blood.'

"90. And who can tell what might be achieved by such a people *universally educated*;—every man placed on the best vantage-ground for the developement of what should be within him? It were a spectacle the world has not yet seen. To prepare the way for it, were to prepare the solution of the greatest problem in the destinies of humanity.

"91. For any, the remotest, approximation to such an end, what were the expenditure which, well applied, should seem other than trivial and of no account? And what were the honour due to the monarch and the government which should adopt new means for its attainment? To some such means, hitherto greatly neglected, it has been the object of these pages to invite increased attention."

We have said and quoted enough to show that this is a book of national importance, and that no one can tell exactly the state of the fine arts in England without having read it attentively. We predict that among the wealthier classes it will awaken their better and nobler feelings, and that the more humble will gain from it a taste for intellectual enjoyments, that refines whilst it increases the sum of human happiness. With this impression fully borne in upon us, we anxiously look forward to the appearance of the continuation of the work, and in doing this we earnestly recommend to all parties that portion of it which we have been thus inadequately noticing.

The Pope. A Novel. By an Old Author in a New Walk. 3 Vols.

This is a very ambitious title, but we think that the author has fully justified his high aspirations by the excellence of his performance. He has laid the scene on a soil prolific of the most stirring events, and has reaped a plentiful and very exciting harvest of incidents. This work teems with the intrigues and the battles of Pope Clement VII. The following is a very brief sketch of the plot. Two young Englishmen, Sir Maurice Tilber and Warren de Whittingham, visit Italy in company, Sir Maurice being sent on a secret mission from the court of England to Rome. Warren is the son of an English gentleman, who had married an Italian lady, who bore to her husband twins, a male and a female. When these were in their infancy, the father showed a decided preference for the girl. At this period, their house took fire, and whilst the father was occupied in extinguishing it, leaving to his lady the charge of providing for the safety of the twins, this, in her fright, she was unable to perform; and when the alarm had subsided, the father found, to his horror, that they were both missing. The son, however, was recovered, being rescued by a peasant, whilst all search for the daughter proved unavailing. In his madness, the husband struck his wife, and drove her from her home, and in his unnatural regret that his son had not perished in the flames instead of his daughter, he would neither see him nor suffer him to remain under the paternal roof. Warren was indebted to Sir Maurice's father for his early subsistence and education. Being of sufficient age, it was his intention, in the opening of this story, to earn support and perhaps distinction, in the service of some foreign power, not wishing to remain in England, lest he should be discovered by his father. When in Italy, the Italian climate, and Italian morality, act upon these two young men; and Warren falls in love with Vittoria Columna, wife of the Marquis of Pescara, and Sir Maurice with Hilda Columna, a friend of the other lady, but whose real origin is unknown. Matrimony being out of the question with Warren, he had no trouble on the subject, but Maurice hesitates to affiance himself to Hilda, because it was generally thought that she was the daughter of a mad hermit. Whilst things are in this intricate perplexity, a great many perilous adventures befall all parties, and in this hurry of action the reader's attention is never allowed to flag for a moment. Many historical characters are now introduced, all of whom play their parts to admiration. So well is this department performed, that it will fix indelibly upon the mind much very valuable historical information, and thus have far more lofty uses than that which the generality of novels aspire to. But we must not lose sight of our heroes. When faiths have been tried, as it were with fire, and love has remained unchanged, Hilda is discovered to be the daughter of the elder Whittingham, who was saved from the conflagration, and she is consequently married to Sir Maurice. Poor Warren is not so fortunate, for his lady-love, though she has become a widow, prefers to be constant to the memory of the departed—and he is disconsolate—although, at the intercession of the pope, his father has become reconciled to him. We do not quite ap-

prove of this finality; it is a sort of pious fraud upon the reader, although, we confess, a very clever one. People like to rise from a novel, with a certain degree of happiness conferred upon those fictitious personages for whom they have become so deeply interested. However, this conclusion detracts nothing from the great talents of the author. We deliberately assure our friends that this work is one of no common description, and if the author be not very unfortunate—and *fortune* has much to do with success in these matters—he will be very successful. The style of composition is pure and unaffected, and all his *dram. pers.* both act and speak up to their characters—a very good quality in a novelist. Good as we pronounce this work to be, we doubt whether it will take a permanent station among the literature that is to exist, although it fully deserves that distinction. Yearly, thousands of authors stand and recite their productions at the gates of Fame—some are not listened to at all—others, impatiently, are bid to pass on—none are ever called back—for the step beyond it is oblivion—and but few are told to enter—those few hardly ever the *most deserving*.

A Narrative of the Treatment experienced by a Gentleman during a state of Mental Derangement, designed to explain the causes and the nature of Insanity, and to expose the injurious conduct pursued towards many unfortunate sufferers under that calamity. By JOHN PERCEVAL, Esq.

What is perfect sanity? and did any one ever possess it who is mortal? Is it not the attribute of the Omniscient only? This has been the opinion of some of the most experienced physicians in maladies of the mind. If we be then all of us common sufferers with the author of this volume, and differing with him only in the degree of the general affliction, has he not opened a subject of such universal interest, that all that he has said upon it deserves the utmost attention. We think that it would not be difficult to prove that every act of folly, of rashness, and all duplicity and wickedness, are but the symptoms of a latent insanity. It must then only be the measure of the madness with which doctors and society have to do; and then arises the nice consideration at what point, in its early stage, coercion and restraint should begin. When the symptoms are marked and indisputable, and the patient is so much more mad than we, that his own and our safety are endangered, self-defence points out the course of action. Let us now consider the book before us. Taking it then as evidence, we do not think that the author is yet cured; that is to say, he has still so many delusions upon him that he should be affectionately watched, but neither coerced nor restrained, and that under this watchfulness he is more competent to take care of his interests, and perform all his duties as a member of society, than millions who are at large and enjoy the reputation of (God save the mark!) great wisdom. John Perceval is the son of the minister who was assassinated. He was religiously brought up, and, being of a nervous temperament, began to see visions, to speak in the unknown language,

and to believe in Irving. This was soon followed by all the worst characteristics of religious mania, and confinement and the strait waistcoat were the results. Mr. Perceval has well described all his feelings, and recorded many of his ravings; his book is therefore valuable in a pathological, as well as in psychological view. Now the question at issue between the author and the mad doctors, and through them between his family and the world, is, whether he was not sane enough long since, to be let loose upon society? We think that under surveillance he was, and that is all that he contends for. That his family have treated him considerately and tenderly there can be no manner of doubt—they acted for the best, according to their knowledge. We also pronounce that this book, so far as regards them, ought never to have been published, but being published, the world at large will benefit by it. As regards the treatment of their patients by the mad doctors, (the term is appropriate,) we think that the statements in this work afford matter for grave inquiry. As these things are now managed, their interests, and the recovery of their patients, are not identical. The unhappy victims of insanity are generally harshly treated, are too seldom visited by disinterested persons, and we sorrowfully yet sincerely believe that the very malady for which they were sent to be cured is often aggravated, and sometimes perpetuated, by the injudicious, shall we say also the interested, treatment which they are compelled to undergo. We think that these remarks apply as little to Messrs. Fox and Nicholson, under whom the unhappy Mr. Perceval was placed, as to any of the profession. But the whole system is vicious. A madman should be taken under the especial protection of the whole community, and his welfare made a common object, for the poor wretch undergoes much that is grievous, in order that his fellow-subjects may be relieved from all apprehension on his account. We will cite two quotations as instances, and we hope a warning also, how religious mania is generated in persons of a temperament too nervous.

“Brought up by my father in the love of truth and honesty, and in a strict observance of religious duties, the necessity of which was continually impressed upon my mind during my subsequent education, more, however, morally and outwardly than spiritually, I began to be early of a reflective and conscientious disposition. When I compared the standard of religious conduct contained in the Scriptures, with the maxims and practice of my relations and the world around me, I questioned the reality of the doctrines they professed, or the sincerity of their profession. When I turned to examine my own conduct, and the workings of my own mind, I was still more disquieted and dissatisfied. Religion was not innate,—it was a force, a constraint upon my nature. Christian precepts did not regulate my moral conduct in private; in my deportment towards others I accused myself of insincerity. My whole mind was tortured, and I lived a life of perpetual agony, inward and uncommunicated, because I did not see one being around me on whom I could depend, or who appeared willing to hear, much less to understand, the scruples of my conscience, and the value I attached to them. I was not then acquainted with what is called the religious world.”

All this led him to doubt, and from doubt he rushed into blind credulity, and all but worshipped Irving, and became a believer in the

Row miracles. From thence his actual insanity may be dated. Before his brain became diseased, Mr. Perceval must have had a mind of no common order. Even now, whilst we believe the taint is still upon him, (we judge thus only from his work,) he displays great talent, much energy, and perspicuity of reasoning, and a great share of natural eloquence. His soul is a fine instrument, out of tune only in one or two notes. His first keeper, Mr. Fox, is or was a Quaker, and he thus writes to him in order to reconcile him to his condition :

“ ‘What you mean by reviling Hobbs I don’t understand—he was placed to wait upon you because he was gentle and considerate. Has he at any time been obliged to resort to power : I believe it will be found that violence and erroneous obstinacy on your part first provoked it. I must own that it not a little surprised me, that you, as a humble follower of Christ, would think of him, or any other, as your inferior. Do we not know that God is no respecter of persons ? [yet I never saw Mr. Hobbs sitting at Dr. F—’s dinner-table.] The apostle declares in the seventeenth chapter of Acts, that ‘he has made all nations of one blood.’

“ ‘Though, owing to the accident of birth, the artificial state of society, and the advantages of a more refined education, you may think yourself his superior, you must not forget that we shall all be called to give an account of the talents committed to us.’

“ The effect of this letter on me at the time, in consequence of the subtlety and cunning mockery which runs throughout it, gave rise to the suspicion, that the doctor intended to provoke me to acts of violence, by puzzling and by innuendo, and by showing how he could blind others. There is so much religion and plausibility in it, and at the same time so much contradiction and clever confusion. Even now that suspicion still affects me, whether I am to consider that Dr. Fox was acting wittingly, or that, from the habitual and unchecked practice of imposture, he knew not what spirit he was of. He who pretended to be preaching on the ways of Providence, talking on *the accident* of birth—he who refers to the New Testament, casting reflection on the artificial state of society, when in the same Testament we are informed, all authority is from God—and whilst he clung to all the personal advantages of that state.”

We quote this to show the acuteness of Mr. Perceval’s faculties. We have dwelt thus at length on this singular work ; first, because it is singular ; and secondly, that we may do our little all to call the general attention to the state of our afflicted brethren. So long as the continuation of the malady be the continuance of the keeper’s prosperity, the malady will always be made to continue as long as possible ; and the few cures that nature will make, despite of imprisonment and bonds, will only be cited as proofs of the doctor’s talent, and become fresh baits to lure people to furnish them with subjects to turn eccentricity into delusion, and delusion into madness.

Exposure of Misrepresentations contained in the Preface to the Correspondence of William Wilberforce. By H. C. ROBINSON, Esq. Barrister at Law, and Editor of Clarkson’s “*Strictures*.”

We have always regarded the voluminous life of Wilberforce, by his sons, as a solemn humbug, full of trivialities, and eked out unmerci-

fully for the sake of lucre. We do not complain of this—the fault lies with the world in buying the information that would hardly properly suffice to one hundred pages, spread over many thousand. We were also aware of the great injustice that the reverend authors had shown to Mr. Clarkson, by making their father the all in all in the struggle of Abolition of Slavery, when, in reality, he was but a unit of the many, and not the most influential unit either. We heard more of him, truly, because he was the mouthpiece of the association, but his sons should know that the man of a regiment who makes the most noise, the trumpeter, is not its commander, nor by any means the most important person who belongs to it. Having to speak those things in the House of Commons which others had originated and matured, he had necessarily more eclat thrown around him, and the very sensation that he made was more than an ample reward for his exertions—they were most honourable, and they have been honoured; and the first tarnish that has passed upon his fair fame has emanated from the vanity of indiscreet biography. All this was our opinion before we had read the small pamphlet put forth by Mr. Robinson, and we now find the case, as against the reverend biographers, to be much worse than we supposed. In the first place, the barrister has brought several charges against the parsons—and thus saith theology to law—Since you dare to accuse us of so and so, we cannot possibly have any controversy with you. This is extremely pleasant. Let us suppose a person brings one loose in his notions of property before a magistrate for picking his pocket, and the magistrate asks the thief what defence he has to make against the charge, and he should reply, “I can enter into no controversy with a man who charges me with picking his pocket.” We think that the defence, to say the least of it, would be most unhappy. We do not class the Messrs. Wilberforce with pickpockets, but we only use them, the pickpockets, to illustrate the force of the manner of meeting a grave accusation adopted by the reverend gentlemen. We have no space to enter into the various misrepresentations exposed by Mr. Robinson, but shall shortly advert to the soreness of the Messrs. Wilberforce at being taunted with making their father’s papers a saleable commodity. Never was accusation more just, never was taunt more deserved. The bulk of the volume is a *prima facie* evidence, that the papers were made as marketable as possible; and let the reader always bear in mind that these papers their father had ordered to be destroyed. Had his sons, then, any legal right in them? not a moral one certainly, the more especially when we consider the use that they have put them to. We suppose that the fifth commandment is not binding upon divines, when they happen to be authors. We entirely concur with all the expressions of Mr. Robinson’s disgust at the publication of private letters. If private letters be not sacred, no more is private conversation—for the one differs only from the other as being not oral but written. Confidence is equally violated in the unauthorised publication of either;—what, then, is the obliquity of that conduct, when such publication has been actually forbidden? But we particularly wish that all who may be possessed of the Life of Mr. Wilberforce would also peruse these “exposures” as a supplement to it. Mr. Wilberforce’s

fame is a part and parcel of the glory of the country—what is related of him should be historical and strictly true: he did sufficiently to make his name dear to humanity, and every exaggeration is an injury to his memory. We can well understand the pious and filial feelings that have led his sons into many mistatements, by which they suppose that their father's reputation would be enhanced; but, in doing more than justice to their parent, they should have been more cautious not to inflict injustice upon others. We believe them both to be most worthy and exemplary men in every relation, excepting that of biographers. They remain under the imputation of two grave accusations—Injustice to the fame of others, and a mercenary spirit in turning their father's private papers into a mercantile speculation. Let them recant their injustice—for they are religious and generously-minded men—and let them devote all the profits of the sale of their father's life to the amelioration of that slavery which still exists too widely—for they are rich and bountiful, and thus they will erect a monument to their father's greatness, far more worthy and more enduring than twenty volumes of biography.

Fallacies of the Faculty. By SAMUEL DICKSON, M.D.

“We cannot too highly compliment the author of this volume on his fearlessness and firmness of purpose. He unmask his professional brethren with a daring determination, and if the eyes of the public are not opened to the nefarious practices of the apothecaries by his exposures, verily they deserve the treatment they receive at the hands of these cold-blooded impostors. Whoever reads this volume carefully, will henceforward “throw physic to the dogs.” Dr. Dickson has now placed it in the power of the invalid to take care of himself. The interest of the profession is decidedly anything but the interest of the patient. Poor Lord Durham! had he read this volume, he might have still been living. Scott, Byron, Malibran, all fell victims to the sanguinary measures of the faculty! What a lamentable reflection! but Dr. Dickson has placed the fact beyond the shadow of a doubt. Read and judge.”

So wrote an eminent physician, to whom we, with editorial modesty, extremely rare, submitted this work for his opinion upon its medical merits. But we have, ourselves, something more to say on the subject; for we conceive that we should be doing service to humanity at large, could we excite a lively interest in the doctrines which are laid down in this treatise, and the reasons by which they are supported. We are prepared for the sneer of the regularly educated practitioner, and the taunt of being ignorant, and speaking of that which we understand not, but we will only reply by asking what they themselves know?—that they do a great deal, and much that had better have been left undone their multiplied schools, their opposite dogmas, and their varying prescriptions—varying with each other, and themselves—are ample, sad, and too often fatal testimonies. Of thirty given doctors consulted for the same disease, will any two of them administer exactly the same medicines, and follow out the same

curative process? If we be asked, were we ourselves seriously afflicted, would we not apply to some one among them, we should only reply, by the aphorism, "that drowning men catch at *straws*." We think, that in cachectical dangers Dr. Dickson has, for the first time, given the world something more substantial and buoyant to grasp at. Hitherto, what have the medical faculty done for medical science, beyond pacing backwards and forwards over the same ground, without actually gaining any one thing in the painfully repeated route, excepting a few general remedies, the result not of scientific investigation, but of painful experience? In the mathematics, in mechanics, in astronomy, clever men have won vast tracts from the confines of ignorance. No one disputes them, and they are handed down from generation to generation as guides to instruct, and as benefits to bless the human race. But what have the physicians done—where are their certainties?—since medicine was first called a science one man has been labouring to disprove what another has asserted; and as it was in the beginning of the chapter, so is it even until now. Yet common sense tells us that the laws that regulate health and disease are as fixed and certain as any other law that regulates the phenomena of the universe. But who has discovered one of them? Perhaps Dr. Dickson, the first—the *unity of disease*. We have no space to enter into minutiae as to the reasonings and proofs that the doctor has adduced in support of this doctrine, nor of the wonderful alteration that, if true, this must occasion in remedial operations. We are convinced that light has broken in upon us, though but darkly, but quite enough to herald us on to further and most important discoveries. Though we now believe that there is but one radical disease, we hold it, like fire, to be Proteus-shaped, and capable of endless modification; and yet, if the fire be quenched, and the ways to do it may be few and simple, or many and artificial, all the modifications of shape and character must likewise cease. Dr. Dickson's theory is to use the most obvious and simple methods; he denies not that other doctors perform cures, but they do it in the most dilatory manner, and in the darkest ignorance of the causes of their tardy success. Of the mystification of the generality of the faculty we shall display but little, and would rather that little were in the author's own words. Speaking of the lancet, he says—

"The first resource of the surgeon is the lancet—the first thing he thinks of when called to an accident is how he can quickest open the floodgates of the heart, to pour out the stream of an *already enfeebled* existence. Does a man fall from a horse or a height, is he not instantly bled?—has he been stunned by a blow, is not the lancet in requisition?—Nay, has an individual fainted from over-exertion or exhaustion, is it not a case of *FIT*—and what so proper as venesection?

"You cannot have forgotten the fate of Malibran—the amiable and inimitable Malibran—she who so often, by her varied and admirable performances, moved you to tears and smiles by turns. She was playing her part upon the stage—she entered into it with her whole soul, riveting the audience to the spot by the very intensity of her acting. Just as she had taxed the powers of her too delicate frame to the uttermost—at the very moment she was about to be rewarded by a simultaneous burst of acclamation, she fainted and fell—fell from very weakness. Instantly a medical man

leapt upon the stage—to administer a cordial?—No—to bleed her!—to bleed a weak, worn, and exhausted woman! And the result?—She never rallied from that unfortunate hour. But, gentlemen, Malibran was not the only intellectual person of the thousands and tens of thousands who have prematurely perished by the lancet. Byron and Scott—the master-spirits of the age—men who like Ariosto and Shakspeare not only excited the admiration of cotemporary millions, but whose genius must continue for generations yet unborn, to delight the land that produced them—they too fell victims to the lancet—they too were destroyed by hands which, however friendly and well-intentioned, most undoubtedly dealt them their death-blows.”

On the playing into each other's hands, of the physician and apothecary, and of consultations, he says—

“Should the patient die, why then he dies a natural death, and he has had the first advice, for not only did Mr. So-and-so, the fashionable apothecary, attend him, but Dr. Such-a-one, the great physician, was called in, and he said all was right, and that nothing better could be done. Had the doctor said all was wrong, he might perhaps have been nearer the mark—but in that case, what apothecary would either call him in again himself, or let him in when requested, where he could by a little gentlemanly trickery keep him out? The custom of the apothecary in such a case is to play upon the fears of the patient against ‘strong medicine;’ to shrug his shoulders, and smile contemptuously. ‘Oh, I can tell you something of *him*, (he says,) but you must not give me up as the author;’ whereupon he proceeds to lie his life away, and then tells the patient: ‘If he still want another opinion he had better call in Dr. This or Sir Thingumy T’other,’ who happens, of course, to be his own particular puppet, and who would as soon think of differing with him or his opinion as of quarrelling with his breakfast, because it was purchased by the shilling of a dead man’s guinea. Such is the present condition of physic! Such the low state of the profession, that in a few years it will not be possible for a gentleman to remain in it.

“Never did any body of men want reforming more than the mass of the faculty at the present moment, and if people do not look a little sharper, they will find to their cost, that the impersonation of Physic, like the picture of Garrick, might be best painted with Comedy on one side and Tragedy on the other. Consultations, as I told you before, are mere *farces*—pleasant enough to the actors, but little conducive either to the health or happiness of those for whose especial benefit they are *apparently* got up! Now, gentlemen, in saying this much, not only have I acted *unprofessionally*, but I shall be sure to be roundly abused by the profession for it. All I say is—it is the truth, but *not* the *whole* truth; for the world is not quite ripe enough to believe all that I happen to know upon this subject. By-and-bye I shall tell them something will make their ears tingle!”

This is bold language, and we much fear it is called for. The author has commenced the war gallantly, and where the right is, there the victory will be. We cannot be said to have been diffuse on a subject so vital. Health is not only happiness and prosperity, it is virtue also. Were there no other disease than old age, there would be no evils springing from outrageous imaginations, and all the various anomalies from which arise avarice, lust of power, inordinate ambition, and most of the train of evils of which a diseased nervous system is so prolific a parent. Where then would be bigotry, superstition, and religious persecution? We well know that per-

fect health would not ensure perfect knowledge, but it would humanize all the emotions of the mind, and make wanton cruelty impossible. We think that the body should, in the first instance, have our first care. Education is a good thing, but it is a waste of time the pouring of generous wine into a frail and decayed vessel. The world has a right to expect great things from those who undertake to preserve its health; hitherto they have disappointed the just expectations that were formed of them; let them repent and reform.

Heads of the People; or Portraits of the English. Drawn by KENNY MEADOWS, and engraved by ORRIN SMITH.

The numbers eight and nine of this periodical contain various characters developed by very various degrees of merit, both in the pictorial and scriptural sense. Of the pictorial we may say that, in general, they give a faithful view of the character, but rarely the best or the most amusing. The Coachman and the Guard are both good, but neither of them the most amusing specimens of this genus. The Policeman faithful but tame, and the Spitalfields Weaver a decided hit. The Parish Clerk is too much cockneyfied, whilst the Sporting Gentleman and the Barrister are probably as good as the subjects can be. The literary department is, in point of talent, parallel to the scenic—true, but neither the whole truth, nor the best of truth. Nimrod's descriptions are faithful, but very, very prosy, and utterly pointless; whilst Leman Blanchard's Barrister is in all this exactly the reverse, excepting fidelity of portraiture. As a totality, these "Heads of the People" are well done, and they constitute a very interesting feature of the literature of the day.

The Harrowing of Hell; a Miracle-Play, written in the Reign of Edward II., now first published from the original manuscripts in the British Museum, with an Introduction, Translation, and Notes. By JAMES ORCHARD HALLIWELL, Esq., F.R.S., &c.

All who have read the works of Sir Walter Scott must be familiar with the nature of a miracle-play; they were acted seriously, and with the intention of doing honour to the Deity—a fact that we, in the nineteenth century, have much difficulty to comprehend. We are pleased to see this publication on many grounds. It is an index of the state of our improvement in language as well as in our mode of thinking; and, what is of much more importance, it shows us what absurd mummery was not only tolerated but encouraged by the unchangeable, unchanging, and unchanged religion of Rome. We will give a short extract from this play,—and the reader must not be shocked at its apparent impiety, for nothing like disrespect was meant by the author to our Saviour—merely that he may mark the difference of the diction used by our ancestors from that which we now employ.

SATAN.

By my faith ! I consider mine
Every one in this place :
I will give you an argument
Thou canst not disprove.
Whoever purchases anything,
It belongs to him and his children.
Adam, hungry, came to me,—
I made him do me homage :
For an apple, which I gave him,
He and all his race belong to me.

CHRIST.

Satan ! it was mine,—
The apple thou gav'st him ;
The apple and the apple tree,
Both were made by me.
How mightest thou in any manner
Dispose of other men's goods ?
As he was purchased with my property,
With reason will I have him.

SATAN.

Well do I know thee, Christ !—
That's a source of heavy grief to me,—
Thou art Lord over all :
Woe to him that shall not know thee !
Heaven and earth take to thyself,—
Leave souls in hell to me.
Let me possess and keep these,—
What thou hast thou may'st keep.

SATHAN.

Par ma fey ! ich holde myne
Alle tho that bueth heryne.
Resoun wol y telle the
Ther aȝeyn myth thou nouht be.
Whose buyth any thyng,
Hit is hys ant hys ofspryng :
Adam hungry com me to,—
Monrade dule y him me do.
For on appel ich ȝef hym,
He is myn ant al hys kun.

DOMINUS.

Sathanas ! hit wes myn,—
The appel that thou ȝeve hym ;
The appel ant the appel tre,
Bothe were maked thourh me.
Hou myhtest thou, on eny wyse,
Of other monnes thyng make merchandise ?
Seththe he wes boht wyth myn,
Wyth resoun wolle ich haven hym.

SATHAN.

Jesu, wel y knowe the !
That ful sore reweth me.
Thou art loverd over al—
Wo ys him that the knowe ne shal !
Heovene ant erthe tac to the—
Soules in helle lef thou me.
Let me haven hem ant helde—
That thou havest wel mote thou welde.

The drift of this play is, that as before our Saviour had redeemed the world, all men, bad and good, on account of original sin, were in hell, Christ descends and releases Adam, Eve, Moses, and the just, from the power of Satan ; but not without a great deal of argument. Indeed, according to the limited knowledge, or rather the absolute ignorance of that age, this play has a strong religious feeling about it, not the less sincere because it is so absurdly expressed. This, and things like this, is one very strong argument for the Reformation, and shows the vast superiority of the Protestant faith over the superstitious zeal that could ever suffer such things, and even applaud them ; for they were acted often by the ministers of the Catholic faith before the rulers of the land and men in high authority.

Temperance Rhymes.

This temperance mania has been driven to that degree of intemperance that always distinguishes a new madness. That man is wholly a fool who does not practise temperance ; but the temperance now inculcated by the means of total-abstinence societies is a specimen of how intemperately a virtue may be used, and even abused, until it becomes a vice. Did the Allwise give us the faculty of

making heart-cheering beverages for no purpose? Our intelligence is the most precious gift that we possess, and the most valuable gift of that gift is to make us as remote as possible from the beasts that perish, in our clothing, our abodes, and, not the least, in our various aliments. We argue for the abuse of nothing—water may be taken to the degree to destroy life; if reason be against teetotal infatuations, so also is religion. A miracle was worked at the marriage-supper by our Saviour, to the total subversion of all abstemious follies. Why should we be peevishly inclined towards the Giver of all good, and pretend to a greater abstinence and self-denial than the holy Founder of our faith? These rhymes are good in themselves, though they are made to advocate a silly cause. But to be poetical upon extravagance is easy, for the very extravagance itself is food for the poetry. We join heart and hand with all who profess a sensible temperance, who take alcoholic drinks in moderation, and who would repudiate with loathing any approach to intoxication; but we will not join with those who fly in the face of a bountiful Providence, and we would scorn to be ranked with those weak persons, who, in order to keep themselves sober, are compelled to take pledges, and vow vows that are little less than an insult to the dispensing Power of all happiness to mankind. The following is a specimen of the spirit in which these rhymes are conceived:

“Come, lift up the strain, and sing with me:
O many good friends on earth have we,
But none that may match with the barley-bree!

“I entered a town as the night began,
And there I fell in with a working man;
His home was waiting, his hearth was swept,
His wife to look at the door had stepped;
His bonny wee things, with their faces bright,
Were peeping behind for the same loved sight.
But his day had been hard; and, tottering by,
The fire from the Dragon blazed full on his eye;
Right tempting it looked; for a moment he stood—
And I whispered ‘A glass might do him much good.’
One led to another, for friends came in,
‘And to drink when one’s dry, why where’s the sin?’

“His wife she sits by the fire alone,
His children unkissed to their beds are gone;
And ere he reels home by the dawning light,
He shall pledge himself deep to return at night.
Again shall his little ones wonder why
He comes not to give them the sweet ‘Good by;’
Again shall his wife sit bewildered with fears,
And her eyes bedimmed with the blinding tears;
Again and again, night after night,
Her heart sink down at the same dread sight.
Fool! fool! he untwines the cord of love,
That bound his home to the heaven above;
Ere long both parents and children, I ween,
In the ranks of the fallen and lost shall be seen.”

All this is very good as against the abuse of that nutritious beverage, good strong beer, but goes for very little as against the healthful use of it.

The Works of Josephus. Translated by W. WHISTON, M. A.

These translations have advanced to the fourth number, and the antiquities of the Jews to the death of Judas Maccabæus. This narrative begins to diverge a great deal from the records of the holy writ, and is now gradually becoming more profane than sacred history; and those who are unacquainted with the history of these very troublesome times, will find this part of Josephus highly interesting. It is evident that Josephus has always written with great partiality towards his countrymen, and yet, with all his leniency, what a set of monsters he displays them to be—we should say, to have been! Idle, treacherous, blood-thirsty, and turbulent to a degree unparalleled in the annals of nations, they appear to be a doomed race, a people for the scorn of all, until the prophesied time of their regeneration shall arrive. Do they wait for fresh calamities before they will attempt to make themselves worthy of the vast benefits that through them are promised to all the earth? But we must not be led away thus from the subject of noticing their antiquities, to the noticing their present condition. We are much pleased with the wood-cut illustrations of this number; they are really embellishments, and whilst they, and the type and paper continue to be good, the publishers may rely upon success.

Ricauli's Rustic Architecture.

We are pleased to see that this work is proceeding, the third and fourth numbers of which have appeared, and increase our favourable opinion of the artist's taste and skill. In the third number we have a gamekeeper's cottage, that is really a picturesque residence, and worthy to be the abode of any family not too aspiring in their notions. And a gardener's cottage, which is the subject of the fourth number, is entitled to the same praise. We are quite in love with those rural elevations, and we only wish we could have this last for our abode. We earnestly entreat country gentlemen to turn their attention to Mr. Ricauli's elevations.

A Summer's Day at Greenwich; being a Guide to the Hospital and Park; with a Select Catalogue of the Pictures in the Painted Hall; to which is added a History of the Ancient Palace from its Foundation. By WILLIAM SHOBREL, ESQ.

Eminent utility of purpose, enhanced by elegance in the execution, is the principal feature of this little work. It has a tendency to spread happiness and good through vast crowds of the imperfectly informed, and, by giving them a taste for the refinements of the mind, thus wean them from the sottish indulgences that now too

much marks an English mob. No artisan—and the remark will apply to people in every grade of life—if he have this book with him, can fail to pass a day at Greenwich without much mental improvement; and the person who uses it will return home a gratified, a better informed, and consequently a much happier man. The style of the work is conversational, and has that easy flow of spirits that endears us to the author, and makes us think highly of him as a man. There is not throughout the little volume one sentence of affectation, or a single paragraph of idle parade. The plan of such a work must be obvious: we shall therefore not mention its arrangement, or advert to its details. We think that it would be a good speculation for each of the Greenwich steam-boats to provide themselves with a number of copies for sale, as a perusal of the book would make the trip delightful on the passage, the objects referred to being rapidly offered to the eye in succession, besides preparing the mind for the beauties that await inspection on arrival. We shall think that house of entertainment at Greenwich, including all from the highest to the lowest, defective in its arrangements, where a copy of this little book is wanting; certainly the defaulters will not understand their own interests, for the more Greenwich is thoroughly and historically known, the more will it be visited. *Verb. sat. sap.*, which being literally translated for the sake of the licensed victualler, is, they will be set down as saps if they profit not by this hint.

A Narrative of the Battle of St. Vincent, with Anecdotes of Nelson before and after the Battle. By Col. DRINKWATER BETHUNE, F.S.A., author of the "History of the Siege of Gibraltar," &c.

Among the few modern books, the supply of which has not soon equalled the demand, a prominent place must be given to "Drinkwater's Siege of Gibraltar." It became popular from the moment of its publication; and two large impressions were rapidly sold off. This success was attributable, no doubt, in some degree to temporary causes; but long after the excitement, which may be supposed to have contributed to it, had passed away, the work continued to be read with almost unabated interest, and the author has been frequently urged to meet the wishes of the public by the issue of a new and cheaper edition. Hitherto, we regret to say, such solicitations have been made in vain. More urgent employments, the accumulation of fresh materials, various excuses of more or less weight, have been pleaded in favour of delay, until at last a spurious edition has been published in Edinburgh, to satisfy in some degree the demand which should have been supplied through more legitimate channels.

We trust that this circumstance, and the leisure which, together with a green old age, Col. Drinkwater (Bethune) now enjoys, may still induce him to republish the "Siege" in a cheaper and more commodious form, and with the embellishment of modern illustration and typography.

In the mean time, we have proof before us in the "Narrative of the
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Battle of St. Vincent," which he has lately republished with many new and interesting additions, how vigorous his mind still is, and how well he is qualified to work up into the "Siege" any new matter which may have fallen in his way.

The immediate occasion of republishing the narrative is stated to be the "awakened attention to the merits of the hero of Trafalgar," of which the proposed Nelson monument is the fruit and expression; and the reasons, first, a desire, by annexing the name of the author, to obtain for this account of one of our most celebrated naval battles, a degree of credit, which the first edition, having been published anonymously, could not be expected to obtain; and, secondly, a wish to augment, by any profits which might arise from the publication, the "Nelson fund," to which the colonel has already very handsomely contributed.

The "Narrative" is distinguished by many of the same excellencies which belong to Colonel Drinkwater's more important and celebrated work; the same graphic descriptions, the same general air of truth, the same art of fixing the attention, and enlisting the sympathies of the reader.

Besides the matter contained in the original edition, the present work has many striking and hitherto unpublished anecdotes of the greatest naval hero that England or the world has seen. They are admirably told, and to those who have had the happiness of knowing the author in private life will be a pleasing memorial, recalling the animated looks and gestures with which the kind-hearted veteran has been accustomed to relate them. To those who shall first learn to know and relish these anecdotes through the medium of the present work, we should say, not to lessen their enjoyment, but to increase it, by setting their imagination to work—"quantò magis admiraremini, si audissetis ipsum." *

The Influence of Artificial Light in Causing Impaired Vision, and in some Methods of Preventing, or Lessening, its injurious Action on the Eye. By JAMES HUNTER, M.D., Surgeon to the Eye Dispensary of Edinburgh.

Among other classifications, authors may be distinguished by placing them under three heads. Firstly, those who know nothing about the subject on which they write, a very numerous division; secondly, those who know a little; and finally, those who are completely masters of it. The know-nothing list makes oftentimes very amusing books: they abound in the ludicrous, and ought to be tolerated for the mirth that is in them. The second class are intolerable, and should be sent to school again; whilst we look upon the third class as beneficial to mankind, and they should be honoured accordingly. These remarks have been forced upon us lately by much desultory reading, and we have at last come, in the work the title of which stands at the head of this notice, to an author who, being thoroughly instructed on the subject, has written just what he ought, and no more. Verbiage and amplification are the refuge of the partially informed,

* Cic. de Oratore, lib. iii. cap. 56.

and thus we have big books, because the authors take a long time rambling about, in order to discover the right path. We never before met with a treatise so unpretending in diction, and yet so rich in fact and truth. In it we see science clothed in her best, because her most modest and simple raiment. Every one who dreads blindness should get this little work. And who ought not to dread it? for age is a general enemy to the eyesight, and one that will not be conquered. It is thus that the author satisfactorily explains the blue colour of the sky.

“The atmosphere always contains more or less moisture, which may be either dissolved in it, or merely mechanically mixed with it, according to the temperature, the state of the barometer, and other circumstances. So long as the moisture is quite dissolved in the air, and invisible, it has little or no effect on the rays of sun-light. As soon, however, as, from a decrease in temperature or other causes, the moisture is precipitated, or condensed, so as to form visible vapours, it materially obstructs the passage of the light. But all the three primitive rays, composing white light, are not equally obstructed: those which have the least force, viz. the blue rays, suffer the greatest loss, the yellow rays suffer less loss, and the forcible red rays least of all. This is the cause of the red appearance of the sun during a frost, when the air contains so much condensed moisture, that only the red rays can make their way through it. Towards sunset the condensed vapours first of all obstruct only the blue rays, and allow the yellow and red ones to pass, producing a beautiful golden hue, which gradually approaches to deep orange; till, at last, when the sun is just about to sink below the horizon, the quantity of condensed vapours is so great as to obstruct both the blue and the yellow rays; and then are seen those splendid red tints that render the setting sun such a beautiful object, especially in the tropics, where the quantity of moisture condensed at sunset, is so much greater than in temperate regions. Similar phenomena, though in an inverted order, take place at sunrise, when the increasing power of the sun dispels the vapours of the morning.

“As it is seldom that the air, even in the tropics, contains no watery particles in a state of mere mechanical admixture; and as there always exists a notable quantity of them in the earlier part of the day, before the air has become sufficiently warm to dissolve them; and, in the afternoon, for some hours before sunset, when the temperature begins to decline; some provision had to be made to prevent the daylight having always more or less of an orange hue. This has been done by giving to the sky a beautiful blue colour,* so that the blue light, reflected from that part of it which is opposite the sun, being diffused over the surface of the earth, and combining with the direct light of the sun, (which has been deprived of a portion of its blue rays by the impeding effect of the watery particles mixed with the air,) restores its whiteness; in the same way as the blue reflecting shades described in the preceding pages, supply the rays that are deficient in the reddish yellow-coloured light of common flame.”

In the artificial state of life that we are forced to lead, it is impossible to do without much light that the sun does not afford us, and it is thus that Dr. Hunter advises.

“Those who work much by artificial light ought to be very careful to have the source of light completely screened from their eyes: the best

* It is only the air of our globe that is blue: the actual sky itself, seen from vast altitudes, is known to be absolutely black.

position for it is about three feet above the table: and the conical reflected shade should have a tail-piece added to it, as shown in fig. 8, the more effectually to prevent any of the extraneous rays entering the eye in any position of the head. When it is impossible or not convenient to have the source of the light so much elevated, the reflecting shade should be covered with wood on the outside, or it should be made double, with felt interposed, to diminish the quantity of heat radiated from its surface.

"The common green silk candle-screens are useful in intercepting the extraneous rays; but they do not increase the intensity, or improve the colour, of the light, and it is much better to use the conical blue-coloured reflectors that have been already described.

"Many are in the habit of wearing a green shade, as in fig. 9, but it is better to have the intercepting screen attached to the light itself: and, when a water-bottle is used, the upper part of it should have a bit of black paper pasted on it to absorb the horizontal rays. Those who work much over strong fires will find it very useful to wear a shade, such as the one in fig. 9, made of light pasteboard, blackened on the inside, and covered with tinfoil on the outside, so as to reflect the rays of heat that are radiated from the fire.

"Such are some of the principal methods of preventing or diminishing the injurious action of artificial light: let no one suppose, however, that, by any such arrangements, even the best kinds of it can be rendered at all equal to daylight, as a safe and proper stimulus to the eye. The only certain way of avoiding the injurious effects of artificial light, described in the preceding pages, is to use it as sparingly as possible. This is a subject that is too little attended to at present; for the very late hours to which shops and other places of business are kept open; the ridiculously late period of the night to which our public amusements are protracted; with the bad example of our legislative assemblies sitting in debate till long after midnight, are customs which, being productive of much evil, should be discouraged as much as possible."

We call the public attention to this work,—there is nothing empirical about it. It is science made easy, and adapted to the meanest capacities. This treatise is also remarkable as a specimen of how much may be said in a little compass, and, in that respect, most deserving of imitation.

Canadian Scenery Illustrated. Uniform with America, Switzerland, Scotland, &c. From Drawings by W. H. BARTLETT, engraved in the first style of art by R. WALLIS, J. COUSEN, WILLMORE, BRANDARD, &c. The Literary Department by N. P. WILLIS, Esq., author of "Pencilings by the Way," "Inklings of Adventure," &c.

The fifth part of this splendid work presents us, in the pictorial department, with a plate of a raft on the St. Laurence, at Cape Santé, and a very unique representation it is. We need not tell our readers it is a sort of locomotive village. The land about the river is very romantic, and the drawing and engraving superior. The Church at Point-Levi, which is depicted in the next plate, is highly picturesque, and the scene is quiet and beautiful in the setting sun. "The outlet of Lake Memphremagog" is more pastoral, and very peculiar. There is a small hamlet in the middle ground, and a rustic bridge over the lake's outlet, the passage of which must be fearful to

the nervous. But the most extraordinary engraving is the Citadel of Quebec, placed upon a precipice overlooking the city. We cannot regard this scene without the mind recurring to the memory of the gallant Wolfe. In the letter-press, Mr. Willis, after having given the condition and characteristics of the aboriginal tribes of America, proceeds to describe the discovery and settlement of Canada in his usual masterly style. In order to refresh the recollection of our readers, we will quote that part of Mr. Willis's narrative that relates to the first discoverers.

"The Italian adventurers, John, and his sons Sebastian, Louis, and Sanchez Cabot, who received a commission on the 5th of March, 1495, from Henry VII. of England, to discover what Columbus was in search of, a north-west passage to the East Indies or China, (or, as the latter named country was then called, *Cathay*,) claim the honour of having been the first discoverers of Canada. The adventurers sailed in 1497 with six ships, and early in June of the same year discovered Newfoundland; whence continuing a westerly course, they reached the continent of North America, which the Cabots coasted (after exploring the gulf of St. Lawrence) as far north as 67 deg. 50 min. N. lat. They returned to England in August, 1497, but although Sebastian subsequently performed three voyages to the New World, no settlement was effected on its shores.

"In 1500, Gaspar Cortereal, a Portuguese gentleman, visited the coast, and pursued the track of Sir John Cabot (who was knighted by our sovereign); but Cortereal and his brothers accomplished nothing further than the kidnapping of several of the natives, whom they employed and sold as slaves. In 1502 Hugh Elliot and Thomas Ashurst, merchants of Bristol, with two other gentlemen, obtained a patent from Henry VIII. to establish colonies in the countries lately discovered by Cabot: but the result of the permission granted is not known. In 1527 an expedition was fitted out by Henry VIII. by the advice of Robert Thorne, a merchant of Bristol, for the purpose of discovering a north-west passage to the East Indies; one of the ships attempting which was lost."

If the mere act of discovery can give one nation that calls itself civilized a claim to the country of another nation not so called, the Canadas are ours. However, the French got afterwards the actual possession of these colonies, but the reader may judge from the following extract how happy they were in their success.

"For many years the French in Canada made head against the assaults of their less skilful, but more persevering neighbours, owing to the active co-operation and support which the Canadians received from their Indian allies, whom the British were by nature less adapted for conciliating: but at length the latter, seeing the necessity for native co-operation, conciliated the favour of the aborigines, and turned the tide of success in their own favour. The hostilities waged by the Indians were dreadful. Setting little value on life, they fought with desperation, and gave no quarter; protected by the natural fastnesses of their country, they chose in security their own time for action, and when they had enclosed their enemies in a defile, or amidst the intricacies of the forest, the war-whoop of the victor and the death-shriek of the vanquished were almost simultaneously heard; and while the bodies of the slain served for food to the savage, the scalped head of the white man was a trophy of glory, and a booty of no inconsiderable value to its possessor. The Canadians themselves sometimes experienced the remorseless fury of

their Indian forces. On the 26th of July, 1628, Le Rat, a chief of the Huron tribe, mortified by the attempt of the French commanders to negotiate a peace with the Iroquois, or Five Nations, without consulting the wishes of their Huron allies, urged his countrymen, and even stimulated the Iroquois, to aid him in an attack on Montreal. The colonists were taken by surprise, a thousand of them slain, and the houses, crops, and cattle on the island destroyed. Charlevoix, in his history of *La Nouvelle France*, says of the Indians, 'Ils ouvrirent le sein des femmes enceintes pour en arracher le fruit qu'elles portoient ; ils mirent des enfans tous vivant à la broche, et contraignirent les mères de les tourner pour les faire rôtir!' The French, reinforced from Europe, sent a strong force in February, 1690, who massacred the greater part of the unresisting inhabitants of Shenectaday. According to Colden, (p. 78,) the Indians whom the French took prisoners in the battle at Shenectaday, were cut into pieces and boiled to make soups for the Indian allies who accompanied the French! Such were the desolating effects of European colonization on the continent of America, equalling, in fact, as regards the destruction of human life, the miseries inflicted by the Spaniards on the more peaceful and feeble Indians of the West India islands."

We are much pleased with the author's clear and manly style, which is purely an English one, and that of the best order. If we might hint at a little discrepancy in this publication, it is, that the literary part seems to be quite independent of the pictorial, not one word ever appearing in explanation of the many beautiful plates. But we imagine that all will be right in the end, and that, when the numbers are bound up in one or two goodly volumes, it will be left with the binder to make the engravings tally with the history.

A Grammar of the German Language, founded upon the Principles laid down by Grimm, Becker, &c. By HEINRICH APEL.

This is a very able elementary work, and as such we recommend it. It is a sort of compendium and poetical abbreviation of Grimm's celebrated and truly colossal grammar. In the present work, great labour has been bestowed on the endeavour to facilitate the pupil in acquiring the numerous details and peculiarities of German philology, and in this department we think that the author has proved very successful. Of the many grammars offered to the public, we know of none which surpasses this, taken as a whole, and it has peculiar excellencies that none other can boast of. May the public appreciate it.

Initia Delicia. A Guide to the Latin for Beginners. By the Rev. J. EDWARDS, M. A. of Trinity College, Cambridge, Second Master of King's College School, London, &c., and WM. CROSS, of Trinity College, Cambridge.

The success that attended the use of this initiative work in manuscript, has induced its authors to offer to the public at large those advantages that have resulted to their personal tuition. We have looked through it, and find it well adapted to attain the end proposed. That it will shortly obtain a great circulation in private families and schools,

we doubt not in the least; and the publishers should do their best to make it generally known, for, in kindness to little pupils, the sooner they have their first entrance into the classics made not only easy and smooth, but almost inviting, the better. Many a good scholar has been lost to the world through a disgust taken to learning at the commencement.

Journal of the Proceedings of the late Embassy to China, comprising a correct Narrative of the Public Transactions of the Embassy, of the Voyages to and from China, and of the Journey from the mouth of the Pei-ho, to the return to Canton. By the Right Hon. HENRY ELLIS, Third Commissioner of the Embassy, and late Ambassador to the Court of Persia.

At this peculiar juncture, a reprint of the above diary will be found not only interesting to the public at large, but extremely serviceable, as it affords a very fair insight to the moral and political character of the millions whom we have now made exasperated enemies. We think that Lord Amhurst's embassy was dreadfully mismanaged. If undertaken at all, the resolution should have been previously made, not to be deterred for trifles. The Chinese, in mere essentials, should have been treated as full-grown babes, and humoured up to the top of their bent. But, after all, the embassy failed not upon the point of the Koutou—but because his lordship would not go into the imperial presence in any other but his gala dress. In that preparative interview which was to have been of a private nature, the three kneelings and the nine knocks of the head upon the ground were not even thought of. Well, we have gone to war with these Celestials, and no doubt but that we shall improve them in the essentials of politeness, and make them a little less conceited—but humanity trembles at the awful price of the lesson. We fervently trust that a demonstration of our strength will be sufficient, and that, on our part, we shall be satisfied with what is real in our demands upon them, and let them be as childish as they will upon the score of national and personal vanity. As a piece of literature, Mr. Ellis's journal is highly creditable to him—it is forcible without effort, and bears upon it the impress of the most unsullied truth. We expect that it will again have a very wide circulation, and the publishers have rightly chosen their opportunity in again bringing it forward.

A Pocket Botanical Dictionary, comprising the Names, History, and Culture of all Plants known in Britain, with a full Explanation of Technical Terms. By JOSEPH PAXTON, F.L.S., H.S., &c., assisted by PROFESSOR LINDLEY, Ph. D., F.R.S., &c.

We think with the learned authors of this dictionary, that they have supplied a public want, and that their elegant work was long called for. There are many botanical catalogues, encyclopedias, lexicons, and cultural directories, several of them highly valuable in their

proper spheres, but, generally speaking, they are too elaborate, verbose, and technical, and the expense of most of them is beyond the means of the great majority of those who delight in botanical pursuits. It was to obviate this, in fact, that the Pocket Botanical Dictionary was produced. In the preface, the authors thus point out the purposes of their work. "With this (the dictionary) in his pocket, the possessor or cultivator of plants may perambulate his own garden, visit those of his friends or public establishments, and attend floricultural exhibitions, in the full assurance, that if any particular object engage his attention, he may at once derive every fact of interest respecting both it and its congeries, which is yet little known in this country, and form an idea of the facility or difficulty, and consequent expense, attending its conservation." We testify that the work fully performs that which is promised of it. In addition to this, it is got up in a most artist-like manner, as respects the binding, and the type is one of great beauty and clearness. It merits general support.

The History of Napoleon. Nos. XVIII. and XIX.

We know not how to designate this history, unless it be by that which Tyas, of Paternoster Row, is publishing in monthly numbers, as we have no title-page issued with the parts. It is impartial and well written, but a little too rapid. The illustrations are very fair, most of them being designs from the French artist, Vernet. Among other interesting particulars, one of these numbers contains an animated account of the Battle of Borodino, an attentive perusal of which would sicken heartily every well-disposed person of war. The slaughter in masses was horrible, and the utter inconsequence, to the commanders engaged, of human life, never more terrifically displayed. The sarcasm applied to Lord Wellington by Byron would much more justly fit Bonaparte, after he had planned the Russian expedition.

"He did great things, but not being great in mind,
He left undone the greatest—and mankind."

He neglected the patriotism of the Poles, and chilled their enthusiasm; he knew of no other weapons than those of arms; and thus neglected the greatest and most powerful means of victory, the moral force of opinion. The little that we have seen of this continuation we like—and our preference for it exists through its straightforward truth and honest expression of impartiality, which convinces us at once that we are reading facts—for, as yet, we have never read in it a statement coloured in any manner to serve a prejudice or gratify a passion.

Stenography Remodelled; a Treatise developing an entirely New System of Short-hand Writing, on the basis of Grammar and the Analogy of Language. By J. FANCUTT.

The title of this little work promises more than the work performs—it does not give us an *entirely* new system, but propounds

merely a great improvement upon the old. We think that the lucky discovery in stenography is yet to be made—and until that event has come to pass, the student cannot do better than avail himself of that progress made in the art, which is pointed out by Mr. Fancutt.

The Madras Miscellany.

A friendly hand has favoured us with a few numbers of this East India production, published at the Athenæum press in Madras. It is a very creditable specimen of the advance of literature in this important colony, and very ably conducted. Some of the best articles are but little, if at all, inferior to the usual average of magazine-writing in the mother country, and the editor is himself a host (the phrase, truly, is somewhat worn, but very appropriate.) Flashings of light upon the peculiarities of Anglo-Indian manners continually occur in this miscellany, thus making it very interesting. Pickwick in India is the best imitation of the old gentleman that we have yet met with, though we cannot help wishing that the author, who is the editor himself, had employed his talents on some other subject—for imitations of living writers we abhor. We were very much surprised at the general goodness of the quality of the poetry in this periodical. We may suppose that the sun of Madras rarefies and sublimates the intellect, so that wherever the power of rhyme exists, it is impossible to resist it, and the possessor of the divine madness speaks poetry in spite of himself or herself, as the sex may be. We have no doubt but that this miscellany will prosper—it deserves it.

Benevola. A Tale.

This tale is merely written to prove the incalculable advantages of the present Poor Law Bill over the old one. It is a very useful book as well as amusing, and if it were disseminated amongst the working classes, it would do much to improve their habits and morals.

LIST OF NEW PUBLICATIONS.

- Paterson's Roads. New edit. 8vo. 18s.
 Dunbar's Greek and English and English and Greek Lexicon. 8vo. 2l.
 The Book of Family Crests and Mottos. New edit. 2 vols. 12mo. 25s.
 Berry's Genealogia Antiqua. Folio, 10s. 6d.
 Whyte's History of the British Turf. 2 vols, 8vo. 28s.
 The Man at Arms, or Henry de Cerons. By James. 1 vol. cr. 8vo. 21s.
 Longworth's Year among the Circassians. 2 vols. cr. 8vo. 21s.
 M'Gillivray's Manual of Botany. Woodcuts, &c. Fcap. 8vo. 4s. 6d.
 Roget's Bridgewater Treatise. Third edit. with additions 2 vols. 8vo. 30s.
 Poole's Life and Times of Saint Cyprian. 8vo. 12s.
 The Practice of the Superior Courts of Law at Westminster. By Robert Lush. 8vo. 23s.; or Part II., separate, 13s.
 The Book of Popery. By Ingram Cobbin. 18mo. 2s.
 Discourses. By John Cameron. Fcap. 4s.
 Holden on Justification. Fcap. 8vo. 3s. 6d.
 Gospel Extracts for young Children. 12mo. 3s.
 De Porquet's English and Foreign Ready Reckoner. 18mo. 2s. 6d.
 The History of England in amusing Conversations. By Ann Wootton. 12mo. 4s.
 Key to Ollendorf's German Exercises. 8vo. 7s.

- The Rev. H. H. Arnold's Italian Analyst. 12mo. 3s. 6d.
 A Treatise on Engineering Field-Work. By P. Bruff. 2nd edit. corrected and enlarged, Part I. "Surveying," 8vo. 8s. 6d.
 Elements of Algebra. By W. Foster, M.A. 12mo. 2s. 6d.
 Parochial Discourses. By the Rev. John Tucker, of British Guiana. 12mo. 5s.
 Tytler's History of Scotland. Vol. VII. 8vo. 12s.
 Standish's Seville and its Vicinity. 8vo. 12s.
 Guthrie's Modern Atlas, with Index. 8vo. 12s.
 Sermons, chiefly Practical. By the Rev. E. Bather. Vol. III. 8vo. 12s.
 Ministerial First Fruits, or Twenty Practical Sermons. By the Rev. J. Watson. 8vo. 6s.
 Facts to correct Fancies, or Lives of Remarkable Women. Square 16mo. 4s.
 Spry and Shuckard's British Coleoptera. 8vo. 2l. 2s.
 The Art of Needle-Work from the earliest Ages. Edited by the Countess of Wilton. Post 8vo. 10s. 6d.
 Kennedy's Narrative of the Campaign in Sind and Kaubool, 1838-9. 2 vols. post 8vo. 21s.
 Baden-Baden Displayed. 12 plates, royal 18mo. 6s.

THE COMMERCIAL RELATIONS OF THE COUNTRY.

We have but little to say on this subject, as there has been no great alteration since last month. Our tea trade does not seem to be much affected by the Chinese war—if at war we are with the Chinese—the truth of which we shall soon know. The tallow trade prospers, and sugars continue highly priced. Coffee remains flat, and all descriptions are of a lower price. Our manufacturing trade has received a beneficial impetus. Considerable orders have lately been received from various parts of the Continent, and more particularly as regards yarns; but owing to the heavy stocks so generally and previously held by the export houses, they have not yet had their natural influence over the market. The reports concerning the productiveness of the harvest are various and contradictory—we rather suspect that the crop will be merely an average one,—that of hops excepted, which will turn out a decided failure. The iron trade is prosperous, prices in that department having just advanced ten per cent.

PRICES OF THE PUBLIC FUNDS,

On Thursday, 27th of August.

ENGLISH STOCKS.

Bank Stock, 160 and a half.—Consols, 90 one-half.—Three per Cents. Reduced, 90 one-eighth.—Three and a Half per Cents. Annuities, 98 one-half.—Exchequer Bills, 23s. 21s. to 21s. prem.

FOREIGN STOCKS.

Portuguese New Acct. 35 one-eighth.—Dutch Two and a Half per Cent., 51 one-half.—Dutch Five per Cent. 101 one-fourth.—Spanish Bonds, Acct. 25.—Spanish deferred, 12.

MONEY MARKET.—Money is abundant, although credit, except on the most undoubted security, is difficult. During the whole month of August, the funds have been, comparatively speaking, low; and the decline in the foreign exchanges has all along operated unfavourably on the money market, whilst the public, who eagerly bought during the depreciation occasioned by the war panic, have since shown some disposition to sell, now that affairs have taken a more pacific turn.

The foreign market has been much depreciated, and cautious men have generally avoided it. The railway share market has participated in the general depreciation of prices, the Birmingham, the Great Western, the Blackwall, and the Brighton having all receded in value. As a nation, we are sorry to say that, to use a vulgar but significant phrase, we do not pay our way. In the event of war we must consent to be heavily taxed, and as our present government affects popularity, war they will avoid, for taxation is most unpopular.

MONTHLY METEOROLOGICAL JOURNAL.

Kept at Edmonton. Latitude 51° 37' 32" N. Longitude 3° 51' West of Greenwich.

The mode of keeping these registries is as follows:—At Edmonton the warmth of the day is observed by means of a thermometer exposed to the north in the shade, standing about four feet above the surface of the ground. The extreme cold of the night is ascertained by a horizontal self-registering thermometer in a similar situation. The daily range of the barometer and thermometer is known from observations made at intervals of four hours each, from eight in the morning till the same time in the evening. The weather and the direction of the wind are the result of the most frequent observations. The rain is measured every morning at eight o'clock.

1840.	Range of Ther.	Range of Barom.	Prevailing Winds.	Rain in Inches	Prevailing Weather.
July					
23	63-49	29.97-29.91	W.	.01	Gen. cloudy, rain in the morning.
24	67-51	29.97-29.90	S.W.	.005	General overcast.
25	67-56	29.76-29.70	S.W.	.12	Cloudy, raining frequently during the day.
26	64-52	29.73-29.63	N.E.	.34	Cloudy, frequent showers of rain during the morn.
27	70-53	29.89-29.84	S.W.	.045	Afternoon clear, otherwise cloudy. [and aftern.
28	75-50	30.03-29.95	S.W.	.005	Morning cloudy, with rain, otherwise clear.
29	76-57	30.13-30.11	N.E.		Generally clear.
30	73-54	30.05-30.01	S.W.		General overcast, small rain fell in the evening.
31	67-51	30.12-30.07	N.		Generally clear.
Aug. 1	74-44	30.13 Stat.	W.		Clear.
2	79.5-47	30.13-30.12	S.W.		Clear.
3	81-52	30.12-30.10	W.	.005	Generally clear.
4	81-49	30.10-30.07	N.		Generally clear.
5	73-55	30.08-30.02	N.E.		Morning overcast, otherwise clear.
6	80.5-56	29.98-29.99	N.E.		Generally clear.
7	77-60	30.01-29.95	N.E.		Generally clear.
8	77-56	30.15-30.05	N.E.		Morning cloudy, otherwise clear.
9	78-49	30.17-30.14	N.		Generally clear.
10	77-52	30.04-29.80	S.W.		Evening overcast otherwise clear.
11	70-53	29.60-29.55	W.	.125	Morn. cloudy, with rain, after. and even. clear.
12	67-53	29.58 Stat.	W.	.06	Gen. clear, except the evening.
13	68-51	29.59-29.58	S.W.	.02	Morning cloudy, with rain, otherwise clear.
14	67-50	29.62-29.50	S.W.	.06	Evening clear, otherwise cloudy, with rain.
15	67-50	29.82-29.72	W.	.1	Generally clear, rain at times.
16	70-51	29.86-29.79	S.W.	.03	Evening cloudy, with rain, otherwise clear.
17	58-52	29.26-29.18	S.W.	.43	Gen. cloudy, rain heavy in morn., wind very boi.
18	63-50	29.61-29.28	S.W.	.21	Overcast, rain fell during the morn. and aftern.
19	69-50	29.79-29.65	W.	.18	Cloudy, raining from about 3 till 11 A.M.
20	75-56	29.95-29.92	S.W.	.15	After. clear, otherwise cloudy, a little rain in the
21	77-56	29.91-29.82	S.	.01	Clear, very foggy about 6 A.M. [evening.
22	71-57	29.80-29.76	S.W.	.025	Except morning, generally clear.

Edmonton.

CHARLES HENRY ADAMS.

BANKRUPTS.

FROM JULY 28 TO AUGUST 21, 1840, INCLUSIVE.

July 28.—W. Colcock, James-street, Covent-garden, grocer.—J. Gerard, Fenchurch-street, merchant.—B. Butterworth, Liverpool, mercer, J. Baker, Taunton, tea-dealer.—J. Baker, Woodlands, Somersetshire, scrivener.—P. Ditchfield, Hindley, Lancashire, cotton-spinner.—C. Pain, Liverpool, hat manufacturer.—P. Playfair, Warwick, innkeeper.—W. Spark, Exeter, bookbinder.—H. Popham, Exeter, baker.—J. Whalley and B. Whalley, Leeds, wool merchants.—R. W. Shaw, Birmingham, button-maker.

July 31.—J. Spooner, Richmond, Surrey, cheesemonger.—J. D. Gibbons, Ledbury, Herefordshire, mercer.—E. Rowell, Manchester, worsted manufacturer.—T. Lisle, Cawthorne, Yorkshire, linen manufacturer.—J. Shepard sen., and J. Shepard, jun. Southampton, painters.—R. Toole, Sheffield, licensed victualler.—L. J. Hobson, Leeds, cloth merchant.

Aug. 4.—E. Nicholson, New Bond-street, dressmaker.—G. Field, Beaumont-street, Marylebone, coachmaker.—E. T. Tillot, Water, lane, Tower-street, city, merchant.—E. Lea, Birmingham, coal merchant.—T. Wood, Leeds, cloth manufacturer.—B. B. Cross, New Woodstock, glover.—P. Jones, Birmingham, boot and shoemaker.—A. Browning and W. Smelt, jun., Manchester, merchants.—T. Pickard, Chesterfield, builder.—S. Eastman, Belcom Farm, Wiltshire, farmer.—T. Andrews, Wednesbury, Staffordshire, builder.—W. Jones, Carnarvon, currier.—R. Ellis, Manchester, laceman.—E. Bentley, Manchester, tea dealer.—E. Woods, Liverpool, licensed victualler.—T. Watts, Manchester, victualler.—J. Procter, and H. Appleby, Longport, Staffordshire, common brewers.—J. K. Winterbottom, Heaton Norris, Manchester, banker.—J. Russell, Manchester, merchant.—T. Wright, Newcastle-upon-Tyne, shipbroker.

Aug. 7.—J. Steer, Maidstone, tallow chandler.—T. S. J. Hudson, Wells, surgeon.—R. Lowe, Preston, working jeweller.—T. Stanley and W. Watson, Leeds, cloth merchants.—J. Sykes, Leeds, music seller.—J. Hiles, Shrewsbury, music seller.—C. Poulter, Long Melford, Suffolk, victualler.—J. Enoch, Warwick, boot and shoe manufacturer.—E. Sutton, Manchester, bricksetter and builder.—T. W. Clarke, Wakefield, corn factor.

Aug. 11.—A. Adrian, Bedford-square East, Commercial-road, merchant.—L. Ries, Bargeyard, Bucklersbury, merchant.—E. Petch, Atherstone, wine merchant.—J. Green, Bartlett's-buildings, printer.—W. Carroll, Suffolk-street, Pall-mall East, wine merchant.—T. Price, Brecon, carrier.—P. Preston, South Town, Suffolk, ship builder.—W. Wilkinson, Bolton-le-Moors, ironmonger.—T. Heaton, Kingston-upon-Hull, grocer.—J. Forsell, Leicester, hosier.

Aug. 14.—W. Munroe, jun. and T. Munroe, Milk-street, merchants.—B. and S. Vanderplank, Saville-row, Burlington-gardens, woollen drapers.—C. Joseph and E. Grace, Cross-lane, St. Mary-at-Hill.—A. Christie, Eastcheap, spirit merchant.—T. Masser, Kensington, Liverpool, common brewer.—W. Farrell, Kensington, Liverpool, cattle salesman.—R. Batterworth, Bank Hey, Rochdale, woollen manufacturer.—F. E. Turner, Holywell, Flintshire, chemist.—S. Wood jun. Bagilt, Flintshire, merchant.—W. J. Simson, Reading, brick-maker.—B. Whittel, Broad Royd, Stainland, Yorkshire, woollen cloth manufacturer.—

T. Lowndes and S. I. Hill, Stoke-upon-Trent, earthenware manufacturers.—T. Rogers, Salisbury, innkeeper.—B. Harper, Bishop Wearmouth, butcher.—J. Walton, Great Bridge, Staffordshire, ironfounder.—J. Bonner, Thame, Oxfordshire, upholsterer.

Aug. 18.—W. Monday, Nun-court, Aldermanbury, city, factor.—T. J. Barry, Mortimer-street, upholsterer.—R. Lambeld, Maidenhead, saddler.—W. Lawton, Rumworth, Lancashire, ironfounder.—William Johnson, Birmingham, victualler.—T. Gill and W. Wheelwright, Leeds, dyers.—J. Hawes, Stoke Ferry, Norfolk, common brewer.—T. W. Edwards, Liverpool, coal merchant.—J. Wilkinson, Leeds, grocer.—H. Hepworth, Leeds, cloth manufacturer.—F. Hewer, Hereford, innkeeper.—G. Fittock, Devonport, tea dealer.—G. H. Burrell, King's Lynn, Norfolk, cordwainer.—W. Comer, Nantwich, ironmonger.—W. Swift, Ashton-under-Lyne, Lancashire, timber merchant.—J. Jackson, Bury, Lancashire, grocer.

Aug. 21.—H. Wyer, Newington-causeway, tailor.—J. Warner, Bedford, linen-draper.—S. Quickfall, Newcastle-upon-Tyne, draper.—E. Blake, Devonport, draper.—W. Stead, Boroughbridge, Yorkshire, corn miller.—E. Foster, Sheffield, grocer.—J. Ash, Taunton, bookseller.—H. Shute and W. Shute, Leeds, cabinet makers.—N. Hingley, Cradley, Worcestershire, cable manufacturer.—J. Somerville and J. Eadie, Liverpool, wine merchants.—B. Wright Liverpool, dealer in paint.—R. Butler, Chester, cabinet maker.

NEW PATENTS.

J. W. Nyren, of Bromley, Manufacturing Chemist, for improvements in the manufacture of oxalic acid. June 26th, 6 months.

T. Spencer, of Manchester, Machine Maker, for a certain improvement or improvements in twisting machinery used for roving, spinning, and doubling cotton, wool, silk, flax, and other fibrous materials. June 26th, 6 months.

W. Jefferies, of Holme Street, Mile End, Metal Refiner, for improvements in obtaining copper, spelter, and other metals, from ores. July 1st, 6 months.

W. McMurphy, of Kenteith Mill, Edinburgh, Paper Maker, for certain improvements in the manufacture of paper. July 1st, 6 months.

J. D. Poole, of Holborn, Practical Chemist, for improvements in evaporating and distilling water and other fluids. Communicated by a foreigner residing abroad. July 2d, 6 months.

C. May, of Ipswich, Engineer, for improvements in machinery for cutting and preparing straw, hay, and other vegetable matters. July 6th, 6 months.

E. Turner, of Leeds, in the county of York, Engineer, for certain improvements applicable to locomotive and other steam-engines. July 6th, 6 months.

J. Harvey, of Bazing Place, Waterloo Road, Gentleman, for improvements in extracting sulphur from pyrites and other substances containing the same. July 8th, 6 months.

L. Leconte, of Paris, but now residing in Leicester Square, Gentleman, for improvements in constructing fire-proof buildings. July 9th, 6 months.

J. T. Beale, of East Greenwich, Engineer, for certain improvements in steam-engines. July 10th, 6 months.

G. Barnett, of Jewin Street, Tailor, for improvements in fastenings for wearing apparel. July 11th, 6 months.

J. Getten, of Paul's Chain, London, Merchant, for improvements in preparing and purifying whale-oil. Communicated by a foreigner residing abroad. July 11th, 6 months.

W. Palmer, of Feltwell, Norfolk, Blacksmith, for certain improvements in ploughs. July 11th, 6 months.

P. Fairbairn, of Leeds, Engineer, for certain improvements in machinery or apparatus for heckling, combing, preparing or dressing hemp, flax, and such other textile or fibrous materials. Communicated by a foreigner residing abroad. July 13th, 6 months.

T. T. Grant, Esquire, an Officer in Her Majesty's Victualling Yard, at Gosport, for improvements in the manufacture of fuel. July 13th, 6 months.

E. Travis, of Shaw Mills, near Oldham, Cotton Spinner, for certain improvements in machinery or apparatus for preparing cotton and other fibrous materials for spinning. July 15th, 6 months.

J. Lambert, of Coventry Street, Saint James's, Gentleman, for certain improvements in the manufacture of soap. Communicated by a foreigner residing abroad. July 15th, 6 months.

J. J. Cordes and E. Locke, of Newport, Monmouth, for a new rotatory engine. July 18th, 6 months.

M. Poole, of Lincoln's Inn, Gentleman, for improvements in fire-arms, and in apparatus to be used therewith. Communicated by a foreigner residing abroad. July 18th, 6 months.

J. Roberts, of Brewer Street, Somers' Town, Ironmonger, for improved machinery or apparatus to be applied to the windows of houses or other buildings, for the purpose of preventing accidents to persons employed in cleaning or repairing the same, and also for facilitating the escape of persons from fire. July 18th, 6 months.

J. G. Bodmer, of Manchester, Engineer, for an extension of a patent for a term of seven years, for certain improvements in the machinery for cleaning, carding, drawing, roving, and spinning of cotton and wool. July 18th.

R. Unwin, of South Shields, Engineer, for improvements in steam-engines. July 29th, 6 months.

A. A. Croll, Superintendent of the Chartered Company's Gas Works, in Brick Lane, for certain improvements in the manufacture of gas for the purpose of illumination, and for the preparation or manufacture of materials to be used in the purification of gas for the purposes of illumination. July 29th, 4 months.

J. Bennett, of Turnlee, near Glossop, in the county of Derby, for certain improvements in machines for cutting rags, ropes, waste hay, straw, or other soft or fibrous substances, usually subject to the operation of cutting or chopping, part of which improvements are applicable to the tearing, pulling in pieces, or opening of rags, ropes, or other tough materials. July 29th, 6 months.

J. S. Worth, of Manchester, Merchant, for improvements in machinery for cutting vegetable substances. July 29th, 6 months.

HISTORICAL REGISTER.

HOUSE OF LORDS.—July 27.—The Prisons (Ireland) Bill was read a third time and passed.—Viscount Melbourne then moved the order of the day for the second reading of the Ecclesiastical Duties and Revenues Bill. After some remarks he concluded by observing, that the spiritual destitution under which the country laboured was admitted by all. It was the part of the Church to set the example of remedying the evil; and the moral right of Parliament to interfere as proposed in effecting a different distribution of the funds at her disposal, could not, he thought, be justly questioned.—The Bishops of Gloucester and Lincoln spoke in favour of the Bill; and the Bishops of Salisbury and Rochester took the opposite side of the question.—After some observations from several of the Peers, the House divided, when the second reading was carried by a majority of 51.

July 28.—The West India Relief Bill was read a third time and passed.—The Caledonian Canal Bill, the Friendly Societies Bill, and the Poor-law Commission Bill, were also severally read a third time and passed.—The Weaver Churches Bill, on the motion of the Bishop of London, was read a third time and passed, with some opposition from the Marquess of Westminster and Lord Stanley (of Alderley).

July 30.—A number of Bills were brought up from the House of Commons and severally read a first time.—In answer to several questions from Lord Londonderry, Lord Melbourne stated that it was certainly true that Her Majesty had been advised to confer the Order of the Bath on General Espartero.—The Ecclesiastical Duties and Revenues Bill was committed *pro forma*, and the House adjourned.

July 31.—After some preliminary business, the Municipal Corporations (Ireland) Bill was read a third time, on the motion of Viscount Duncannon.—On the motion that the Bill do pass, after several amendments being proposed and carried, the Bill passed.—The Rating Stock in Trade Bill was read a second time. Some other Bills were advanced in their several stages, and their Lordships adjourned.

August 3.—Nothing of consequence.

August 4.—The Earl of Egremont took the oaths and his seat.—The Royal assent

was given by commission to the Regency Bill, the Soap Duties Bill, the Assessed Taxes Composition Bill, the Parliamentary Boroughs Bill, the Poor Law Commission Bill, the Insane Prisoners Bill, the West India Relief Bill, the East India Mutiny Bill, the Blenheim Palace Bill, the Turnpike Trust Continuance Bill, the Turnpike-roads Bill, the Caledonian Canal Bill, the Entailed Estates Drainage Bill, the Entailed Estates Church Building, &c. (Scotland) Bill, the Prisons (Ireland) Bill, the Turnpike-roads (Ireland) Bill, the Newgate Gaol (Dublin) Bill, the Clyde Navigation and Harbour Bill, the Liverpool (Herculaneum) Docks Bill, the Exeter Markets Bill, the Weaver Churches Bill, and several estate and divorce Bills. The Commissioners were the Lord Chancellor, the Marquess of Lansdowne, the Marquess of Normanby, the Earl of Shaftesbury, and the Earl of Clarendon.

August 5.—The Commerce and Navigation Bill, the Roscommon Townlands Bill, and the Marriage Act Amendment Bill, were severally read a third time and passed, and several other Bills were advanced a stage.

August 6.—The New South Wales and Van Diemen's Land Bill, the Slave Trade Treaties Bill, the Attorneys and Solicitors (Ireland) Bill, the Isle of Man Bill, the Pilots Bill, the Notice of Elections Bill, the Slave Trade Treaties (Venezuela) Bill, the Bank of Ireland Bill, the Joint Stock Banking Companies Bill, the Militia Ballots Suspension Bill, the Militia Pay Bill, and the Population Bill, were read a third time and passed. On the bringing up of the report on the Ecclesiastical Duties and Revenues Bill, after one or two amendments had been introduced, the Bill was read a third time and passed.

August 7.—The Royal assent was given by commission to the following Bills :—The Sugar Duties Bill, the Church Building Act Amendment Bill, the Clergy Reserves (Canada) Bill, the Marriages Act Amendment Bill, the Militia Pay Bill, the Militia Ballot Suspension Bill, the Metropolitan Police Bill, the Chimney-sweepers Bill, the Bills of Exchange Bill, the Insolvent Debtors (India) Bill, the Imprisonment for Debt (Ireland) Bill, the Metropolis Improvement Bill, the Sale of Beer Bill, the Notices of Elections Bill, the Parochial Constables Bill, the Grammar Schools Bill, the Admiralty Courts Bill, the Admiralty Courts (Judges' Salary) Bill, the Pilots Bill, the Isle of Man Bill, the Fisheries Bill, the Friendly Societies Bill, the East India Shipping Bill, the Slave Trade Treaties Bill, the Slave Trade (Venezuela) Bill, the Administration of Justice (New South Wales) Bill, the Law of Evidence (Scotland) Bill, the Oyster Fisheries (Scotland) Bill, the Bank of Ireland Bill, the Attorneys and Solicitors (Ireland) Bill, the Roscommon Town Lands Bill, the Poddle River (Dublin) Bill, the London and Greenwich Railway Bill, the London and Greenwich Railway Station Bill, and the Scottish Churches Entailed Estates Bill.

August 10.—The Royal assent was given, by Commission, to the Exchequer Bills Bill, the Ecclesiastical Courts Bill, the Administration of Justice (Court of Chancery) Bill, the Infant Felons Bill, the Population (England) Bill, the Stock in Trade Rating Bill, the Railway Bill, the Highway Rates Bill, the Austrian Treaties Bill, the Postage Bill, the Non-Parochial Registers Bill, the Municipal Corporations (Ireland) Bill, the Borough Rates Bill, the Church Temporalities (Ireland) Bill, the Insolvent Debtors (Ireland) Bill, the Population (Ireland) Bill, the Dublin Police Bill, the Linen Manufactures, &c. (Ireland) Bill, the Court-houses (Ireland) Bill, the Shrewsbury and Holyhead Roads Bill, the London and Greenwich Railway Enlargement and Station Bill, the Midland Counties Railway Bill, and the Adderley Estates Bill.—On the motion of Viscount Duncannon, the Coal Duties Bill was read the second time, and the Consolidated Fund (Appropriation) Bill was read the third time and passed.

August 11.—As this was the day appointed for the prorogation of Parliament by Her Majesty in person, the approaches to the House were, at a comparatively early hour, occupied by a long line of carriages, containing ladies who had been sufficiently fortunate to procure tickets of admission from the Great Chamberlain to witness the imposing spectacle. The doors were opened at twelve o'clock, and the body of the House gradually filled with Peeresses and ladies in full dress. Shortly before two o'clock her Royal Highness the Duchess of Kent, attended by her Lady-in-Waiting, and preceded by Earl Howe, entered the House, the Peers and Peeresses rising to receive her. Her Royal Highness took her seat immediately in front of the throne. She was followed shortly afterwards by the King and Queen of the Belgians and his Royal Highness the Duke of Cambridge.—The Coal Duties (London) Bill was read a third time and passed.—At twenty minutes past two o'clock the sound of trumpets and firing of cannon announced the arrival of Her Majesty at the House of

Lords, and immediately afterwards Her Majesty entered the House. His Royal Highness Prince Albert, who was on Her Majesty's left hand, conducted her to the throne, and took his seat in the chair of state prepared for him. Sir Augustus Clifford having summoned the House of Commons to the bar, the Speaker, attended by a large body of Members, shortly afterwards appeared at the bar. The Right Hon. Gentleman then addressed Her Majesty in a speech recapitulating the principal business of the session.

The Royal assent was then given in the usual form by Her Majesty to the Consolidated Fund Bill, the Ecclesiastical Duties and Revenues Bill, the Loan Societies Bill, the Joint Stock Banking Companies Bill, and the Coal Duties (London) Bill.

Her Majesty then read in a clear and distinct manner the following most gracious speech :—

" My Lords and Gentlemen,

" The state of public business enables me to close this session of Parliament ; and in releasing you from your attendance, I have to thank you for the care and attention with which you have discharged your important duties.

" I continue to receive from foreign Powers assurances of their friendly disposition, and of their anxious desire for the maintenance of peace.

" I congratulate you upon the termination of the civil war in Spain. The objects for which the quadruple engagements of 1834 were contracted having now been accomplished, I am in communication with the Queen of Spain, with a view to withdraw the naval force which, in pursuance of those engagements, I have hitherto stationed on the northern coast of Spain.

" I am happy to inform you that the differences with the government of Naples, the grounds and causes of which have been laid before you, have been put into a train of adjustment by the friendly mediation of the King of the French.

" I rejoice also to acquaint you that the government of Portugal has made arrangements for satisfying certain just claims of some of my subjects, and for the payment of a sum due to this country under the stipulation of the convention of 1827.

" I am engaged, in concert with the Emperor of Austria, the King of Prussia, the Emperor of Russia, and the Sultan, in measures intended to effect the permanent pacification of the Levant, to maintain the integrity and independence of the Ottoman empire, and thereby to afford additional security for the peace of Europe.

" The violent injuries inflicted upon some of my subjects by the officers of the Emperor of China, and the indignities offered to an agent of my crown, have compelled me to send to the coast of China a naval and military force, for the purpose of demanding reparation and redress.

" I have gladly given my assent to the Act for the regulation of Municipal Corporations in Ireland.

" I trust that the law which you have framed for further carrying into effect the Reports of the Ecclesiastical Commissioners will have the beneficial effect of increasing the efficiency of the Established Church, and of better providing for the religious instruction of my people.

" I have observed with much satisfaction the result of your deliberations on the subject of Canada. It will be my duty to execute the measure which you have adopted in such a manner as, without impairing the executive authority, may satisfy the just wishes of my subjects, and provide for the permanent welfare and security of my North American provinces.

" The legislative bodies of Jamaica have applied themselves to the preparation of laws rendered necessary or expedient by the altered state of society. Some of these laws require revision and amendment, but I have every reason to expect cordial assistance from the Assembly of Jamaica in the salutary work of improving the condition and elevating the character of the inhabitants of that colony. The conduct of the emancipated negroes throughout the West Indies has been remarkable for tranquil obedience to the law, and a peaceable demeanour in all the relations of social life.

" Gentlemen of the House of Commons,

" I thank you for the supplies which you have granted for the service of the year.

" I lament that it should have been necessary to impose additional burdens upon my people, but I trust that the means which you have adopted for the purpose of meeting the exigencies of the public service, are calculated to press with as little severity as possible upon all classes of the community.

" My Lords and Gentlemen,

" In returning to your respective counties you will resume those duties which you perform so much to the public benefit and advantage. It is my anxious desire to maintain tranquillity at home and peace abroad. To these objects, so essential to the interests of this country and to the general welfare of mankind, my efforts will be sincerely and unremittingly directed ; and, feeling assured of your co-operation and support, I humbly rely upon the superintending care and continued protection of Divine Providence."

Then the Lord Chancellor by her Majesty's command said—

" My Lords and Gentlemen,

" It is her Majesty's royal will and pleasure, that this Parliament be prorogued to Thursday, the 8th day of October next, to be then here holden ; and this Parliament is accordingly prorogued to Thursday, the 8th day of October next."

HOUSE OF COMMONS.—July 27.—Nothing of importance.

July 28.—No house.

July 29.—On the motion of Sir R. Peel, copies were ordered of the correspondence of the Home Office with the mayor and corporation of Birmingham on the subject of the charter given to that town.—In answer to Mr. G. Palmer, Lord John Russell stated, that the only provision which had been made for the adjudication of prizes taken from the subjects of the Emperor of China, was the court established at Singapore, to which the hon. member had alluded. However, it was under the consideration of government whether or not other steps should not be taken in the matter.—On the motion of Lord John Russell, and with the cordial concurrence of Sir R. Peel, the Regency Bill was read a second time.—On the motion for the third reading of the Punishment of Death Bill, there was a long debate, which terminated in the House dividing, when the numbers were—for the third reading 51, against it 78 ; the measure was consequently lost by a majority of 27.—Mr. F. Kelly then announced his intention to withdraw a similar bill which he had brought in for Ireland.

July 30.—In reply to a question from Lord Sandon, Lord Palmerston stated that the sulphur monopoly of Sicily was about to cease, and that a satisfactory arrangement of the question had been concluded. Afterwards only the initiative of some measures was taken.

July 31.—The Regency Bill was read and passed. Other bills were forwarded a stage.

August 3.—Mr. Trotter took his seat for West Surry, and a new writ was moved for Waterford, in the room of Mr. J. Power, who has accepted the Chiltern Hundreds. Several bills were advanced a stage.

August 4.—Many subjects of minor importance were debated, when Lord Ashley rose to move an address to the Crown for an inquiry into " the various branches of trade and manufacture in which numbers of children work together," with a view to collect information as to their ages, the time allowed for their meals, their treatment, and the effects of their employment on their morals and health. After a long and philanthropic speech, and a few words from Mr. Hume and Dr. Nicholl in favour of the proposition, the motion was agreed to without a division.

August 5.—Shortly after meeting, the House agreed to a conference with the House of Lords on some disputed points in the Lords' amendments to the Irish Municipal Bill.—On the motion for the recommitment of the Court of Chancery Bill, the Attorney-General expressed his regret that it had been necessary to withdraw the former measure in consequence of the threatened opposition to it.—Mr. Pemberton made a most impressive speech exposing the abuses of the court. After some further observations, the bill passed through committee.

August 6.—After numerous divisions on proposed amendments, the Infant Felons' Bill was read a third time and passed.—Mr. Hume then called the attention of the House to the state of our relations with France and the other great powers of Europe, in reference to Egypt and Syria.—Lord Palmerston explained.

August 7.—Nothing of consequence.

August 10.—Mr. Fortescue took his seat for the county of Louth.—A new writ was moved for Clonmel, in the room of Mr. Pigot, who has accepted the office of Attorney General for Ireland.

August 11.—After some unimportant business, the Gentleman of the Black Rod acquainted the Speaker with her Majesty's commands for the immediate attendance of the House in the House of Lords.